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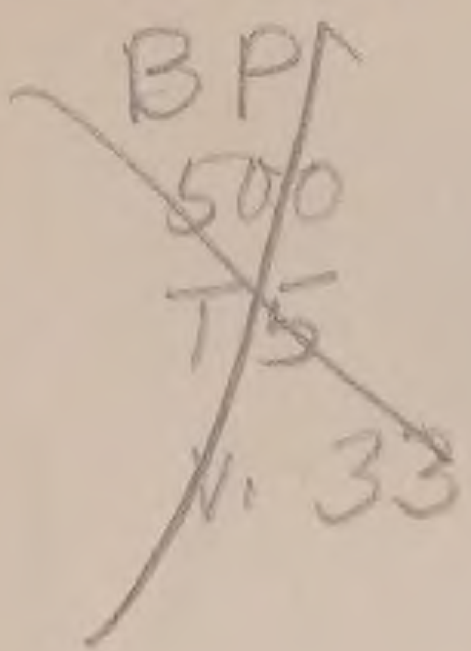
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THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XXXIII SEPTEMBER 15, 1903 No. 193

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

The "Soul-Heresy" in Buddhism

WE hear so much of the Buddha's denial of the ego and of the pessimism and nihilism of Buddhist philosophy, that it is with pleasure we notice the beginnings of a better understanding of the points at issue among our Western authorities. Indeed, we have ourselves for long been persuaded that the assertion and denial of the "*ātman*" are positions not so absolutely contradictory as they appear to be on the surface, and that the fact of the matter is that the very same problem is being discussed by both theorists, only the one prefers an objective exposition of the factors under consideration, the other clings to a subjective point of view. Both points of views are not only useful but necessary; neither by itself is all-sufficient; wisdom as ever, resides between the opposites.

In the *Journal Asiatique*, September-October, 1902, there appeared a valuable paper by Prof. de la Vallée Poussin entitled, "Dogmatique bouddhiste." Professor Poussin has already rendered great service to Buddhist studies by his researches into the Sanskrit sources of Buddhism, and in the present article he has broken so much fresh ground that his work may be said to mark

"a new departure in the exegesis of Buddhist literature." In the last number of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, Mrs. Rhys Davids has further contributed a valuable commentary on Professor Poussin's labours and from this we append the following quotations.

* * *

THE tenets in question are the negation of *ātman* (Pali, *attā*) or soul, and the acquiescence in the current belief in *karma-phala*, or moral retribution in the after life. To Western minds the nihilism of the one tenet and the persistent individuality implied in the other form an antinomy or paralogism which implies either muddle headedness, or sophistry, or esotericism, or all three in early Buddhism. The difficulty of reconciliation was not unnoticed even by original adherents. Professor Poussin's inquiry turns, as might have been expected, on the nature and function assigned, in both Pali and Sanskrit sources, to that constituent of the Buddhist *moi biologique* (I thank the author for that word!) which might replace the more obviously transcendental *ātman*—to wit, *vijñāna* (Pali *viññāṇa*). . . .

Professor Poussin on Vijñāna

Professor de la Vallée Poussin finds a very positive evolution of *vijñāna*-theory in certain Sanskrit-Buddhist texts. The term *Saṃtāna* is joined to or substituted for it—a term which seems to approximate to our own neo-psychological concept of mind as a "continuum" or flux. And he infers from certain contents that this *vijñāna-saṃtāna* was regarded, not as one permanent, unchanging, transmigrating entity, as the soul was in the *ātman*-theory, but as an "essential series of individual and momentary consciousness," forming a "procession vivace et autonome." By autonomous he means independent of physical processes. According to this view the upspringing of a new *vijñāna* at conception, as the effect of the preceding last *vijñāna* of some expiring person, represents no change in kind, but only, to put it so, of degree. The *vijñāna* is but a recurring series, not a transferred entity or principle. Hence it is more correct, if less convenient, to speak, not of *vijñāna*, but of the *saṃtāna* of *pravṛtti-vijñānāni*.

* * *

THIS notion, he holds, gives us a continous "I," responsible yet susceptible of interruptions. And hereby the extremes of negation and affirmation in the early tradition are bridged over; and we get a coherent system, vindicating for Buddhism the claim of its founders to teach a Mean Doctrine (*majjhena dhammaṃ*) between the Eternalism of *sabbaṃ atthi* and the Nihilism of *sabbaṃ natthi*. He concludes that since in place of Soul the Buddhists substituted a protagonist who played the part of soul so uncommonly well, we must put into the background all their reiterated rejection of Attā.

A Dynamic "I"

Now I venture to think that in breaking up the notion of an abstract *vijñāna*-entity into a series of intellectual processes or force-moments, Professor Poussin shows true insight into Buddhist thought. Dimly and crudely, without scientific language or instrument, the early Buddhists were groping, under the crust of words, after that view of phenomena which we are tending to make fundamental in our science of to-day. They were feeling out after a dynamic conception of things—after a world-order of becoming, movement, process, sequence, force. . . .

For the relatively static and material notion of an invisible soul-monad dwelling in one concrete, perishable cage after another, Gotama substituted the idea of a series of wholly transient compounds (*sambhavo*), organisms, nexûs, living beings. Living revealed itself as a congeries of manifestations (*pātubhāvo*, *uppādo*) of becomings and extinctions. Part of the compound was relatively stable, to wit, the body (*rūpa*, *kāya*); but the rest—and this, *pace* the four other skandhas, virtually amounted to affective reaction of *vedanā*, and intellectual reaction, or *mano*, *citta*, or *viññāṇa*—was in a state of constant flux, "by day one thing as it arises, another as it wanes." To call this by the name of a substance, conceived as permanent and unchanging, were the last absurdity (S. II., 94-5). And with respect to its destiny, the faithful are forbidden to hold any view "about the coming, going, transmigration, rebirth, growth, development of *viññāṇa* apart from what is hereon taught respecting the other skandhas" (S. III., 53 foll.).

* * *

Now what does all this mean in plain words? It means that the early Buddhists had to face precisely the same problem that we ourselves in the Theosophical movement have to face to-day. The Good Law was for all and had to be set forth under concepts suited to very varying grades of intelligence. Setting aside the question as to whether the "*ātman*" was ever regarded simply as a relatively material "soul monad dwelling in one concrete perishable cage after another"—except by the most ignorant; it is difficult to see that any solution of the mystery of man, least of all any confidence in the moral order or any compelling authority for personal responsibility, could be derived from substituting for the "self" a "hypothetical quasi-noumenal continuum of self-induced flash-points of consciousness" (*vijñāna*), as Mrs. Rhys Davids phrases it. The Good, the Beautiful, the True, is not to be phrased in such unlovely wording, and though it may be that there is some slight ephemeral gain in head knowledge by means of such thought-exercises,—when regarded from the standpoint of

The "I" and the "Self"

the whole nature of man, it leads rather to emptiness than to that fullness which alone can satisfy the eternal desire implanted in the hearts of all. By all means regard the "I" as a flux, a becoming, but the eternal "continuum" of the "Self" *is*. But "becoming" becomes in time, and there are times and times. A time of becoming which causes the appearance of an "I" which is the "I" of one birth, and a time of becoming which constitutes the æonian "I" or "man" of a series of births, æonian but not everlasting, while the Self *is* for the eternities of eternities.

* * *

UNDER the skilful guidance of Professor Hilprecht the excavation work in Mesopotamia which the University of Pennsylvania supports, has been crowned with great success.

The Highest Mound at Nippur

The work is by no means finished, but what has been already done leaves no doubt but that the world-famous temple and *ziggurat* of Bel have been laid bare. To quote from the excellent report in *The Times* of June 2nd ("The Excavations at Nippur"):

> To the presence of this ediface ancient Nippur owed its sanctity and fame, if not its very existence; and to the unearthing of the temple and the attempt to restore its plan much of the energy of each of the American expeditions has been devoted. Owing to the unscientific methods of excavating followed by the early diggers, the task has been much complicated; and before an entirely trustworthy plan of the earliest buildings can be secured many of the dump-heaps deposited on and close to the mounds which cover the *ziggurat* and its enclosures will have to be removed. The particular mound which marks the position of the *ziggurat* is the highest point at Nippur, and it forms an important land-mark for many miles in the flats of lower Mesopotamia. About a third of its extent has been explored so far; and as a result of his personal study of the remains and the reports of the architects attached to the last expedition, Hilprecht is able to put forward a clear picture of the place at different stages of its history.
>
> The upper strata of the mound contained the remains of a huge fortified building, grouped round a citadel which covered the *ziggurat* of the early temple. Hilprecht proves that this building belonged to the Parthian period. . . . . The citadel was an immense platform, cruciform on plan, which rose about thirty feet above the surrounding buildings of the fortress and had yet a second stage, not lower than twenty feet, rising from its centre. A well—the only one in connexion with this structure discovered in the whole enclosure—was carried down from the citadel through the core

of the *ziggurat* to water level, thus assuring a supply of water in case of the most stubborn siege. Indeed, this fortified palace must have been well-nigh impregnable; for all the buildings mentioned were enclosed by yet another strong wall, which, "when excavated, still rose to a height of over sixty feet . . . was more than thirty feet thick at its top, . . . almost forty feet at its base, . . . and was strengthened by huge buttresses at its corners and . . . smaller ones erected at equal distances between them."

Below this building were the remains of an earlier one, of a very similar character, of the Seleucidan period, of which, however, the excavators discovered only the most fragmentary traces, so that it appears the later builders demolished the earlier work. Lower still were the remains of the old temple.

* * *

When it is remembered that the temple site was occupied over 4,000 years, and that the building underwent many alterations, enlargements, and patchings at the hands of successive kings and governors, who frequently paid scant attention to the work of their predecessors, tearing down walls and levelling buildings just as best suited their own schemes, it will be readily understood that the task of attempting a restoration of any particular period is no easy one. At present nothing in the nature of a final decision upon many points can be attempted. All that can be done to present some general idea of the place. Fortunately in its main features the temple remained much the same through a period of some 3,000 years, as the excavations suffice to show.

The "House of the Mountain"

By the discovery of a plan of the old city on a tablet which was discovered during the excavations in the "Library," the task of restoration was greatly facilitated; and Hilprecht's theories are supported not only by the evidence of the trenches and actual remains, but by a number of references contained in the cuneiform documents of the place which he has studied. He is, therefore, able to give an interesting sketch of the Temple of Bel.

The building, then, with its annexes, formed quite a town, which was enclosed by a strong wall and a moat on the north-east and north-west, while on the south-west the Shatt en-Nil probably formed sufficient protection. On the south-east there lay a branch of the canal, but it seems certain that there was also a wall upon this side of the sacred area. In the north-west half of this area was a large open court, where stood shops and booths out-houses, magazines, servants' quarters, and possibly (Hilprecht is led to believe) the palace of the *patesis* of Nippur. In the south-west half stood the temple buildings proper. From traces of a building uncovered by Dr. Peters (but now buried beneath a dump-heap!) it seems that on the banks of the branch canal there was a quay, or landing stage, opposite which rose the great gate of the outer court of the temple. Each side of this outer court was about 260 feet long. Within its area Peters had discovered a small chapel dedicated to Bel; and Hilprecht believes that the "houses" of the

other gods—at least twenty-four in number—who were worshipped at Nippur also stood there. But this portion of the ground has still to be cleared.

Opposite the gate of the outer enclosure stood a second one leading to the inner court. The exact dimensions of this court cannot be given until the upper strata of the mound are removed; but on plan the two enclosures formed a T, of which the outer one may be called the foot and the inner one the head. The enclosing wall was built of unbaked bricks and its face was broken up by shallow buttresses placed at regular intervals along it. The gateway projected considerably on both sides of the wall; its faces were decorated with narrow panels; and it had the stepped recesses characteristic of Babylonian buildings. A similar gate was discovered behind the *ziggurat* opposite the one between the two courts.

Within the second enclosure stood the famous *ziggurat* itself. From evidence which need not be set out in detail, Hilprecht is led to the conclusion that it consisted of a tower of five stages, on the uppermost of which rested the shrine of Bel. It did not stand in the centre of the enclosure, but on the south-west side, and the ascent to the tower was not opposite the gateway, but somewhat to the left (west). It was largest in the time of Ashurbanapal, when it "covered an area forming a rectangular parallelogram, the two sides of which measured 190 and 128 feet respectively." At that time it was encased with burnt bricks, and on three sides at least its faces were decorated with panels, or shallow buttresses. Then also the courtyard was paved with baked bricks throughout, and the whole of the temple buildings seem to have been in excellent order. In pre-Sargonic days the *ziggurat* was much smaller, but successive builders, notably Naram-Sin and Ur-Gur, enlarged and improved it, gradually substituting baked brick for unbaked; and the whole temple naturally kept on being improved in a like manner.

In the north angle of the court, was the "House of Bel," where "the household of the god and his consort was established . . . sacrifices were offered, and the most valuable votive offerings of the greatest Babylonian monarchs deposited. In other words, it was the famous temple of Bel, which, together with the stage-tower, formed an organic whole enclosed by a common wall, and was generally known under the name of *Ekur*, House of the Mountain."

* * *

The Huichols

THERE are so many of our readers interested in the "Story of Atlantis" and everything connected therewith, that they cannot but be glad to hear of the publication of two massive and profusely illustrated volumes by the Norwegian traveller and anthropologist Carl Lumholtz, entitled *Unknown Mexico* (Macmillan & Co.). Nothing in these volumes will prove of greater fascination than

Mr. Lumholtz's description of the Huichols of the Sierra Madre del Norte, to whom a large portion of the second volume is devoted and concerning whom *The Athenæum* of May 30th gives the following summary:

> Their name, as now written, is a Spanish corruption of a native word signifying "healers," and, in fact, nearly one-fourth of the men are wizard-doctors (*shaman*), in which capacity they travel widely among their more illiterate neighbours, and make pilgrimages to certain places held to be sacred. Related to the Aztecs, they belong to tribes which have virtually maintained their independence up to the present day in their almost inaccessible fastnesses; while the main trunk of the family attained the high civilisation which the Spaniards found—and destroyed—under Montezuma. Although they were conquered, after a fashion, in 1722, and nominally converted to Christianity, the churches are to-day in ruins, and no priest is to be found living among the Huichols, although one occasionally appears for the sake of the fees for baptism and marriage. . . . A tally or calendar of knotted rope, similar in appearance to the Peruvian *quipus*, . . . is used by the seekers of *hikuli*, a name given to several small species of cacti, which live for months after they have been rooted up, and as the eating of them causes ecstasy, they are looked upon as demigods and treated with great reverence; in fact, there is an elaborate *hikuli* cult, with observances which vary among different tribes. In its recuperative power *hikuli* resembles the coca which is chewed by the Indians of Peru and Bolivia, while it possesses other properties for which the reader may consult vol. i., p. 359. On one occasion, when suffering from great exhaustion, the author had recourse to this plant, and experienced great relief; but during the night he suffered from the after effects of the drug, which showed themselves, when his eyes were closed, in colour-visions of purple and green flashes and zigzags. He was also nauseated, and had no appetite until noon of the next day, by which time he had entirely recovered.

* * *

The Times of June 20th gives the summary of a lecture delivered before the Russian Imperial Geographical Society, at St. Petersburg, by the Russian explorer M. Zybikoff, who has recently spent twelve months in Lhasa.

The Latest from Lhasa

M. Zybikoff is a Buriat and a Buddhist and enter Tibet as a lama with a caravan of pilgrims. Unfortunately his lecture as reported by *The Times* says but little about lamaism, but confines itself to the tourist guide-book point of view. It is, however, of interest to learn that M. Zybikoff succeeded in bringing away with him a collection of

Tibetan MSS., some of ancient date. The lecturer spoke as follows:

The population is composed of Tibetans, who call themselves Ovos, Chinese, Hindus, and Mongols. The Chinese who inhabit Tibet are almost all merchants or soldiers. They only spend there a few years until relieved. During their stay in the country they take native girls as concubines, and the male children are considered Chinese and the female Tibetans. Many skilful workmen from Nepaul are employed as sculptors and jewellers in the temples. Almost the whole of Central Tibet belongs to the Dalai Lama, who is extending his proprietorship more and more. Tibetan cooking is not very appetising. The principal dishes are soups prepared from barley-meal and pounded bones, curded milk, vegetables served in seas of butter, and uncooked meat. A spirit is extracted from wheat that costs under a half-penny a pint. The morality of the Tibetans is very low. Both polyandry and polygamy flourish. The people spend a good deal on fine clothes, and the wealthy are like walking jewellers' shops. Labour is very badly paid, little more than a penny a day. If you give a priest sixpence, he will say his best prayers on your behalf for a whole day. The population of Lhasa itself does not exceed 10,000, but there are always many pilgrims, merchants and workpeople passing through. In the middle of the town, which has a circumference of about seven miles, stands the celebrated temple containing the gigantic bronze statue of Buddha. On the head of the statue is a gold crown, decorated with precious stones. Round the statue lamps fed with melted butter are kept constantly burning. Near the temple is a large court-yard, in which thousands of lamas assemble twice a year to say prayers for the Dalai Lama and the Emperor of China. The residence of the Dalai Lama is on a mountain three-quarters of a mile from Lhasa, and close to it is another Palace used as the Treasury, the high school of theology and medicine, the residence of 1,200 Court functionaries and 500 monks, and the State prison. The Tibetan officials are corrupt to the last degree; every one of them has his price, and thinks only of enriching himself. The army is worthless; the men are armed with old muskets and bows.

THE WILD HORSES

To every man cometh a time when he hears nought about him save the trampling of the wild horses which are for ever riding through the world and may not rest. The multitude that walk the ways happy-eyed and heedless know them not, or if perchance they catch a glimpse of those tossing manes it is but as a dream; only tradition, guardian of the Real, preserves record of the endless ride. For when the foam lifts high, dashing on the rock-bound coast the children shout "Look, there come the proud steeds of the sea." The old Norsemen knew them, for it was on such rode the Valkyrie, the storm-maidens dashing through the sky. And it is on them that the conquerors of earth and heaven sit triumphant, and that the gods visit the world at the birth of each great age. But those who hear the hoofs ring, and feel the rush of wind sweep with them as they flash by are not as other men.

In the Eden garden where half the world dwells, the steeds of mystery do not appear, only when the wicket gate is reached and the journey across the plain is begun does the wanderer hear the far-off neighing, and leap to hear. For the Voice within him also waking, urgeth on, rousing dreams of the world's mastership, of kingdoms to be acquired by the bridling of these restless ones.

Therefore presseth he on, and the neighing is now far, now near, and now those hoofs strike yonder stone into fire, and here hardly he beholdeth the wild manes glistening in the sun. But once that he layeth his hand on the bridles all things change. They may escape him again, they may elude him for long, but he feels their presence though he cannot retain it, the fierce panting is in his very heart, the music singing through his brain is but the echo of their trampling. At times the terror of it takes him, he shuts the floodgates against that which thunders far

away. He cannot yet sustain the breaking of the barriers, his soul is weak, and shudders like a frightened child.

Whether he roam on the waste lands, or climb the hills, or move through the din of streets, or kneel in the temple's hush he never forgets. Though he flee to the ends of the world the wild horses will find him. For it is his soul's charge that he bridle these and mount them fearless for the victory that shall be. And if one meet him, knowing the truth by that identity of experience which is the clue of souls, and if he ask, speaking in his own tongue, "Friend, have you heard the strange winds blow?" he shall make answer, "Comrade, I have known the trampling of the wild horses, let us to the dark valley where waits Cuchulain, conqueror of old, for Liath Mocha and Black Shanglain are there. Let us make ready the stalls, for we also shall encircle Erin, bounding forth triumphant, stirring in her heart the fires undying, quickening the birth seed of winged hopes. And so forward! Away!"

EVELINE LAUDER.

ROME A CENTRE OF RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

WHEN we consider the rapid diffusion of Roman Catholicism in some young nations and its activity in regaining the ground lost since the times of the Reformation, we cannot help acknowledging that Roman Catholicism still possesses a vital force, or at least a proselytising power, superior to that of many other denominations. The rapid progress of Roman Catholicism in the United States in these last thirty years is perhaps the most remarkable feature of its history in the nineteenth century. The number of conversions in the States as estimated by Cardinal Gibbons amounts to thirty thousand per year; so that whereas thirty years ago the Roman Catholics were only one-hundredth of the whole population they have become to-day nearly one-sixth.

Glancing at the nations of Europe we find that the Roman

hierarchy has been re-established in Germany, England and Scotland, the number of the Roman Catholic priests and churches has wonderfully increased, and everything makes people in Rome believe that the complete conversion of the Anglo-Saxon race is imminent. Even in Russia we may notice a movement of *rapprochement* to Rome. There is to-day in Rome a *chargé d'affaires* who represents the Russian Government in its relations with the Vatican, and lately Father Tondini, one of the most zealous missionaries working for the conversion of Russia to Roman Catholicism, has assured the Vatican that Russia would be ready to negotiate with Rome about the acceptance of a new Calendar, whenever Rome should agree to a re-correction of the Gregorian. Certainly these results in Russia cannot be considered as great triumphs of Roman Catholicism; they are, however, favourable enough to satisfy the hopes of such Roman Catholics as can reasonably see in this change the beginning of the breaking up of a situation which was till now believed to be rigid and unalterable.

The first thing that such signs of progress seem to suggest is that Roman Catholicism is not a religion which we can call out of date and unsuitable to the spirit of our times. Nay, when we reflect that among new converts are thousands of a nation like America, in which the spirit of our age is so concretely expressed, we must confess that Roman Catholicism possesses a vitality which abundantly satisfies the intellectual and moral needs of our times. And so it appeared to Mr. Tocqueville when asserting that "if Roman Catholicism could withdraw itself from political hatred the spirit of this century would be very favourable to it." La Brunnetière, in an article which appeared some time ago in the *Revue des Deux Mondes** has also attempted to show that this is a fact which has been verified in the conversion of the United States to Roman Catholicism. But in this article of the illustrious French writer there is no attempt to define the spirit of Rome in itself, apart from the manner in which it has been understood by the Americans, and to compare it with the spirit of our times. That Americans may have so understood it as to find it in complete harmony with the spirit of our age does not prove

* "Le Catholicisme aux États Unis," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1898.

that Roman Catholicism does really possess such a character. Americans may have misunderstood Rome; and this appears more likely from the condemnation of Americanism by Rome, which followed a short time after La Brunnetière had written the article mentioned above. What the spirit of Rome is, as represented by the religious authority of Rome, and how far such spirit is in harmony with modern times, is what I shall endeavour to show in this article. The facts which I shall bring forward are under the control of anybody who is in close contact with Rome, and their logical outcome is not less evident than the facts themselves to anybody who looks at them with an impartial mind free from passion and fanaticism.

It is true that new converts to Roman Catholicism, especially those of the educated class, inaugurate their religious life with the conviction that Rome is capable of satisfying every intellectual and moral need of our times. But how to reconcile such conviction with a series of facts which often seem to prove quite the opposite, is a hard problem which soon comes to try the faith of the newly converted. There are, of course, different ways of looking at the harmony, or lack of harmony, between a religious creed and the intellectual and moral needs of our spiritual life. One way, which rests upon an *à priori* basis, consists in a firm belief that since religious truth is the revelation of the Absolute Truth, there cannot be any real collision between it and other manifestations of truth. There can be only the appearance of a conflict, and such appearance will speedily vanish when truths, apparently contradictory to the religious, are rightly interpreted and understood; and here, it is needless to say, a right interpretation means most frequently the subordination of the profane truths to the religious. Strong in this method of reasoning, a Roman theologian, perceiving the irreconcilability of Biblical cosmogony, taken in its literal meaning, with scientific data, has permitted himself a strange interpretation of the conclusions of geology. A specimen of such interpretation is given in the course of theology of Cardinal Mazzella, who explains the formation of metals and other similar phenomena by the immediate intervention of the creative power of God; they are *ludi naturæ* (freaks of nature) as he calls them, so that we have no

need to admit for their formation an age of the earth longer than that ascribed to it by the Bible. It is easy to see what becomes of science if we adopt such a method of interpretation. There is, however, in Rome a more literal school of theologians better disposed towards the claims of science ; but so far from representing the genuine thought of Rome, they are, as we shall see, but little considered and sometimes treated hardly by Roman authority.

The teaching authority of Rome is displayed in a semi-official character by the theologians *magni ponderis*, whose weight, however, it is not for everyone to decide ; while officially it is represented by the Roman Congregations, and above all by the Papal encyclicas and definitions. It is in these instruments that the thought of Rome has to be studied. This teaching authority is believed to conform itself to three precedents : namely, the spirit of the Fathers ; tradition ; and the constant practice of the Church. But how to ascertain the mind of these three precedent authorities, and how to use them, is a matter entirely reserved to Rome tc decide ; so that practically they do not constitute a superior authority to which our conscience can legitimately appeal, but they are used by Rome in supporting her own authority. Thus we find ourselves again in face of a unique authority, the absolute authority of Rome.

Moreover, the methods adopted by Rome in defining the thought and the practical value of this apparently superior authority are too far from being scientifically reliable. Thus, for instance, to speak of the spirit of the Fathers ; when we consider the nature of the unity that existed between the religious attitude of their minds and the intellectual needs of their age, we soon understand that a material revival of such an attitude to-day would be quite out of date. Their attitude, it is true, realised a unity which necessarily depended upon the development of religion as a form of reason ; but the religious situation of their day cannot be re-established in its material integrity without calling back to life all the facts in which reason asserted itself at that stage of its development—a reversion which would be repugnant to our common-sense.

When, however, we consider the spirit in which the Fathers

were anxious to maintain such unity in the whole of their spiritual life, we can see how far Rome is from understanding in a right sense her appeal to the Fathers.

It is not difficult to see that while the Fathers were in perfect harmony with the spirit of their own times, Rome is not so with the spirit of her times. For instance, in the interpretation of the Biblical cosmogony, it is well-known how little anxious the Fathers were to maintain the literal interpretation. St. Augustine and the whole school of Alexandria abandoned the literal meaning, moved thereto simply by philosophical motives. According to the views of the Platonic philosophy, Augustine believed that the world was created *uno ictu* (in one *coup*) and not in six days. "The extreme freedom of discussion of Christendom of to-day can be best paralleled in the discussion of the age of the Alexandrian school in the early centuries of Christianity," says Archdeacon Wilson.*

Nay, this spirit of freedom striving after unity between dogma and reason has informed the theological movement all along from St. John's Gospel to the Greek Fathers, and from the Greek Fathers to St. Thomas Aquinas, to such an extent that science, philosophy, and theology have become so welded together that any one could not be separated from the others without losing its own meaning and integrity. But Rome instead of continuing the line of this development has stopped at this point as at a final *meta*. She has lost from sight the spiritual meaning of this movement, and has taken as a final expression what was simply a stage in the accomplishment of the unity between religious truth and reason. Rome, indeed, does not recognise any progress along this line beyond what has been accomplished by the Schoolmen, and her efforts of to-day consist in bringing philosophy and theology back to scholasticism. But this situation, which expressed the unity of our spiritual life 800 years ago, does not express it to-day. Our thought has now left this state of affairs far far behind; it has brought with itself the germ of unity into a region very far removed from the scholastic environment.

In this respect then, Rome has broken with that spirit of

* *Contemporary Review*, Feb., 1903.

freedom, which brought her to the position which to-day she maintains as unchangeable. Of this spirit of freedom, which was so prominent amongst the Fathers, there is no trace left amongst the modern theologians of Rome. I remember that Cardinal Parrocchi, who was still considered as a *liberal* in the College of the Cardinals, while Vicar of His late Holiness, said in a public lecture that although he did not dare to condemn the light thrown by science on the problem of the evolution of the earth, still he would not depart from the literal meaning of the Biblical account "*from respect to the sacred Text.*" Nevertheless the wide views adopted by Cardinal Newman in defending the Catholic dogmas against aggressive science have been hardly tolerated by Rome; while the Abbé Stoppani, an eminent geologist and theologian as well, a man possessing all the requisites for pointing out in their true values the relations between science and the Bible, instead of support, has found coolness and opposition on the part of Rome.

Meantime the sincere Catholics, clergy and laymen, who have been paying attention to the imposing claims of modern thought for a reform of theology, have endeavoured to find a middle way, which, without altering the substance of religious dogma, would satisfy the new intellectual and moral needs. To this class belong the brilliant phalanx of modern apologists, who have tried to put forward Christian truth within such limits as to make it quite independent of the principles which live and move in the progress of natural and moral sciences. The most advanced position of this movement is occupied by those who look for a rational unity between modern philosophy and theology, reason and Christian truth. These two classes of religious thinkers represent the whole dialectic movement of religion as a form of the development of reason; that is to say, they separate the religious principle from what is extraneous to it, in order to find its unity with reason in a higher stage of its manifestation.

All these men have taken into consideration the claims of science, nay they have made of these claims the motives determining a more reasonable definition of religious truth. But though Rome thanks them for their good services and intentions, she nevertheless keeps a watchful eye on them in order to put

them in their place the day they inadvertently pass the limits of her tolerance. The question which Rome puts to herself is whether sciences deserve any attention at all in the sense of allowing them to influence the religious attitude. Roman authority, as represented by Roman theologians and Congregations, does not recognise the claims of science as having any right in determining the meaning and the words of our religious creed. If any attention is to be paid to the voice of science, it is only in order to find in its words, no matter how, a sanction for religious dogma as shaped by Rome, fixed and formulated *à priori* to all conclusions of science. Thus Rome, with an attitude incapable of any real progress, represents a stationary position in face of the development of reason. She defines every day more definitely her isolated position; she realises a dualism that breaks the natural unity of our spiritual life.

In order to see her position in a clearer light, let us look a little deeper into the meaning of such unity. The unity of our spiritual life is reason, *viz.*, that which makes the world intelligible. It is through the intelligibility of a thing that we assert its reality, and a thing as far as it is intelligible is but a realisation of reason. So all forms of our spiritual life, as concretisations of reason, must realise the nature of reason, and in their intelligibility they must be reducible to reason, which is the thing intelligible and real for itself. And what is religion but a form of our spiritual life, a concretisation of reason?* And as such, its claims are legitimate in so far as it reveals a side, and the inmost side, of the intelligibility of the world. As such, religion in its teachable aspect cannot be expressed by a dogmatical formula. The dogma expresses a fact the proof of which is not essentially reason, that is, whose categories are not proved to be real by the principle of their reciprocal determination, but it expresses a fact whose reality rests upon an authority necessarily preventing the natural and spontaneous exercise of reason.

Dogmatic teaching necessarily supposes tacitly or explicitly an *infallibile magisterium*; this has always existed in the Church of Rome in the authority of the Œcumenical Council, and lately

* This conception of religion belongs to the philosophy of Hegel, who develops this idea in the Introduction to his *Philosophy of History*.

in the teaching *ex cathedrâ* of the Pope. In this last form the dogmatic teaching of Rome has been completely organised, it has received the finishing touch, and the way it works has become more evident and intelligible to the people. How Rome understands her dogmatising authority, absolutely excluding the authority of reason, is better understood from the way in which Roman Catholics ought to look at a question which has become the subject of a Papal definition. It is inculcated by Roman Catholic theologians that the decision of an Œcumenical Council, or of the Pope speaking *ex cathedrâ*, is above all private opinions, and that a good Christian must accept it, even if he *were convinced that there were some reasons against it before the definition*. This is also meant by the common saying "*Roma locuta est causa finita est*," with which good Roman Catholics greet a new definition from Rome. The only use of reason that is allowed us in this case is to deny reason, to silence its voice, not in the name of reason, since this claims the full expansion and assertion of itself in a compulsory manner, but by doing violence to reason itself. It is repeated *usque ad nauseam* by Roman Catholic periodicals, that the sovereignty of reason is a usurpation.

But in the name of what is such usurpation proclaimed? Is it not in the name of reason itself? And if the rights of reason are recognised as valid in admitting a limit beyond which the sovereignty of reason ceases, why ought they to be disregarded on other occasions? What I want to point out here is that faith and reason, as they have always been understood by Rome, cannot exist together in guiding the conscience of the people; one excludes the other in the very root of its being. Faith agrees with reason only as far as the object of faith is a *possible* object of reason in its future development. This is the first condition that the object of faith and that of reason may coincide in a perfect identity.

But the creed of Rome, just because of its dogmatical nature, not possessing in itself the reason of itself, constitutes an attempt against the rational unity of our spiritual life. "A creed," as Canon Hensley Henson has said from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey, "is either the very mainspring of the religious life or it is

its worst impediment. Let superstition block the fountain of belief . . . and the religious life shrivels into a convention and decays into an imposture." Now a creed which carries a meaning unsuitable to the needs of our spirit, which is indigestible to our mind, and forms no part of our spiritual life, is nothing else than a superstition. Its literal meaning may suit certain conditions of our spirit, may realise a certain stage of our spiritual life; but when we have transcended such a stage, if the formulæ do not afford a motive of credibility superior to that contained in their literal meaning, they become void. Under such circumstances there occurs the rupture of the human spirit with a religious creed. A religion which is incapable of transcending the form in which it is taught, is not a living religion; it dies in many consciences just because it falls short of that vital force which is required for accompanying the spirit in the higher sphere of its evolution. In the development of reason, as manifested in mankind, such point of rupture in the unity of the spiritual life, the point at which the religion of Rome showed itself unable to follow the spiritual progress of the human race, was definitely reached in what determined the movement of the Reformation.

To-day, when the evolution of the spirit through the human race is more completely summed up in the life of the individual, such a critical point is felt in the course of a man's life by everybody, we may say, in whom the spiritual life is manifested in a certain degree. For spirits of this kind, and they constitute the mind of religious society, a religious creed cannot become a part of their life, cannot be the mainspring of their spiritual life, unless it is assumed not as an expression of the absolute truth, but as an expression whose meaning is provisory and continually progressing, representing at any stage the starting-point for a more advanced religious position.

An instance of such progress in the interpretation of the Christian creed is afforded by the attitude which is gaining ground in the English Church, regarding the motives of credibility in the divinity of Christ. That is to say, from the thaumaturgical power of Christ, which was assumed as a first motive for accepting the divinity of Christ, we have passed to the as-

sumption of His practical reason or the moral efficiency of His teaching as the first proof of His divine nature. "It is because He interprets us so completely to ourselves that we recognise God in Him, and recognising this, the physical marvels at the opening and close of His career do not appear incongruous."* The spirit of freedom shown in this new standpoint in christology contrasts strangely with the spirit displayed lately by Rome in repressing the rational tendencies of Biblical exegesis. The English Church, freed from dogmatical teaching, with a creed whose expansible meaning suits the different stages of our life, realises a rational position which Rome will understand the day she sees herself compelled to save her existence at the cost of a necessary and salutary crisis. But how far Rome is from understanding her false conduct we can see from the kind of training which she imparts to the future members of the Roman Curia. The ordinary sources of supply of clergy of *alto rango* are the Ecclesiastical Academy of Nobles (for training those who enter the diplomatic service) and the Seminaries of Rome. Amongst the latter are prominent the Seminary St. Apollinaris, the Vatican Seminary, the Capranica College and the Pius Seminary. About three-quarters of the living Cardinals, and the late Pope himself, have been educated in these institutions. No extraordinary abilities are required for entrance into any of them; for some, as the Ecclesiastical Academy of the Nobles, a good financial standing is necessary. Once entered in any one of them the career for high dignities does not present serious difficulties. The poor clergy, who, deprived of means and protection, have no chance of success, are destined to increase the class of the poor priests commonly called in Rome *gli scagnozzi*. What are the feelings of these poor and unfortunate priests, is better known from the periodical publications destined to protect the interests of the low clergy against the high clergy. The places in which the future representatives of Roman authority acquire the knowledge which they have to display later on in the accomplishment of their duties, are the University of St. Apollinaris, the Propaganda Fide and the Gregorian University. The main trend of the theological teaching of these universities

* *The Temple Bible*, p. 132.

is one of complete return to that of St. Thomas Aquinas, of which each of these universities boasts itself to represent the genuine thought. By Thomism, as inculcated by the late Pope, all other theological schools have been superseded. Men representing Thomism in its most pure and antique form, like Satolli, Zigtiara, and Prisco, have been honoured with the cardinal's hat.

Owing to this impulse given by the supreme authority, Thomism has been revived with such strength that it has often degenerated into fanaticism, even among those teaching bodies which seemed less disposed to favour it. Thus the late Father Cornoldi, S.J., a man of great authority in this matter, says that "St. Thomas must either be accepted or abandoned in his totality." As a basis for this assertion he has written his course of Thomistic philosophy, in which with a surprising ingenuity he maintains all the physical and chemical theories of the Middle Ages. Any other philosophy, even though it be Catholic, as for instance, Ontologism, Cartesianism, Rosminianism, has been banished from Roman Catholic schools, simply because it represents a progress of the Catholic philosophy beyond Thomism. Nor has Rome neglected to make use of her censures on occasions when she has thought that such censures would have any effect. One of the most unfortunate philosophical systems within the reach of Roman anathemas has been Rosminianism. When the famous forty propositions of Rosmini were condemned, many Catholics asked whether a philosophical system could be the object of a condemnation, and then what kind of authority was that of the Cardinal Prefect of the Roman Congregation who condemned them. On these grounds many Roman Catholics considered that the censure still did not prevent them from following the Rosminian system *tuto pede*. But when Rome saw that her voice was not enough she made herself understood with practical measures. Members of religious congregations suspected of Rosminianism were removed from teaching, were called to Rome and placed under the immediate supervision of the Vatican police. This conduct of Rome found support in the aggressive newspaper, the *Osservatore Cattolico* of Milan, which altogether forgot its Christian charity in dealing with Rosminians and Rosmini.

And still there has been no man to be compared with the Abbé Rosmini, of such holiness, ability and good faith, in developing a philosophical system reconciling modern philosophy with Catholic dogma.

If the coercive authority of the Roman Church cannot to-day any longer show itself as it used to do some centuries ago, it has still kept the spirit of the olden times in all its integrity. The Roman Congregations have still the same organisation as in the times of Sixtus V. and Pius V. Their Decreta against *astrologos et mathematicos* are still read in certain reunions at fixed dates of the year, and lately there have also been priests who have silently submitted themselves to go to the prison in the Palace of the Inquisition, for faults to which such punishment used to be attached. But it is strange to see that while the old spirit amongst the Consultores of the Inquisition is still alive, they are careful in hiding from the public its history and its existence. There is the sentence of excommunication *major*, *viz.*, reserved for the absolution of the Pope, against those who without permission dare to enter in the Archives of the Inquisition. The genuine documents of the history of the Inquisition are jealously kept from the curiosity of the public. The original documents of the trials of Galileo and Giordano Bruno, edited a few years ago by Prof. Berti, are simply falsifications forged by those who sold them to Prof. Berti. But these facts, as I have said, are kept rather secret, and one must have lived in the Vatican in order to verify them.

The coercive conduct of the Roman Church open to public control appears in the decrees of the *Index librorum prohibitorum*. It is rather difficult to form an idea of the *criterium* followed by this Congregation in its decisions. There are valuable books condemned for futile reasons. *The Life of Jesus* written by R. Bonghi was condemned simply because the person of Jesus was represented in the engravings of the book without the distinctive sign of divinity round his head. A book of poetry written by the living Italian poetess Ada Negri, has been put on the Index simply because of its title *Fatality*, and though there is only one poem of the whole book devoted to this subject. A pamphlet written by Monsignor Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona,

in which the illustrious prelate expressed a wish for the reconciliation between the Italian Government and the Vatican, attracted the censure of the Vatican, and the Bishop had to ask pardon publicly of the people of his diocese for the scandal of which he was thought to be guilty. Fortunately the censure of the Index does not practically do any harm to the development of literature, because it is enough that a book be put on the Index to increase enormously the number of its readers. But, as Mgr. Keane said in a congress of Catholic scientific men: "In order to conquer for the Old Church the universality of the world, in future we must proceed, not with censures and condemnations, but with insisting persuasion to the truth." But this will only happen when Rome shall have joined herself to the religious movement of our day, which is tending towards the establishment of the rational existence of Christianity. From the facts related above we can see that Rome is still far from being disposed to enter any such movement; some, however, of her distinguished adherents have already taken part in it, and are anxiously waiting for the approval of their position from the supreme authority. Summing up the meaning of the facts referred to above, we may say that Christianity, as to its enlightening power and spirit of freedom, was ahead of its times in the early period of its development, was in harmony with its times in conquering the world to itself, but it was left behind the times when it definitely assumed the shape given it by Rome.

The Rome of to-day, as I have tried to show, is not in harmony with her times, and therefore, instead of explaining the progress of Roman Catholicism as due to such harmony, as La Brunnetière has done, we must seek for other factors, intrinsic or extrinsic to the nature of the teaching of Rome, as better capable of explaining such progress in its totality. An important fact which cannot escape our consideration, is the passing away of Protestantism as incapable of carrying to its last consequences the principle informing its doctrinal attitude. This decline of Protestanism has naturally determined a current in favour of its direct and primitive adversary, the Roman Church.

Those who through the crisis of the doctrines of the Church are able to see the spirit of freedom and rational faith that is

informing the new life of the Christian Church, instead of turning to Rome to find an end to their intellectual struggles and anxieties, are confident that they will find a solution in the conduct of Providence, in the Divine Will gradually revealing itself in the further meaning we are gaining of such realities as reason, world and man. At the root of all questions concerning the mutual relations between the natural and the supernatural, there is an effort being made for a better understanding of nature, an understanding in which all division between natural and supernatural will disappear—God will speak through the only means that men possess for understanding Him, that is *reason*.

There are others, and these constitute the vast majority, who for different reasons are unable to recognise in themselves a principle capable of giving them intellectual peace. These feel now, more than ever, the need for a supreme authority whose unhesitating teaching represents in a concrete manner the Word of God, and consequently takes with more success the place of their reason, bringing them tranquillity of conscience. Indubitably Rome shapes her dogmatical and moral theories in a concrete and definite form which very well suits this kind of spirit. Her moral teaching, for instance, the most elastic in its form, has lately reached in the theory of *Probabilism* the form of a plain and practical rule of conduct. The principle of Probabilism, by which one can in morals follow *tuto pede* the opinion of a theologian of great authority, has brought to many consciences that peace which they were unable to find otherwise. Her dogmatical teaching suits wonderfully another class of persons, persons who possess special intellectual abilities and culture, while their spirit is alien from theological questions. This fact must not be forgotten in explaining the diffusion of Roman Catholicism in the United States. The harmony which some Americans thought to find between their spirit and that of Rome cannot delude them for long, now that Rome has condemned with Americanism all the liberal doctrines professed by the American Catholics. The motives of the conversion of Americans to Roman Catholicism consist principally in certain natural dispositions of the Americans themselves, in purely American motives creating, so to speak, an American Catholicism,

whose spirit Rome tolerates with the hope of assimilating it some day completely to herself.

But the dogmatical and rigid teaching of Rome, though it may be successful amongst a certain class of people and under certain circumstances, as we have seen just now, is not the natural method adaptable to man as man, and it has not in itself the virtue of its success. "It will be urged that it is in the certitude of the Mahomedan's faith or of the Romanist's in the unalterability of their faith—the superiority to all examination—that the strength of such faith lies. It is so; certitude in presence of ignorance makes devotees, but certitude in presence of knowledge makes sceptics; certitude under certain conditions makes for strength, but under other conditions it makes for paralysis."*

And what is the meaning of the struggle which is becoming with every day more open and keen between Rome and the high cultured element of her people? Is it not that the certitude *imposed* by Rome is a yoke, an impediment to the development of their spiritual life? Rome may succeed in retarding such development, but she will never succeed in stopping it. The nature of spirit is freedom, and spirit will live and develop itself by reducing to itself any directing principle extraneous to itself. The coercive measures of Rome appear every day more ridiculous and insignificant, as such manifestation of the spirit to itself becomes more evident. We are not far from a triumph of the religious spirit, and a triumph in the Christian meaning. Christianity will be, in substance, the religion of the future, but Christianity which has worked its way and gained its supremacy after having been tried by the reason of our times and found one with it. At this coming stage of Christianity the *infallibile magisterium* will have passed from Rome to Man.

F. TAVANI.

* Archdeacon Wilson, in *The Contemporary Review*, March, 1903.

IN SHAMAN-LAND*

ALONG the shores of the Arctic Ocean, as far down as the desolate sand-waves of the Gobi Desert, among those many tribes that seem to have in their veins some of the oldest blood of humanity, it is the teaching of the Buddha that nominally prevails. Nevertheless, for ages, "creatures of the air, of fire, of water," often enough indeed mighty denizens of the astral world, have been enthroned by the people and hold sway over them. Buddhist apostles and priests had to reckon with this cult that has the weight of centuries behind it, and one of the few Buddhist victories has been the substitution of wooden images of animals for the living animal, the bloody sacrifice of which was demanded by the ancient gods.

The chief of these deities seems to have been "Heaven," or rather the beings created therein and having the power of good and evil, called "Ongood." Into the ranks of these beings, after physical death, rise all great Shamans and great men generally.

Below these are said to exist spirits of malignity; "Elie," that takes the form of birds; "Adda," that provokes illness and fierce passions; "Kyltchin," that takes on horrible shapes to terrify men.

The Shamans by their psychic powers are in direct relationship with all these beings, but on earth both they and their followers recognise the authority of the Buddhist Gygen—the priest "twice born."

In isolated lamaseries, often hidden in those untrodden forests of the Yablon mountains to which, for the most part, seekers for the wondrous healing plants reputed to grow there are the only visitors, holy men are known to lead the same recluse life as that led by the Lamas of Tibetan lands.

In 1873, a Russian traveller, Malussouski by name, saw the

*Most of the details are taken from the paper by H. v. Paucker, *Nordische Rundschau*, Feb., 1885.

Tsagan-Gygen of the Torguts. He was called "the white divine man," and was a strong-looking man of about forty years of age, with a clever, serious face and conversation that was both pleasing and witty.

But these elder brethren can do comparatively little for younger souls occupying the bodies of an old race. The more North we go, the more does pure Shamanism appear to reign. In trained Shamans the psychic gifts are mostly genuine. One "professed lamaist and monk still holding the powers of his race" has been seen by the writer. He was working in St. Petersburg a few years ago and, when in trance, was examined by several professors. A strange thing took place during the examination. The big metal crown, used for these "religious rites" only, was placed on his head and had to be held, as it was much too large. Nevertheless, as the trance progressed and he "went out' of his body that the entity he calls his "guardian god" might enter, the head swelled to such proportions that the crown, now apparently grown too narrow, left a mark on his forehead, into the flesh of which it had cut.

Another, a true Shaman this time, healed, in the presence of the writer's friend, a sick Yakout woman, and did this by the simple "power of the word." Standing in front of the sufferer in the "yurta" (hut) and surrounded by an awed crowd, he put his patient to rest, and then, looking steadily at her, said, "Sleep now, and when the first rays of the sun shall touch the forest's highest point, awake—and be healed!"

The woman fell into a deep sleep, and she rose up with the morning and was able to go forth, healed, into the gladsomeness of the first pink glory of the rising sun.

According to testimony the Shamans are able to heal most nervous diseases. They often relieve pain and that sickness of the eyes frequently met with in these lands of the desert, with their dazzle of snow and ice.

Here, where life and death are truly one, woman has to be as brave as man and as enduring. The Tchouktcha girl—of that tribe dwelling nearest the Pole—when hunting the elk along the coast, is clad in male attire, in garments of black and white fur with only a few silver ornaments as insignia of her sex. Agile

and fearless as the bear-hunters among her people (yet the killing of a bear is regarded as great a sacrilege by most of the tribes as the killing of a tiger is regarded in the South), and with pointed hood of fur drawn over her head, she glides along on snow-shoes over the limitless plains, passing by swiftly as with the fleetness of the wind.

For the Siberian woman there has been thus no difficulty in attaining to the full dignity of Shaman priestess.* She, like the highest Shaman, is familiar with the mysterious voices of ocean, of north wind, and of night; familiar also with the prophetic "sounds" of the Northern Lights where the steppe lies covered with snow; with the numberless "notes" of the woods.

The word "Shaman" is thought to come from the Sanskrit "Shramana." In the Mongolian tongue it is translated "Böö," ("Utagyn" for women); in the Altaï the word is "Chani"; in the Kirghiz, "Baksy." The title "Duvanas" is applied to a lower class which, if we may believe the testimony of Europeans, is made up of but "poor idiots."

The "drum," one of the most important accessories of the "cult," is supposed to symbolise the "spirit-horse" on which the Shaman's soul mounts upwards to communicate with spirit or with god; or on which spirit or god may descend, in order to take possession of the Shaman's body. And the more rapid the drum-beating the swifter, it is thought, will be the Shaman's progress upwards.

On the 9th, 19th and 29th days of the month, a Shaman man or woman is obliged to hold in his or her "yurta," regular divine service open to all. As the need arises, whenever there is a call to heal, to help, to prophesy, they hold private services in each other's houses.

The well-known traveller G. Potanine describes two of these services, one conducted by a Shaman, Tabyn-Sachol, in Kobdo, the other by a woman Shaman, Naidyk by name, in Tangnu.

The Shaman's drum or tambourine, which the Mongols call "bar," is in the form of an ellipse; it is made of wood over which a skin is tightly stretched. Two wooden sticks, placed

* She can also have men-pupils and they serve their teacher in the same way that all gurus are served by their pupils. Every Mongol has a "teacher."

crossways, keep it straight; one of these, being longer than the other, serves as a handle. These sticks are shaped like human beings, and the longer of the two supports a head; two small rounded pieces of tin serve as eyes, and a piece of copper, larger in size than the tin, serves as beard. On both sides of the head hang two long strips of metal. At the place where the heart should be, is fixed another piece of copper in the form of a heart.

To the shorter of the two sticks were attached thin pieces of metal smaller in size. At every movement, these gave out a vibratory sound. As the drum symbolises the "spirit-horse," the Shaman plays on it with the "maljä," a word meaning whip. He, himself, puts on a special dress and cap for the service. The dress is called "mandyk." It is covered with long strips of wool in many colours.* From the shoulder-blades at the back hang two long pieces of metal and some bundles of iron needles. The cap is high and in form cylindrical, "abugulda," of the "holy" yellow colour, having as ornaments an image of divinity, an image of a dragon, shells, little tinkling bells, etc., etc. Suspended from the head-gear is a kind of ribbon covered with owl's feathers. In the rapid whirl of the Shaman dance and the dusky light afforded by the burning and perfumed juniper boughs, there is conveyed to the onlooker the perfect impression of a fluttering bird.

The Shaman begins his service by lighting a fire before the "Buddhist idols," as Potanine calls them. The assistants then approach to make their offerings of pieces of silver and blue silk. After this the priest leaves the "yurta" and sits on a piece of carpet on the west side of his "horse," with his face turned towards the east. Here begin the incantations to the slow beat of the drum. The sacred dance takes place in the "yurta" itself, the priest's face being turned towards the door, his back to the fire. The Shaman, when his trance is over, takes off his sacred dress and comes out to the people to deliver his prophecies. Then, reverentially, he takes his drum and hangs it in its place under the "three circles" of metal near the barrier before the "gods"; these three circles are also symbolic of divinity.

* No doubt, on examination, these colours would be found to be symbolic. But Potanine, it seems, knew little as to such meanings.

The service held by the Shamaness Naidyk was longer and more laborious. Her tent was much more richly decorated and was also much larger. She, herself, seemed to possess great influence; she also had the great respect of her tribe of Tangnu.

In her "yurta" the drum hangs at the side of the "shrine" where the "idols" stand. These idols are probably quaint *statuettes* of the Buddha, in ivory, stone or bronze, such as are brought, in thousands, from Lhassa by the Mongol pilgrims from Russian soil. Long strips of blue silk hang near the door, but there are no "three circles" to be seen here.

The drum used was round, the stick carved all over. The priestess was dressed in a short robe ornamented with strips of cloth symbolising snakes; these were all doubled with leather, and the middle one had two ends and was representative of the "six-headed serpent, Amyrga." The Shamaness wore a series of small iron sticks down her back, and on her shoulders were owl's feathers; the cap had a red border and owl's feathers were crossed round it, so as to give it the appearance of a diadem.

The old mother of the Shamaness helped in the ceremonies; she attended to the fire before the shrine, sometimes pouring into it drops of milk. The priestess stood on the right side of the "yurta," with her back to the fire. She moved the drum from one side to the other with ever-increasing rapidity, bestowing rhythmic beats on its skin-covered surface. Then she began to sing the incantations—the mantras. A weird sad melody was evoked in this chanting, not unpleasing in itself; but, in conjunction with the wild rhythm of the dance and the rattling of the drum, it made a most startling effect.

In these ceremonies the dancer's feet do not move; but the body (the head more especially) is turned, twisted, and thrown about in all directions, in a movement that grows ever swifter and swifter. Between the chants, strange sounds are heard, announcing the arrival of the "spirits." These sounds would seem to indicate the forms of animals.

After a time Naidyk stepped into the doorway; then she went out into the open, the freedom of the heavens above her. Here the priestess' brother had in readiness a white horse. In front of the horse stood a tripod, and the fire was kindled with

juniper branches. Here, on a carpet spread out for the purpose, Naidyk performed the ceremony already described. The horse, being evidently used to the drum, remained perfectly still throughout. The Shamaness whirled round on one foot and the "snakes" flew out around her, having the appearance of rays of colour. Then the old mother came out and, with hands joined on her forehead, and kneeling at the horse's feet, she made offering of fire and milk.

The trance, at this point, was nearly at an end. The dancer proceeded to enter the tent backwards. At last she stopped in front of the strips of azure silk. Here, in a monotonous chant, were delivered the prophecies. Then the priestess remained perfectly still and silent. The service was ended.

The mother then proceeded to remove the sacred garb. Naidyk moaned slightly as each vesture was taken off. She also chanted on, in a low voice, but, as the last of her priestess' robes was removed, the last note of her song died away in the icy air.

These were her mantras:

"O thou, six-headed and golden-headed serpent Amyrga, thou drinkest the waters at the down-pouring source and thou passest over mountains."

"With my left hand I grasp the rainbow, with my right hand I uphold the heavens; my body is strong with the strength of the mountains; my heart is strong like a pillar that rises on the hero's grave."

And as they stand thus, priest and priestess of this most ancient worship, broken up as it has been, and "darkened into the black faith" of Shamanism; children of a race that has perhaps the life of millenniums behind it, in a land that was of tropical beauty ages before the mammoth came to it; as they stand thus ages after mammoth and early civilisations have died out of human memory, may they not be seekers, ignorant and clumsy truly, but still seekers after the higher path? Does not the very name "most difficult way," applied as it is to the wild dance that sways their entranced bodies, seem to be an echo of past knowledge—of that psychic knowledge possessed by the Atlanteans?

Into these regions bordering on the North Pole there came,

ages ago "people from the South," and these have tinged type and blood with a something that reminds one of Lemuria as described by our seers of to-day. Child-souls have come into these outworn forms and, black as their cult may be, the Shamans are not, as a rule, of evil repute. Evil, maybe, are the winged "elies" and the fierce "addas" that come flying around the magic drum. But beyond this crowd of inferior, perhaps irresponsible beings, there is the smile of the clumsily-formed but loved and honoured image of the Buddha. The "three circles" and the "serpent of fire" also hold some place in the dim background of this people's comprehension.

And as they stand thus, entranced—whether it be in the pale green summer forests with the shine on all around of the white northern night, or whether it be in the pale, cold moonlight flowing over naked rocks piled up round frozen crystal lakes and looking like the towers of Atlantis on the background of the eternal light of the North Pole;—as they stand thus, these children of magic, it is *they* and *they alone*, who keep alive the psychic atmosphere of their land with its immense past, its immense future.

Scattered over a country as large as India (a land that extends from the Arctic Ocean and the great Chinese Wall to the hot, lonely steppes of the nomad Kirghiz, Mohammedans only in name, and then, again, to the doors of the Siberian university), the Mongols live and think and hope as their Shamans point out the way to them.

Childish, yet sensitive minds, thus strongly linked together, are ready to receive help from the powerful and collective thought of older minds, of the minds of those who know more as to the true way, as to the real teachings of the Buddha; who know also of the dangers to which the souls "strong as pillars" yield themselves up, that their people may have unbroken intercourse with other worlds.

Few are the enlightened priests that Lhassa can send to the lamaseries in this land; fewer still the Christian missionaries who come with hearts of love and minds open to understanding.

But distance and such-like obstacles are as naught to the power of trained thought. And it is to this and to those older

egos also seeking "the most difficult way" in our midst that appeal is unconsciously made.

"And now bend thy head and listen well, O Bodhisattva. . . . Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?"

A RUSSIAN.

HOW TWO OF THE BRETHREN PRAYED

IT befell one day that a holy Abbot, watching the Brothers at prayer in the Chapel, had his eyes open to perceive after what manner they prayed. His attention was arrested by two who bent low before the altar, and who were in sore distress by reason of the distracting thoughts which tormented them, and it was given him to perceive after what manner each one of those two devotees combated the enemy.

The distracting thoughts flew round them, and at them, even like so many angry bees, and there was no calm and no prayer possible so long as they remained within the aura of the kneeling Brothers.

The distress of one Brother grew into a stern resolve to hold the enemy at bay; his will waxed strong, and strong grew the mental barrier of resistance round him, so that none of the buzzing elementals might find entrance therein.

And the Abbot beheld and saw that the white purity of his resolute devotion sufficed to keep a halo of Light around him, even as a crystal shell against which the enemy beat itself in vain, while the soul within was wrapt in contemplation.

And the Abbot turned to behold the other Brother, and lo! around him was no crystal shell, no white halo—but a radiancy of living Fire. It was as if his soul were ablaze with a love which could not contain itself, but reached out and drew into it all the tormenting alien forces around; it was as if, as they entered that radiant Flame, they became transformed and issued forth again, only as allies beneficent to all the Brothers.

And the Abbot bowed his head, and his soul was filled with a great reverence.

M.

THE PRECESSION, CLIMATIC AND DECLINATION CYCLES, THEIR INFLUENCE IN THE FORMATION OF POLAR ICE AND THE EXISTENCE OF NATIONS

MANY years ago I read in a United States scientific magazine that the climatic conditions of the earth are so constituted that when the present North Polar ice cap has reached its maximum size, the curve of the earth in the latitude of London will be from one quarter to three-quarters of a mile higher than it now is; that is, that England, Northern Europe, Asia and America will be engulfed in the sea to that depth. This article had so great an effect upon me as to lead me to make this subject the study of my life.

The first writer who gave a reasonable explanation of the way that ice accumulates at the poles was the late Dr. Croll. But so dominated was he by the immense number of years demanded by geologists of the past generation, that his two books were written to show that only two glacial epochs have occurred in geological time, *viz.*, one 250,000, and one 850,000 years ago, and he denied the possibility of the formation of an ice cap at the North Pole every Precessional Cycle of 26,000 years. Sir Robert Ball also in his convincing little brochure *The Cause of an Ice Age* restricted himself to the lines of Croll's argument. So lame a conclusion never commended itself to my judgment, and my patience was rewarded a few years ago by the publication of a United States geological text-book which showed that the most recent glacial epoch came to an end only 7,000 years ago. As however Croll's theory is correct so far as it goes, I in this paper give it full prominence. It only remains for me to say that this subject has got far beyond the lines of Croll's theory. It now gives a reasonable explanation of the chronology of the Hindu scriptures, and shows that by its means the whole science

of physical and political geography, the rise, fall and migration of nations, can be properly understood. Except where I quote my authors, the statements and opinions are my own.

Croll's theory is that there are now eight excess summer days in the Northern Hemisphere and eight excess winter days in the Southern Hemisphere; that the tropical heat at the equator is the cause of the trade winds of the Atlantic, which thus blow the great body of heated sea-water called the Gulf Stream into the Gulf of Mexico. The above preponderance of summer days gives the trade wind a northerly set, which blows the Gulf Stream directly into the shores of England and Northern France, past which the warm stream flows on until it impinges upon the north of Norway up to Archangel and beyond, where, becoming chilled by the Polar ice, it returns as a cold stream past Iceland and the East and West coasts of the island continent of Greenland and, flowing past frozen Labrador, becomes lost on the island of Newfoundland, where it causes the perpetual fogs so dangerous to navigation.

Croll's theory as extended by me to its legitimate conclusion suggests that within a certain distance of time, measured by the Precession Cycle of the equinoxes, there will be eight excess winter days in the Northern, and eight excess summer days in the Southern Hemisphere, that this climatic change will deflect the warm Gulf Stream from the Northern to the Southern Hemisphere, the Southern ice cap now 2,800 miles in diameter will melt and be transferred to an ice cap of possibly greater size at the North Pole, that the release of the Southern ice and its corresponding piling up at the North Pole will cause the sea to leave the South and be attracted to the new ice cap at the North, causing the South Sea Islands, with Australia, New Zealand and Patagonia, to form a new continent, a reappearance of what Theosophists would say was the "Lemuria" of ancient days.

Since Croll wrote his two epoch-making books, *Climate and Time* and *Climate and Cosmology*, the literature of this subject has become extensive. It will, however, suffice to mention two of such books. Dr. Wallace in his *Island Life* thinks that Croll has exaggerated the climatic influence of the doubled eight days so far as the North Pole is concerned, though he admits the correctness

of the theory as explaining the existing condition of things in the Southern Hemisphere and at the South Pole. On the other hand, Sir Robert Ball, the late Astronomer Royal of Ireland, in his *Cause of an Ice Age*, admits the correctness of Croll's theory and gives a new mathematical formula showing how the excess winter days will largely favour the accumulation of ice which, once formed, will not be able to melt during the following summer.

In considering this subject we must not flatter ourselves that, because the equal measure of summer and winter days will not be reached for nearly 5,000 years, therefore the subject has no immediate concern for us. The whole of the Northern shores of the Northern Hemisphere are already in the full swing of the rising sea, which will not cease its ravages until Northern Europe is engulfed, and Holland, Denmark, Northern Russia, Siberia, England, and the Northern shores of Germany and France successively pass beneath the ocean.

Croll's theory was first propounded by Alphonse Adhémar, a French astronomer, who about a hundred years ago showed in his *Révolutions de la Mer*, that the maximum period of about eight summer days in the Northern Hemisphere occurred A.D. 1248. Anyone with two good almanacks can ascertain that the number of excess summer days is now seven and a half and a fraction, and that this excess is slowly diminishing year by year. The counting is made between the equinoxes. The opponents of Croll's theory say that the effect of sixteen days' variation in the cycle can be but small upon the average temperature of England, of say 60°F. They forget that the variation has to be based upon the specific heat or rather coldness of stellar space, which is minus 461°F., and which added to 60° amounts to 521°F. specific heat. A very small percentage of this temperature would amount to 10°F., which deducted from the present average temperature would make England and Northern Europe almost uninhabitable. Her seaports in winter would be frozen up.

This slight diminution of half a summer day has already so reduced the temperature of the North Polar sea as to compel navigators to give up all hope of finding a North-West Passage.

A real Polar ice cap has covered the whole of the Greenland continent of the area of 380,000 square miles, equal to a separate ice cap of 700 miles diameter. Recent atlases show the North Pole surrounded by a paleocrystic sea of the further area of 930,000 square miles, equal to a total ice cap of nearly 1,300 miles diameter. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* states that the sea level of the Greenland shores has in the past century risen fifteen feet, the missionary settlements having been rebuilt inland.

My long residence of forty years in India convinces me that India is steadily getting colder. The cold winter winds extend later into the spring than formerly. My frequent visits to England have also satisfied me that snow storms and blizzards are of longer duration and greater severity than in my boyhood, and the summers are shorter.

The *Story of Lost England*, recently published, tells in a vivid way how the banking up of the sea caused by the attraction of the Greenland ice cap is only too surely hastening the destruction of Old England, and of the other countries above mentioned. Old Brighton, an island a mile out to sea, disappeared A.D. 1700. Old Hull No. 1, an island at the mouth of the Humber, was overwhelmed A.D. 1350. Hull No. 2 and the peninsula on which it was built was washed away A.D. 1530. Old Cromer was engulfed in 1825, old Harwich in 1830. Dozens of other old English seaports are mentioned by the author, the whole of which have disappeared since A.D. 1250.

Holland being the delta of the Rhine, and not much above sea level, has suffered cruelly from the ravages of the sea. The author states that in addition to the great historical inundations, every seven years there is an inroad of the sea which permanently washes away some portions of its shores. Heligoland is now only one-fifth of its area in recent historic times, and is being rapidly washed still further away since it was purchased by the German Government from England. The author makes no reference to Croll's or any other theory, he only gives the events and their dates. Generally the conditions of the problem will be met by the statement that at the present time the mean sea level in the latitude of London does not rise faster than one foot every thirty years.

I have mentioned the Atlantic Gulf Stream; there is a corresponding one in the Pacific, also a warm stream in the South Seas which has made an enormous gap in one side of the Southern ice cap.

Greenland is the Northern ice cap. Nordenskiöld and Nansen have separately crossed its narrow southern warmer portion, and the former has reached an altitude of 12,000 feet. Its northern portion is wider, colder, and therefore higher, for the height of glaciers varies as the reduced temperature, the lower the temperature the greater the height of the ice cap. As the glaciers continue their advance towards the North Pole, the time will come when they will no longer float but will slowly fill up solid the whole sea-bed from Hudson's Bay to Siberia.

As the sea level rises, the shores of Siberia will be engulfed, and the course of the Gulf Stream will change, one portion of it flowing across Holland and Denmark up the Baltic across Northern Russia into Siberia, the remaining portion flowing as now. The North Polar ice cap will then be surrounded by warm seas flowing from the equator, as is now the case with the South Polar sea. A glance at the North Polar map will show that the northern shores of Hudson's Bay and Siberia form almost a true circle of 2,800 miles diameter, the size of the Southern ice cap. The nearness of the warm seas will cause constant storms, which will fall as snow on the new ice cap, rapidly increasing its mass and attractive force.

Sir Robert Ball, in his *Cause of an Ice Age*, shows that the length of the Precession Cycle, *i.e.*, the time taken up by our North Pole in tracing a conical path in the heavens, is about 26,000 years. The path of the axis of our earth is the projected surface of the cone, while the apparent path of our North Pole in the heavens is the circular base of that cone. He also shows that, deducting the velocity of the orbit of the earth in the opposite direction round the sun (not the velocity of the earth, but of the earth's orbit) the length of the climatic cycle of the ice caps is reduced to about 21,000 years. This is the sum total of the information obtainable from astronomical sources. Sir Robert Ball is the only astronomer who gives the additional information about the 21,000 years' cycle.

The length of the Precession Cycle is calculated by astronomers as if the sun's declination were an unvarying quantity, *viz.*, that now observed. This declination is about $23\frac{1}{2}^\circ$, say for simplicity of calculation 24°. This makes the radius of the base of the Polar cone 24°. But it is admitted by astronomers that, at the time of Ptolemy 2,000 years ago, the sun's declination was 34′ of a degree more than now. In those days stellar observations were made by astrolabes, brass rods with upright wires revolving on a circular brass plane about six feet in diameter. These gave correct results to one minute of a degree. Sir John Herschell gives the maximum variation of the declination to be about 3°. This would increase the radius of the conical circle to $25\frac{1}{2}^\circ$. But though astronomers admit that the declination of the sun does vary as above stated, they ignore this variation in making their precession calculations.

Here comes in Major-General Drayson, who calls himself a mathematical astronomer, in contradistinction to our observational astronomers. He was for many years on the Ordnance Surveys of India and England, and was Professor of Surveying at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. He has published quite a number of books on this subject, of which I have two, *viz.*, *Thirty Thousand Years of the Earth's Past History* and *Untrodden Ground in Astronomy and Geology, Read by the Second Rotation of the Earth.* He says that the variation in declination is not 3° as stated by Sir John Herschell but is really 12°, *i.e.*, that the radius of the Polar conical circle in the heavens is not 24° but 30°, that this additional 6° gives the centre of the second rotation of the conical circle, and that when this conical revolution reaches its furthest limit, it makes the sun's declination 12° greater than it now is.

As a master in spherical trigonometry he gives the calculation showing that, by adding the above 6°, the single recorded observation of Ptolemy agrees with the many modern observations of the past hundred years, and that by this addition he has been able to eliminate what are called the "proper motions" of many of the stars, to ascertain that these motions are due mostly to the revolution of Greenwich on the spherical surface of the earth, round the second motion centre, and thus to ascertain that, in

greater part, the stars are really fixed and not moving across the heavens. He gives many calculations to establish this point, proving his results by observations taken from the *Nautical Almanack* correct to a small fraction of a second. He then shows that the sun's declination varies 12° in the whole Precession Cycle, that it reaches its minimum of approximately 24° about 400 years hence, that its maximum is 36°, and that the total period of the Precession Cycle due to the increased radius of the cone is 31,680 years, not 26,000 as stated by the astronomers.

Here comes in the remarkable deduction made by Drayson, *viz.*, that this increased declination of 36° will in about 16,000 years bring the North Tropical zone up to the latitude of Gibraltar, and the North Arctic zone down to the latitude of Manchester, and that these will then give the alternate summer and winter climates of each year. Hence during the summer a tropical climate and tropical vegetation will prevail over the largely extended Arctic and Antarctic regions of 72° diameter in all the outer latitudes not covered by glaciers, while, for the remaining six months, much of these large areas will be plunged into Polar darkness, uninhabitable by man, and as man could never travel the long distances necessary to escape these sudden and severe winter conditions, the whole of these Northern and Southern regions will be given over to primeval chaos, immense forests, and such swift-footed wild animals as can flee year by year before winter sets in.

No grander geological generalisation has ever been made than this. From it can be deduced the explanation of the discovery of the coal-fields of tropical drift-wood found round the shores of Greenland, the tropical mammoth and mastodon skeletons found in the prairies of N. America, and the same animals covered with fresh flesh embedded in the glacial ice of the Siberian islands and mainland. Both series of facts were doubtless caused by the partial or complete break-up of the last previous Southern ice cap. It follows that in those days man will have to confine his existence to the equatorial belt of the earth, and that the present temperate zone will become in great part uninhabitable or non-existent.

Drayson seems to have no knowledge of Croll's theory; he

nowhere makes reference to it. I will now show how remarkably the two theories fit into each other, and make one consistent whole. Drayson shows that the Precession Cycle is 31,680 years long. Sir Robert Ball shows that, when the proper deduction is made for the revolution of the earth's orbit round the sun, his 26,000 years Precession Cycle becomes reduced to a Climatic Cycle of 21,000 years. I find, therefore, that with the Precession Cycle of the increased length of 31,680 years, the corresponding Climatic Cycle is within a near fraction of 24,000 years long.

This last figure is sufficiently remarkable to call for extended notice, *for it is the length of the "Kalpa" plus "Pralaya" of the Hindu scriptures.* I am aware that the length of this cycle as given in *The Theosophical Glossary* and in *The Secret Doctrine* is 8,640,000 years, and that a Mahâ-Kalpa-Pralaya contains 1,000 of these cycles, *i.e.*, 8,640,000,000 years. These figures have always been to me a stumbling-block, and doubtless to many other Western students. Eastern paṇḍits, on the other hand, find delight in these impossible figures, and will listen to no argument tending to prove their incorrectness. But the figures go to pieces on the slightest examination. They are nowhere to be found in the *Viṣhṇu Purâṇa.* A series of multiples are there given in poetical stanzas, which when calculated out in Western fashion make 8,640,000 *divine days* and 8,640,000,000 *divine days.* The commentators have wrongfully presumed to alter the plain meaning of the text by calling a *divine day* a *year.* If then these figures are taken in their natural sense as days of twenty-four hours, and are divided by 360 days, the first figure becomes 24,000 years, the length of the Climatic Cycle which I have deduced from Drayson's Precession Cycle; one thousand of these become a Mahâ-Kalpa-Pralaya of 24,000,000 years, which is of sufficient length in time to satisfy the most exacting geologist. It is sufficient if we call the divine day-years a "blind," intended to draw off criticism until the time was ready for a wise and simple explanation.

No intelligent interpretation has ever been given of the four Yugas or Ages of the Kalpa-Pralaya. I will now show that they are climatic. The year A.D. 1248, I have above shown, contained the greatest length of summer days in the Northern Hemisphere,

and was therefore, other things being equal, the hottest year; 400 years hence, in A.D. 2300, will be the year of the shortest declination of the sun. Thus the two cycles are at their maximum of heat within the period of about 1,000 years. This conjunction shows that the period in which we now live has been divinely ordained to give the largest area and longest period of heat to the North Temperate zone and the smallest area to the Arctic zone in order that Western civilisation may have a long extension of life for its needful development. We may then take it that for 1,000 years to come, though nothing can prevent the enlargement of the North Polar ice cap, and the consequent raising of the sea level between Holland, England and Greenland, that up to A.D. 2900 the sun's declination will be much the same as it now is, *viz.*, 24° after which it will begin rapidly to increase, enlarging the Arctic and Tropical zones, and reducing the area of the Temperate zones in the manner above described.

Let us now go to the East. We see that these two conditions now concentrate the warmth into all tropical countries bordering on the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal, the South China Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. The North Tropical region is confined to 24° of North latitude. This has been its condition for the past 2,000 years, and will continue for a further 1,000 years. To be exact, let us assume that the first Kali Yuga cycle of 1,200 years came to an end A.D. 1248. The cycle of Kali heat thus began A.D. 48. The second Kali Yuga cycle began A.D. 1248, and will continue for another 1,200 years, ending A.D. 2448, *i.e.*, 545 years hence.

Let anyone who wishes to experience the heat of India stay at Benares for a whole year. In the winter time the air is at freezing point every night, and so cold during the day that it is a pleasure to sit in the sun clad in a thick English overcoat. But after March the climate suddenly changes, so that 105 and 95°F. are the ordinary day and night temperatures. Why? Because the snow on the sub-Himâlayan slopes, 200 miles distant north, has by that time melted, and you feel the heat in all its rigour. It has been mercifully ordained by Providence that India projects like a triangle into the Tropical zone, that its base is in the eternal snows, and its two sides are immersed in the com-

paratively cool sea, otherwise the country generally, like that of Râjpûtâna, Sind and Baluchistan, would be a waterless desert, as is the Sahara, Arabia and central Persia.

Let us change our *venue* to the India of the Satya Yuga, the Age of Truth or Righteousness. The temperature is at present the specific heat of minus 461°F., plus 80°, the average heat of India, total 541°F.; the summer heat, which is now concentrated over 24° of latitude, will then be diffused over 36°, *i.e.*, each place will then receive only two-thirds of the heat now experienced. The sun's winter declination will then extend for the average of India (say in the latitude of Bombay), to 55° S. Wheat now grows only north of 23° N. latitude, and as a winter crop. It will then grow freely all over India, and as a summer crop. No one has at hand the meteorological data upon which the calculation could be made, but it is easily conceivable that the climate of India will then be no hotter than Italy now is, and that the lowered temperature will give such abundant rain as to make physical labour a pleasure reaping abundant profit, instead of as now a pain and sorrow, as much as possible to be avoided. The surplus heat will increase that of the lower Temperate regions, and also of the new Polar cap in the summer, causing the moisture from the seas to fall almost continuously as snow.

The lengths of the four Yugas are in the proportion of 1, 2, 3, and 4, so that the Satya is four times the length of the Kali Yuga. The explanation of this may be that in the total period of 2,400 years the temperature in the Tropics will have become so materially reduced as to make work in the sun bearable for the remaining period of 21,600 years. If this theory is correct, it follows that the ancient Greeks could have had no personal knowledge of a Golden Age. What they had was tradition from the then North Tropical zone, from their common ancestors, the Fathers of the Greeks, Persians and Indo-Âryans. It also follows that this Golden Age can belong to Tropical countries only, and is contemporary with a period of intense winter cold and misery alternating with Tropical summers in Temperate zones the inhabitants of which will have to flee for warmth and food to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, Black, Caspian

and Aral Seas, which will then form one stretch of sea, to which probably the Dead Sea and the Valley of the Jordan will be added.

As the Climatic Cycle of the Purâṇas has its Kalpa and Pralaya every alternate 12,000 years, beginning the quarter cycle previous to A.D. 1248, so the Declination Cycle will intensify or modify the Climatic Cycle every 16,000 years, beginning with A.D. 2300. Three Declination Cycles will thus nearly coincide with four Climatic or Yuga Cycles and their conjunctions and oppositions will cause an infinite variety of climates in the ages to come.

The United States geologists state that the last previous glacial age came to an end 7,000 years ago. They base their calculations upon the known rate of recession of the Niagara and Missouri rivers since their Ordnance Surveys were begun, and the distance of these recessions from the last glacial markings. That date is coincident with Noah's Flood, which occurred on the break-up of the Northern ice cap about B.C. 5100. This flood was of course universal over the Northern Hemisphere. But the physical features of the earth confined its effects practically to the countries bordering on the Aral, Caspian and Black Seas. When it debouched into the Mediterranean its force was spent, except for a local flooding of the Delta of Egypt. If the next flood bursts at the same period in the cycle, which by no means follows, it will come 5,000 years hence at the break-up of the Southern ice cap. But there may be many partial previous floods.

The last Northern ice cap reached its maximum B.C. 10752. At that date the Declination Cycle had only reached 3,000 years from its maximum, so that the sun's declination would then be about 35°, and the ice cap would be very large. Hence the reason why, in the youth of the world, the fertile countries and great empires were grouped round the Caspian and the richly inundated lands of the lower Tigris and Euphrates, as also in America round the Gulf of Mexico.

The Climatic Cycle has two periods of 12,000 years each. The warmth or coldness of these periods varies according to the angle of the sun's declination. (1) Our present climate we know.

In A.D. 1248 there was no large ice cap on Greenland. A genial climate then prevailed in Greenland, Iceland and Labrador, which permitted the growth of corn crops. The period of maximum heat forms the junction of the two Indian Kali Yugas. The Kalpa ranges a quarter cycle on either side of this maximum. (2) With eight additional summer days in the North, and the sun's declination at 36°, the Arctic zone would come down to Manchester, there would be a permanent ice cap of moderate size, a tropical summer climate in those Polar countries not covered by ice, but these would be uninhabitable by man. This climate would in N. Tropical regions form the Golden Age of moderate warmth in summer and sharp cold in winter and would be in the Indian Kalpa. (3) Our present climate reversed, *i.e.*, with eight fewer summer and eight more winter days in the North Hemisphere, with the sun's declination as now, would cause the formation of a large ice cap at the North Pole, but, owing to the proximity of central Asia, Europe and America, not as large as the present Southern ice cap. This period would form the Kali Yuga portion of the Pralaya of India, the period of so-called rest, in which, notwithstanding, climatic conditions would favour vigorous existence in North Tropical and North Temperate regions. (4) Our present climate reversed, *i.e.*, with eight fewer summer and eight more winter days in the North Hemisphere, but with the sun's declination increased to 36°, bringing the North Polar zone down to Manchester, would cause the formation of a very large ice cap at the North Pole, possibly larger than the existing South ice cap. The sea level would be raised so high as to compel migration to the new Lemurian continent. This period would for India form the Satya Yuga portion of the Pralaya, when all creation is in the North Hemisphere supposed to be sleeping its long sleep under the sea.

The Precession Cycle of 24,000 years can therefore be legitimately used in ascertaining with reasonable precision the time occupied in the formation of the Pleistocene and other recent geological systems. These are known to be made up in many places of glacial drift intercalated with marine deposits.

Why is it that no past records of man are obtainable before the present Climatic Cycle? Not because man was not then

living, but because from the considerations already advanced, no country has had a continuous existence of more than 6,000 years. If in the Tropical zone, it failed to adapt itself to the ever-varying climatic conditions, and had to make way for younger and more vigorous races. If in the Temperate zone, it was overwhelmed by glacier, or sea, or both. Even in Egypt the present Delta has remained flooded for thousands of years, new deltas have formed, and new races of kings have arisen to govern in the Nubian hills to the South. For with the exception of the rare Noah's Flood, the climatic changes have been so gradual as not to be noticeable from one generation to another. The only everlasting records are the Assyrian burnt clay tables, and they only so long as they remain buried under the mounds, and the inside surfaces of the Egyptian Pyramids. The hieroglyphics will remain intact in Egypt only so long as no rain falls, but before the quarter cycle ends, the climate of Egypt will change, the air will no longer remain dry, but there may be a rainfall as heavy as in Palestine. And where rain falls, all masonry will crumble to dust. The shock to the fibres of the stone caused by the blow of the metal chisel is the first step towards its eventual destruction. All records in cities will in time be covered by glacier, or sea, or earth mounds or blown sand. Nothing can remain permanent in this world, everything is subject to change.

In conclusion may I, without offence, make a brief reference to the date of Shrî Kṛishṇa. "He was killed by a stray arrow at Somnâth on the south-west cape of Kathiawad, 5,000 years ago, at the commencement of the Kali Yuga. In 427,000 years more the Kali Yuga will come to an end." The total of these two periods is 432,000, which divided by 360 days makes 1,200 years, the real length of the first Kali Yuga. This first Yuga is thus stated to have ended 3,800 years ago, and the second Kali Yuga 2,600 years ago, which is incorrect. The date of Shrî Kṛishṇa's death is doubtless correct, but the tacking on to it of the Kali Yuga is a device of priestcraft, done to increase the wonderment of devotees.

DAVID GOSTLING, F.R.I.B.A.

THE MIND TO HERMES*

1. THE MIND. Master this sermon,† then, Thrice-greatest one, and bear in mind the spoken words; and as it hath come unto Me to speak, I will no more delay.

HERMES. As many men say many things, and these diverse, about the All and Good, I have not learned the truth. Make it, then, clear to me, O Master mine! For I can trust the explanation of these things, which comes from Thee alone.

2. THE MIND. Hear [then], My son, How standeth God and All. God, æon,‡ cosmos, time, becoming.§ God maketh æon; æon, cosmos; cosmos, time; and time, becoming. The Good, the Beautiful, wisdom, blessedness, are essence, as it were,‖ of God; sameness¶ of æon; of cosmos, order; change, time's; and life and death, becoming's. The energies of God are mind and soul;** of æon, lasting-ness†† and deathlessness; of cosmos, restoration and the opposite thereof;‡‡ of time, increase and decrease; and of becoming, quality. Æon is, then, in God; cosmos, in æon; in cosmos, time; in time, becoming. Æon stands firm round God; cosmos is moved in æon; time hath its limits§ in the cosmos; becoming doth become in time.

* See the series of translations and essays which appeared in this REVIEW, from December, 1898, to January, 1900.

† Or thy reason.

‡ Eternity; the ideal world, beyond time.

§ Genesis.

‖ That is to say, the term "*ess*-ence" cannot really be applied to God, for He is beyond "*be*-ing."

¶ Or identity.

** Sci., universal Mind and Soul.

†† Or duration.

‡‡ ἀνταποκατάστασις.

§§ Or is accomplished.

3. The source, therefore, of all is God; their essence,* æon; their matter, cosmos. God's power is æon; æon's work is cosmos—which never *hath* become, but ever *doth* become by æon's means. Therefore will cosmos never be destroyed, for æon's indestructible; nor doth a whit of things in cosmos perish, for cosmos is enwrapped by æon round on every side.

HERMES. But God's wisdom—what is that?

THE MIND. The Good, and Beautiful, and blessedness, and virtue's all, and æon. Æon, then, ordereth† [cosmos], imparting deathlessness and lastingness to matter.

4. For its‡ becoming doth depend on æon, as æon doth on God. Now genesis§ and time, in "heaven" and on the "earth,"‖ are of two natures. In heaven they are unchangeable and indestructible, but on the earth they're subject unto change and to destruction. Further, the æon's soul is God; the cosmos' soul is æon; the earth's soul, heaven. And God, in mind; and mind, in soul; and soul, in matter; and all of them through æon. But all this body,¶ in which are all the bodies, is full of soul; and soul is full of mind; and [mind, of] God. It** fills it†† from within, and from without encircles it, making the All to live. Without, this vast and perfect life‡‡ [encircles] cosmos; within, it fills [it with] all lives;§§ above, in heaven, continuing in sameness; below, on earth, changing becoming.

5. The æon doth preserve this [cosmos], or by necessity, or by foreknowledge, or by nature, or by whatever else a man supposes or shall suppose. 'Tis God who is the energiser of this All. The energy of God is power that naught can e'er surpass, a power with which no one can make comparison of any human thing at all, or any thing divine. Wherefore, O Hermes, never think that aught of things above or things below is like to God, for thou wilt fall from

* Or being. † Or adorneth. ‡ Sci., matter's becoming or genesis.
§ Or becoming. ‖ Sci., the ideal heaven and earth. ¶ Sci., cosmos.
* Sci., soul. †† Sci., body, of universe or cosmos. ‡‡ Or animal.
§§ Or animals.

truth. For naught is like to That which hath no like, and is the Only One and One. Nor ever think that He hath yielded up His power* to any other; for who but God makes Life—both deathlessness and change?† For what else should He make? God's not inactive,‡ since all things [then] would lack activity; for all are full of God. But neither in the cosmos anywhere, nor in aught else, is there inaction. For that "inaction" is a name that cannot be applied to either what doth make or what is made.§

6. But all things must be made;‖ both ever made, and also in accordance with the influence of every space.¶ For He who makes, is in them all; not stablished in some one of them, nor making one thing only, but making all. For He, as power, doth energise in the things made; He is not self-sufficient,** but they are subject to Him.

Now gaze through Me†† upon the cosmos that's now subject to thy sight; regard its beauty carefully—body in pure perfection, though one than which there's no more ancient one, ever in prime of life, and ever-young, nay, rather, in even fuller and yet fuller prime!

7. Behold, again, the seven subject worlds;‡‡ ordered§§ by æon's order,‖‖ and with their varied course full-filling æon!

* Sci., energy.

† Retaining the original text, and reading *ποιητής* for *ποιότητος*. Deathlessness and change are the two sides (unmanifest and manifest) of the One Life.

‡ *ἀργός*. There is a word-play in the terms *ἔργον* (work), *ἐνεργῶν* (working in, energising), *ἐνεργής* (active, energetic), *ἐνέργεια* (in-working, activity), and *ἀργός* (not-working inactive, idle), *ἀργία* (inactivity, idleness), which it is impossible to bring out fully in English.

§ Or what becomes.

‖ Or must become.

¶ This seems to mean, that all things in the world of genesis (making, creating, or becoming) have their root-activity, first from the sameness of becoming of the one sphere or space, and then their differentiated activity from the seven spheres, spaces, or planes, which are the instruments of God in the differentiation of the cosmos.

** Or independent of them.

†† The Mind; *i.e.*, with the mind's eye, or spiritual sight, or by the help of the Master's illuminating power.

‡‡ *κόσμους*, cosmoi or world-orders, ? "planetary chains."

§§ Or adorned, or made beautiful.

‖‖ The order of the æon (eternity, the spiritual space), æonian or everlasting order.

[See how] all things [are] full of light, yet nowhere [is there] fire; for 'tis the love and blending of the contraries that doth give birth to light, light shining by the energy of God, the Father of all Good, the leader of all order, and ruler of the seven world-orderings! [Behold] the moon, forerunner of them all, the instrument of nature, transmuter of the matter underneath!* [Look at] the earth set in the midst of All, foundation of fair cosmos, feeder and nurse of things on earth! And contemplate the multitude of deathless lives,† how great it is, and that of lives subject to death; and midway, between both, immortal [lives] and mortal, [see thou] the circling moon.

8. Further, all things are full of soul, and all are moved by it, each in its proper way; some round the heaven, others round earth; not right to left, or left to right; neither above below, nor [yet] below above. And that all these are subject unto genesis,‡ My dearest Hermes, thou hast no longer need to learn of Me. For that they bodies are, have souls, and they are moved. But 'tis impossible for them to come together into one without some one to bring them [all] together. It must, then, be that such a one as this must be some one who's wholly One.

9. For as the motions of them [all] are different and many, and as their bodies are not like, yet has one speed been ordered for them all, it is impossible that there should be two or more makers for them. For that one single order is not kept among "the many"; but rivalry will follow of the weaker with the stronger, and they will strive. And if the maker of the lives§ that suffer change and death, should be another,‖ he would desire to make the deathless ones as well; just as the maker of the deathless ones, [to make the lives] that suffer death. But come! if there be two,¶—since matter's one, and soul is one,—in whose hands would there be the distribution** for the making? Whereas if both of

* This suggests that the moon is not one of the "seven"; but that just as the seven are the instrument of cosmic creation, so the moon is the instrument that transforms sublunary matter.

† Or animals. ‡ Or becoming. § Or animals.

‖ From the maker of the immortals. ¶ Sci., makers. ** Sci., of matter and life.

them have some of it, in whose hands may there be the greater part?

10. But thus conceive it, [son]; that every living body doth consist of soul and matter, whether [that body be] of an immortal, or a mortal, or an irrational [life]. For that all living bodies are ensouled; whereas, upon the other hand, those that live not, are matter by itself. And soul, in the same way, by its own self, beneath the maker's hand, is cause of life. But 'tis the [maker] of the deathless ones [Himself], who is the All-life's cause.

HERMES. How, then, is it that, first, lives subject unto death are other than the deathless ones? And, next, how is it that the life which knows no death,* and maketh deathless, is not the maker?

11. THE MIND. First, that there is someone who makes them [other], is clear; and, next, that He is also One, is very manifest. For, further, soul is one, and life is one, and matter one.

HERMES. But who is He?

THE MIND. Who may it other be than the One God? Whom else should it beseem to put soul into lives but God alone? One, then, is God. It would be most ridiculous, if when thou dost confess the cosmos to be one, sun one, moon one, and one divinity, thou shouldst wish God Himself to be some one or other of a number!

12. All things, therefore, He makes, in many [ways]. And what great thing is it for God to make life, soul, and deathlessness, and change, when thou [thyself] dost do† so many things? For thou dost see, and speak, and hear, and smell, and taste, and touch, and walk, and think, and breathe. And it is not one man who smells, a second one who speaks, a third who touches, another one who smells, another one who walks, another one who thinks, and [yet] another one who breathes. But *one* is he who doth all these. And yet no one of these could be apart from God. For just as, shouldst thou cease from‡ these, thou wouldst no longer be

* Sci., the world-soul. Retaining the original reading.

† Or make; a play on the double meaning of the Greek verb

‡ Lit., become inactive of (καταργηθῇς).

a life,* so also, should God cease from them (a thing not law to say), no longer is He God.

13. For if it hath been shown that no thing can inactive† be, how much less God? For if there's aught He doth not make,‡ (if it be law to say), He is imperfect. But if He is not only not inactive, but perfect [God], then He doth make§ all things.

Give thou thyself to Me, My Hermes, for a little while, and thou shalt understand more easily how that God's work is one in order that all things may be—that are being made‖ or once have been, or that are going to be made. And *this*¶ is, My belovèd, Life; this is the Beautiful, this is the Good; this, God.

14. And if thou wouldst in practice** understand [this work], behold what taketh place with thee desiring to beget. Not that this is the same as that, for He doth not enjoy. For that He hath no other one to share in what He works, for working by Himself, He ever is at work, Himself being what He doth.†† For did He separate Himself from it,‡‡ all things would [then] collapse, and all must die, Life ceasing. But if all things are lives, and also Life is one; then, one is God. And, furthermore, if all are lives, both those in heaven and those on earth, and one Life in them all is made to be by God, and God is it§§—then, all are made by God.

Life is the making one of mind and soul; death is not the destruction of those that are at-oned,‖‖ but the dissolving of their union.

* Or animal.

† A word has here dropped out in the text, which I have supplied by ἀργόν (inactive), and not by the usual conjecture "apart from God."

‡ Or do.

§ Or do.

‖ Or becoming, or being done.

¶ Sci., work, doing, making, or creating.

** ἔργῳ, in deed, in work.

†† Or makes.

‡‡ Sci., His work, or creation, or son, the universe.

§§ *Viz.*, this Life.

‖‖ That is, mind and soul, *sci.*, the Logos, and World-Soul, or ego and anima soul.

15. Æon, moreover, is God's image; cosmos [is] æon's; the sun, of cosmos; and man, [the image] of the sun. The people call change death, because the body is dissolved, and life, when it's dissolved, withdraws to the unmanifest. But in this sermon, Hermes, my beloved, as thou dost hear, I say the cosmos also suffers change,—for that a part of it each day is made to be in the unmanifest,—but it is ne'er dissolved. These are the passions of the cosmos—revolvings and concealments; revolving is conversion and concealment renovation.

16. The cosmos is all-formed,—not having forms external to itself, but changing them itself within itself. Since, then, cosmos is made to be all-formed, what may its maker be? For that, on the one hand, He should not be void of all form; and, on the other hand, if He's all-formed, He will be like the cosmos. Whereas, again, has He a single form, He will thereby be less than cosmos. What, then, say we He is?—that we may not bring round our sermon into doubt; for naught that mind conceives of God is doubtful. He, then, hath one *idea*,* which is His own alone, which doth not fall beneath the sight, being bodiless, and [yet] by means of bodies manifesteth all [ideas].† And marvel not that there's a bodiless idea.

17. For it is like the form beneath the word,‡ and mountain-tops in pictures.§ For they appear to stand out strongly from the rest, but really are quite smooth and flat. And now consider what is said more boldly, but more truly! For even as man cannot live apart from life, so neither can God live without [His] doing Good.‖ For this is as it were the life and motion as it were of God—to move all things and make them live.

18. Now some of the things said¶ should bear a sense peculiar

* The root of form; used also loosely in Greek to denote form.

† Or forms.

‡ Or idea of the sermon.

§ *καὶ ἐν ταῖς γραφαῖς ἀκρώρειαι.* All the translators talk of "margins" in MSS., and make entire nonsense of the passage. I can find absolutely no authority for translating *ἀκρώρειαι* margins.

‖ Or making the Good.

¶ Or points of the sermon

to themselves. For instance, comprehend what I am going to say. All are in God, [but] not as lying in a place. For place is both a body and immovable, and things that lie do not have motion. For things lie one way in the bodiless, another way in being made manifest. Think, [then,] of Him who doth contain them all; and think, that than the bodiless naught is more comprehensive, or swifter, or more potent; that *it* is the most comprehensive, swiftest, and most potent of them all.

19. And, thus, think from thyself, and bid thy soul go unto India;* and there more quickly than thy bidding will it be. And bid it journey Oceanwards; and there, again, immediately 'twill be, not as if passing on from place to place, but as if being there. And bid it also mount to heaven; and it will need no wings, nor will aught hinder it, nor fire of sun, nor æther, nor vortex swirl,† nor bodies of the other stars; but, cutting through them all, it will soar up to the last body [of them all].‡ And shouldst thou will to break through this as well, and contemplate what is beyond—if there be aught beyond the cosmos; it is permitted thee.

20. Behold what power, what swiftness, thou dost have! And canst thou do all of these things, and God not [do them]? Then, in this way think§ God; as having all thoughts in Himself, the whole cosmos itself. If, then, thou dost not make thyself like unto God, thou canst not think‖ Him. For like is thinkable to like. Make, [then,] thyself to grow to the same stature as the greatness which transcends all measure; leap forth from every body; transcend all times; become eternity;¶ and [thus] shalt thou know God. Conceiving in thyself that naught's impossible, think thyself deathless and able to know all,—all arts, all sciences,

* This is the reading of Patrizzi and is preferred by Parthey. It is strange to find mention of India in these treatises, but interesting to those who have studied the life of Apollonius of Tyana, the philosopher-reformer of the first century.

† ἢ δίνη, presumably the vortex or "body" of the solar system.

‡ Sci., the body or limit of the whole cosmos.

§ Or know.

‖ Or know.

¶ Lit., æon.

the way of every life.* Become more lofty than all height, and lower than all depth. Collect into thyself all senses of [all] creatures,—of fire, [and] water, dry and moist. Think that thou art at the same time in every place,—in earth, in sea, in sky; not yet begotten, in the womb, young, old [and] dead, in after-death conditions. And if thou knowest all these things at once,†—times, places, doings, qualities, and quantities; thou canst know God.

21. But if thou lockest up thy soul within thy body, and dost debase it, saying: I nothing know; I nothing can; I fear the sea; I cannot scale the sky; I know not who I was, who I shall be;—what is there [then] between [thy] God and thee? For thou canst know naught of things beautiful and good so long as thou dost love thy body and art bad. The greatest bad there is, is not to know God's Good,‡ but to be able to know [Good], and will, and hope, is a straight Way, the Good's own [path], both leading there and easy. If thou but sett'st thy foot thereon, 'twill meet thee everywhere, 'twill everywhere be seen, both where and when thou doth expect it not,—waking, sleeping, sailing, journeying, by night, by day, speaking, [and] saying naught. For there is naught that is not image of the Good.§

22. HERMES. Is God unseen?

THE MIND. Hush! Who more manifest than He? For this one reason hath He made all things, that through them all thou mayest see Him. This is the Good of God, this [is] His virtue,—that He may be made manifest through all. For naught's *unseen*, even of things that are without a body. Mind sees itself‖ in thinking, God in making.¶

So far these things have been made manifest to thee, Thrice-greatest one! Reflect on all the rest in the same way, and thou shalt not be led astray.

G. R. S. MEAD.

* Or nature of every animal.

† Or art simultaneously conscious of.

‡ τὸ θεῖον—lit., the godly, or divine.

§ Lit., the godly or divine.

‖ Or is seen.

¶ Or doing.

WILL, DESIRE, AND EMOTION

(CONTINUED FROM THE LAST NUMBER)

The Binding Nature of Desire

Since the Will to Live is the cause of the forthgoing, the life seeking embodiment and appropriating to itself that which is necessary for its manifestation and persistence in form, Desire being Will on a lower plane, will show similar characteristics, seeking to appropriate, to draw into itself, to make part of itself that whereby its life in form may be maintained and strengthened. When we desire an object, we seek to make it part of ourselves, part of the "I," so that it may form part of the embodiment of the "I." Desire is the putting forth of the power of attraction; it draws the desired object to itself. Whatever we desire, we attach to ourselves. By the desire to possess it, a bond is established between the object and the desirer. We tie to the Self this portion of the Not-Self, and the bond exists until the object is possessed, or until the Self has broken off the bond and repudiated the object. These are "the bonds of the heart,"* and tie the Self to the wheel of births and deaths.

These bonds between the desirer and the objects of desire are like ropes that draw the Self to the place where the objects of desire are found, and thus determine its birth into one or another world. "On this runs the verse: He also who is attached ever obtains by action that on which his mind has set its mark. Having obtained the object of action he here performs, he comes again therefore from that world to this world for the sake of action. Thus is it with the desiring mind."† If a man desires the objects of another world more than the objects of this, then into that world will he be born. There is a continuing

* *Kaṭhopaniṣhat*, vi. 15.

† *Bṛihadâranyakopanishat*, IV., iv. 6.

tension in the bond of Desire until the Self and the object are united.

The one great forthgoing energy, the Will to Live, which holds the planets in their path around the sun, which prevents the matter of the globes from scattering, which holds our own bodies together, that is the energy of Desire. That which rules all is in us as Desire, and it must draw to us, or draw us to, everything into which it has fixed its hooks. The hook of Desire fixes itself in an object, as a harpoon in the whale at which it is flung by the harpooner. When Desire has fixed its harpoon in an object, the Self is attached to that object, has appropriated it in will, and presently must appropriate it in action. Hence a great Teacher has said: "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee . . . if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee."* The thing desired becomes part of the body of the Self, and, if it be evil, it should be torn out, at whatever cost of anguish. Otherwise it will only be worn away by the slow attrition of time and of weariness. "Only the strong can kill it out. The weak must wait for its growth, its fruition, its death."†

The Breaking of the Bonds

For the breaking of the bonds of Desire, recourse must be had to the mind. Therein lies the power which shall first purify and then transmute Desire.

The mind records the results which follow the appropriation of each object of Desire, and marks whether happiness or pain has resulted from the union of that object with the embodied Self. And when, after many appropriations of an attractive object, it has found the result to be pain, it registers that object as one which should be avoided in the future. "The delights that are contact-born, they are verily wombs of pain."‡

Then arises strife. When that attractive object again presents itself, Desire throws out its harpoon and seizes it, and begins to draw it in. The mind remembering the painful results of previous similar captures, endeavours to check Desire, to cut, with the sword of knowledge, the attaching bond. Fierce conflict rages within the man: he is dragged forward by Desire,

* *Matt.*, v. 29, 30. † *Light on the Path*, 4. ‡ *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, v. 22.

held back by Thought, many and many a time Desire will triumph and the object will be appropriated; but the resulting pain is ever repeated, and each success of Desire arrays against it another enemy in the forces of the mind. Inevitably, however slowly, Thought proves stronger, until at last, victory inclines to its side, and a day comes when the desire is weaker than the mind, and the attractive object is loosed, the attaching cord is cut. For that object, the bond is broken.

In this conflict, Thought seeks to utilise against Desire the strength of Desire. It selects objects of Desire that give a relatively lasting happiness, and seeks to utilise these against the desires that swiftly result in pain. Thus it will set artistic against sensual pleasure; it will use fame and political or social power against enjoyments of the flesh; it will stimulate the desire to please the good, to strengthen abstention from vicious delights; it will finally make the Desire for eternal peace conquer the desires for temporal joys. By the one great attraction the lower attractions are slain, and cease to be any longer the objects of desire: "Even taste (for them) turneth away from him after the Supreme is seen."* The very energy of Desire can tear it away from that which brings pain, and fix it on that which brings bliss. The same force that bound is made to serve as an instrument of freedom. Wrenching itself away from objects, it will turn upwards and inwards, attaching the man to the Life whence he came forth and in union with which consists his highest bliss.

Herein lies the value of devotion as a liberator. Love, turning to the Supreme, sees Him as eminently desirable, as an Object for intense Desire and this burns up attachments to objects that keep the heart in bondage.

Only by the Self as Thought can be mastered the Self as Desire; the Self, realising itself as the life overcomes the Self embodied and thinking itself to be the form. The man must learn to separate himself from the vehicles in which he desires, thinks and acts, to know them as part of the Not-Self, as material external to the life. Thus the energy that went out to objects in the lower desires becomes the higher desire guided by the mind, and is prepared to be transmuted into Will.

* *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, *ii*. 59.

As the lower mind merges itself in the higher, and the higher into that which is Wisdom, the aspect of pure Will emerges as the Power of the Spirit, Self-determined, Self-ruled, in perfect harmony with the Supreme Will, and therefore free. Then only are all bonds broken, and the Spirit is unconstrained by aught outside himself. Then, and then only, can the Will be said to be free.

The Vehicle of Desire

We shall have to return to the struggle in the Desire-nature, in order to add some useful details to that which has already been said above; but it is first necessary to study the Vehicle of Desire, the Desire-Body or Astral Body, as this study will enable us to understand the precise method in which we may work to subdue and get rid of the lower desires.

The Vehicle of Desire is made up of what is called astral matter, the matter of the plane above the physical. This matter, like the physical, exists in seven modifications, which relatively to each other are like the solid, liquid, gaseous, etc., substates of matter on the physical plane. As the physical body contains within itself these various substates of physical matter, so does the astral body contain within itself the various substates of astral matter. Each of these substates has in it coarser and finer aggregations, and the work of astral, as of physical purification, consists in the substitution of the finer for the coarser.

Moreover, the lower substates of astral matter serve chiefly for the manifestation of the lower desires, while the higher substates vibrate in answer to the desires which have changed, by the intermixture of mind, into emotions. The lower desires, grasping after objects of pleasure, find that the lower substates serve as medium for their attractive force, and the coarser and baser the desires, the coarser are the aggregations of matter that fitly express them. As the desire causes the corresponding material in the astral body to vibrate, that matter becomes strongly vitalised and attracts fresh similar matter from outside to itself, and thus increases the amount of such matter in the constitution of the astral body. When the desires are gradually refined into emotions, intellectual elements entering into them, and selfishness

diminishing, the amount of finer matter similarly increases in the astral body, while the coarser matter, left unvitalised, loses energy and decreases in amount.

These facts, applied to practice, help us to weaken the enemy which is enthroned within us, for we can deprive him of his instruments. A traitor within the gates is more dangerous than a foe outside, and the Desire-Body acts as such a traitor, so long as it is composed of elements that answer to the temptations from without.

Desire, as it builds in the coarser materials, must be checked by the mind, the mind refusing to picture the passing pleasure which the possession of the object would entail, and picturing to itself, the more lasting sorrow it would cause. As we get rid of the coarser matter which vibrates in answer to the baser attractions, those attractions lose all power to disturb us.

This Vehicle of Desire, then, must be taken in hand; according to its building will be the attractions that reach us from without. We can work upon the form, change the elements of which the form is composed, and thus turn the enemy into a defender.

When a man is evolving in character, he is, however, confronted with a difficulty which often alarms and depresses him. He finds himself shaken by desires from which he shrinks, of which he is ashamed, and despite his strenuous efforts to shake them off, they none the less cling to and torment him. They are discordant with his efforts, his hopes, his aspirations, and yet, in some way, they seem to be his. This painful experience is due to the fact that the consciousness evolves more rapidly than the form can change, and the two are to some extent in conflict with each other. There is a considerable amount of the coarser aggregations still present in the astral body; but as the desires have become more refined, they no longer vivify these materials. Some of the old vitality none the less persists therein, and although these aggregations are decaying they are not wholly gone.

Now although the man's Desire nature is no longer using these materials for self-expression, they may yet be thrown into temporary activity from outside, and thus take on a semblance of vitality as a galvanised corpse might do. The desires of other

people—desire-elementals of an evil kind—may attach themselves to these disused elements in his astral body, and they may thus be stimulated and revivified, and cause him to feel as his own the promptings of desires he abhors. Where such experiences are undergone, let the bewildered combatant take courage; even in the inrush of these desires, let him repudiate them as none of his, and know that the elements in him they utilise are of the past, and are dying, and that the day of their death and of his freedom is at hand.

We may take an example from dream, to show this working of effete matter in the astral body. A man, in a former life, was a drunkard, and his after-death experiences had impressed deeply on him a repulsion for drink; on rebirth, the Ego in the new physical and astral bodies impressed on them this repulsion, but there was none the less in the astral body some matter drawn thereinto by the vibrations caused by the former drunkenness in the permanent atom. This matter is not vivified in the present life by any craving for drink, nor any yielding to the drink-habit; on the contrary, in the waking life, the man is sober. But in dream, this matter in the astral body is stimulated into activity from without, and the control of the Ego being weak over the the astral body,* this matter responds to the drink-craving vibrations that reach it, and the man dreams that he drinks. Moreover, if there still be in the man a latent desire for drink, too weak to assert itself during waking consciousness, it may come up in the dream-state. For physical matter being comparatively heavy and hard to move, a weak desire has not energy enough to cause vibrations therein; but that same desire may move the much lighter astral matter, and so a man may be carried away in a dream by a desire which has no power over him in his waking consciousness. Such dreams cause much distress, because not understood. The man should understand that the dream shows that the temptation is conquered so far as he is concerned, and that he is only troubled by the corpse of past desires, vivified from outside on the astral plane, or if from within, then by a dying desire, too weak to move him in his waking moments. The

* The Ego turns his attention inward during sleep, until he is able to use his astral body independently, hence his control over it is weak.

dream is a sign of a victory well-nigh complete. At the same time it is a warning; for it tells the man that there is still in his astral body some matter apt to be vivified by vibrations of the drink-craving, and that therefore he should not place himself during waking life under conditions where such vibrations may abound. Until such dreams have entirely ceased, the astral body is not free from matter that is a source of danger.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"HUMAN PERSONALITY" AND THEOSOPHICAL THOUGHT

BY way of conclusion to this long series of articles upon Mr. Myers' book,* it may be useful to draw attention to some few of the many points upon which the facts adduced or the conclusions reached by Mr. Myers either illuminate or confirm our own theosophical views. Speaking generally, his work lends a remarkable degree of general support to much that we have taught, while in certain respects—at least so it seems to me—it throws new light upon, or suggests deeper vistas of insight into, problems which have often occupied our attention.

As illustrating this last remark, take Mr. Myers' leading idea—the conception of the Subliminal or Deeper Self in Man. One may find fault with his terminology, but that is of small moment in comparison with the conception, the thought which underlies it, and with the significance of the facts with which Myers has illustrated his conception. It seems to me that he has in fact given us here a scientific and very suggestive basis for our own fundamental theosophical conception of the evolving or reincarnating Ego, or Individuality, as contrasted with the (relatively) temporary personality of a single earth-life, which, however, is not contained within the sphere of Myers' supra-liminal self, since a very considerable extent of what belongs indubitably to the sub-liminal is included within the theosophic conception of

* *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death.* See the articles in the last four numbers.

the temporary personality. There are points in connection with this on which we need further light.

At any rate this idea of the reincarnating Individuality is one of the earliest, as it is also one of the most fundamental conceptions in our teaching. But in spite of that, it has always (to me at least) seemed in our own literature to remain somewhat "up in the air," as it were, somewhat detached and out of reach, rather difficult to bring into definite and clearly conceived relation with our ordinary waking life and experience. Now I do not think that Mr. Myers' work altogether puts an end to this; but it does seem to me to bring the Ego a little more into touch with the actuality (or double-distilled illusion—whichever you like to call it) of our ordinary thinking and experience; it does seem to some extent to link the one more closely with the other, and the facts which he so copiously brings together, do I think help us to make more definite and more precise our conception of the Ego, as an evolving centre of consciousness. On the other hand, Mr. Myers leaves what may be called the metaphysical and philosophical difficulties of the problem just where they were. For his Mesopotamian phrase "metetherial" may indeed cover much vagueness and considerable illegitimacy of thought, but it in no sense whatever helps us towards a solution of those fundamental problems of systematic philosophising, which press ever more and more urgently upon us for solution. But after all, Myers may urge that he is dealing not with a philosophical but with a scientific problem, and that indeed is true; but his use of such a term as metetherial in connection with the idea of the human "spirit" nevertheless suggests a tendency towards philosophic materialism of the "oh-so-thin" type, which arouses keen questioning on the one hand, though on the other it tends to support the theosophic position, or rather practice, which translates experience and endeavours to explain it, in terms of various, ever finer and subtler, forms of "matter."

But putting such questions aside, as beyond our present scope, the fact remains that in his establishment of the real existence of the subliminal self, in his elucidation of its powers and faculties, in his connecting it with the great concept of general evolution, and in many other details, Mr. Myers' work lends

valuable support and strength to one of our basic theosophical conceptions.

When we come to study the facts he adduces in detail, we shall find much that fits in with, or throws light upon, what our teachers have told us. And though it is impracticable here to go into much detail yet some few points among the many available must be noted. An interesting topic is that of the astral body and the special characteristics of consciousness when functioning therein. In general, of course, we are dependent upon what the "seers" and "psychics" have to tell us, but a good many of Myers' cases seem to afford pretty strong confirmatory evidence for the views they propound. Thus the case in which the pain suffered in an operation under anæsthetics, though wholly unfelt by the normal waking personality, subsequently re-emerges in consciousness as a remembered dream, fits in very nicely with our theory that the astral body is the true seat of sensation, and especially of "pain and pleasure," that it is extruded from the physical under anæsthetics and during sleep, and that on emerging from the latter state impressions recorded only in the astral may not infrequently impress themselves on the physical and so enter the consciousness of the waking personality. A somewhat analogous case which brings out the connection of the astral with emotion, seems to me to be that of the "burnt-pudding" hallucination, in which the cause of this strange hallucination was proved to lie in its association with an intense emotional state, which, however, had been forcibly thrust back out of the waking consciousness, but had continued to vibrate in the astral, subliminally, and so had evoked the hallucination of smell referred to. Other cases, he gives too, of "forgotten" terrors producing pathological results, all of which tend to substantiate our own theory.

But when we come to study the cases of "split" or multiplex personality, we are confronted by a series of facts by no means easy of explanation in the light of our present knowledge. Indeed I venture to think that if our "seers" would make a systematic study of the more striking of these cases, they might be led to discoveries both new and highly interesting. For instance, the very remarkable case of "Sally" Beauchamp almost seems to

suggest that the personal characteristics and "identity" of a past life may be in certain cases so strongly coherent and united in the Ego itself, as to be able (as in this case) to supersede the natural, pathologically weakened, normal personality of the present birth, and dominate over it to a great extent. However that may be, I cannot help feeling that a thorough and careful working out of what actually does happen in this and similar cases would throw a flood of light upon our ideas as to the constitution of man and on the modifications and variations which may arise in his consciousness.

In his proof that Sleep constitutes a distinct, alternate phase of the human personality, Mr. Myers endorses, in other words, our own conception that during slumber the consciousness is functioning in the astral body, more or less separated from the physical. And the evidence he adduces to show how largely emotion and feeling dominate in that phase of the personality, further strengthens our contention that it is the astral which is the primary seat of the emotions and sensations. But he gives also a fine collection of cases illustrating both the supernormal perception which characterises astral activity, as well as that "travelling" in the astral body of which our Invisible Helpers tell us. But though he gives some striking examples of pre-cognition and clairvoyance in Time, as well as Space, he is no better able than we are really to explain the former. Such cases of course are rare; but they do occur, and they set us one of the most difficult of all the many problems which the subject presents.

In dreams, *as such*, Myers shows that the attaining of good *intellectual* results is relatively very rare indeed—a fact in accordance with our own teachings as to the astral; but some cases there are—Coleridge and R. L. Stevenson for example—which seem to me to be connected rather with the subject of Genius than with Sleep.

As regards Genius, interesting and suggestive as is Myers' treatment, I venture to think that our own *data* throw more light upon the problem than he has been able to do. Certainly, he has taken an important step in recognising the fact that Genius is essentially an "uprush" of a helpful kind from the

sub-liminal. But we can go further, and in the distinctly differing relationship of the cerebro-spinal and sympathetic nervous centres to the Ego proper and to the astral body respectively, we have I think a clue which makes the subject much more intelligible, while it also enables us to deal with such cases as those of Stevenson in a more satisfactory way. But considering the limitations which Myers has voluntarily imposed upon himself, and the point from which he sets out, it is very remarkable that he should, in so many ways, have arrived at conclusions so largely and so closely allied to our own teachings.

His treatment of Hypnotism and its allied phenomena is in many ways suggestive, and his remark that possibly there may be such a thing as "pre-natal" self-suggestion is very striking. We have often been told that in the supreme moment when the personality at the close of its heaven-world experiences finally merges into the Ego, there occurs a flash, or a period, of clear perception and memory in which the past in its real meaning and in its bearing on the future is clearly seen. In that moment of vision, the Ego can adjust itself to what lies before it, and it seems to me that in the pre-natal self-suggestion of which Myers speaks in connection with some cases of sudden conversion, we have a very striking example, and also an explanation of the way in which this moment of clear vision works in the evolution of the individual. Further his proof that the hypnotic state is characterised by concentration of attention and by selection, *not* (as has been contended) by monoideism, is very suggestive in connection with the practice of Yoga and the training of the mind.

Myers' treatment of the problem of "pain" in relation to hypnotism is the best I know, and his proof that under the power of selective attention, determined by hypnotic suggestion, physical pain leaves no impression either in the "lowest" or in the "highest" centres is most significant. For it corroborates the teaching that the various vehicles or sheaths of man are specifically related to definite brain and nerve centres, and it shows that the seat of "sensation"—especially of the pain and pleasure sensation—is intermediate between the physical body as such and the mind proper, as distinguished from the brain. At the same time it raises some very difficult problems as to the nature

and functioning of "memory," but these will be more conveniently considered later on. One further point in relation to the astral body may be noted, however, ere we pass to other topics. We have been told by Mrs. Besant that the nervous system generally, and more specifically the sympathetic system in particular, is the result of the reaction upon the general sensibility of the protoplasmic organism of the vibrations set up in the accompanying astral matter. Now it seems to me that a study of the facts adduced by Myers tends to support this view, and I venture to hope that as the subject is further explored in the light of that idea, additional confirmatory evidence may be obtained.

In another direction, however, we are confronted by a difficult problem—stated by Myers himself—to which so far I do not see the answer. Eliminating all cases of pure Mesmerism, where the "effluence" as Myers calls it, from one personality supersedes that of another, or as we should say where the prâṇa of the operator replaces that of the subject, and so gives the former control over the latter's nervous system, and confining ourselves to instances of pure "suggestion" or rather "self-suggestion" as he proves it in all cases to be in the last resort—we have the problem: why and how it happens that in one case a "suggestion" will "take" or "catch on," that is be accepted by the subject's deeper self and then carried out with quite marvellous effect, while in other cases, all attempts of the kind prove dead failures. The influence of a strong mind or will over a weak, has been often suggested as an explanation; but in a large proportion of cases it does not apply; neither do we get much help from the idea of active, powerful "thought-forms" created by the hypnotiser, nor from the analogous conception of a strong and deep impression made upon the subject's mind body. All these factors *may* play a part; but no one of them, no combination of them, seems to yield a really satisfactory explanation of why or how hypnotism will succeed in one case and fail in another. Here again is a nice problem for our "seers" to work out—the problem of what happens in hypnotic suggestion, taking a wide variety of cases, discriminating them into classes and really trying to go to the root of the matter. One line of research that obviously presents itself arises out of the fact, established by

Myers and already referred to, that the condition of consciousness in the hypnotic state is one of highly concentrated but *selective* attention. Now what is it, in the hypnotic state, which in the first place enables the intense concentration to be brought about with comparative ease, and next how is the *selective* factor therein determined which evidently plays so prominent a rôle? From our standpoint, the first thing that suggests itself is that the problem is largely one of "subliminal" attention or concentration. If you can arouse and catch the "subliminal" attention, it would seem you can obtain hypnotic results. But then we are faced with the very serious difficulty of a multiplicity of centres of consciousness, co-existing and parallel one with the other. On the other hand, however, some of the actual cases almost seem to prove that such a variety of more or less concurrent and independent centres do come into play; *e.g.*, when, after being restored to normal waking consciousness and while the subject is actively engaged in a different conversation, the hand automatically writes down the number of minutes still to elapse before the time comes for the execution of a post-hypnotic suggestion. The problem raised by such cases as this is a most difficult and a most interesting one, and a study of it with the aid of higher faculties than the physical could not but prove in a very special degree instructive and valuable.

Several of the cases which Mr. Myers gives in his chapter on Sensory Automatism suggest very strongly the reality—as objective in a realm of matter more subtle than the physical—of what have been termed by our own writers "thought-forms" of various types; most conspicuously and frequently the projection, either voluntarily or otherwise, of a thought-form reproducing the personal appearance, but also in a few instances what seem to be whole scenes and mind-created dramas. Of course Telepathy, on which Mr. Myers lays such great emphasis, is, in some at least of its forms, characterised by the projection and perception of definite visual images, but in most of these cases it is exceedingly hard to determine whether there exists a definite objective form of subtle matter, apart from the percipient's perception, or whether the form seen is a dramatised and projected inner subjective impression received by the percipient, we don't

know by what mechanism, and then objectified, as so often is the case in dreams.

Taking them on the whole, Mr. Myers' conclusions as to the post-mortem condition and life of the soul tend in general to confirm the basic principles and conceptions involved in the views put forward by our own workers. But he has made I think a very great advance in the wider scope and greatly enlarged significance which he has assigned to Telepathy in connection with communications from those who have passed the gateway of death. And I think that in this wider conception of Telepathy we shall find a clue to explain some of the difficulties which present themselves when one endeavours to fit all the facts and occurrences of the séance-room into the framework of our own views; for I can see no reason why the "thought-communion" with entities in Devachan—in other words Telepathy with them—which even H. P. B. recognised, should not play a much larger part than we have hitherto imagined in certain classes of cases, more especially since Myers has shown us how readily and frequently impressions, received in reality telepathically, translate themselves to consciousness in the form of visual or auditory "hallucinations," which indeed not uncommonly form a large item in what an untrained clairvoyant perceives.

To pass on now from details to general considerations, I think it can hardly fail to strike any reader of Mr. Myers' work who is familiar with Theosophy, that the author seems to find himself driven perforce, ever more and more, by the weight of evidence and the accumulated masses of fact, towards a position which in all essentials is practically identical with the fundamental conceptions of Theosophy. And I regard this as the more remarkable, because Myers personally was very hostile to the Theosophical Society, and especially to H. P. B. I think, indeed, that it is not going too far to assert that the fact just emphasised bears striking testimony to what has been sometimes called the "inevitableness" of Theosophy for any systematic thinker who has once taken up such studies as these. Of course there are a good many points of difference, but what to me is most striking is the great preponderance of agreement, especially in all that touches the broader and wider aspects of the problems

involved. And this comes out more and more clearly when we study Mr. Myers' own views and opinions as distinguished from what he holds to be definitely proven fact, or thoroughly substantiated hypothesis. For instance the whole of his treatment of Pre-cognition and Retro-cognition implies as its basis the same conceptions as we find more definitely formulated and described under the name of Âkâshic records; while nothing could be more thoroughly theosophical than the eloquent passage in which he speaks of the unbroken continuity of the hierarchy of intelligences which link the mind of man to the Universal World Soul. True it is, no doubt, that Mr. Myers' inspiration on these topics is due probably to his acquaintance with classical writers rather than with the modern literature of Theosophy. But since the latter avowedly claims direct continuity with the same source as that whence these great teachers of the past drew their inspiration, it remains for us of equal significance that Mr. Myers, as the outcome of his own lifelong work, should have felt himself warranted in endorsing such views as these. But, as remarked above, it could hardly have been otherwise; for once a thinker has come to conceive of man as a continuously evolving "spirit," he has in fact adopted the central, the basic, the fundamental conception of all theosophical thinking and that fact inevitably determines the further unfoldment of his thought along lines which must naturally, in their main features, bear upon them unmistakable marks of their origin.

This conception of man, indeed, seems to me to be the central and dominant thought of this entire line of study. And it is because it seems to me that Myers' work gives such invaluable support to that conception, since it brings together such masses of most accurately observed and carefully verified facts which admit of no other interpretation, that I have devoted so much space to it in these pages. For if once this conception can achieve recognition as a definitely verified scientific hypothesis, an enormous stride will have been taken in the upward evolution of the western races. True it is that—especially from the standpoint of philosophy—this conception is encompassed with almost innumerable and most serious difficulties. But then exactly the same remark is also true in regard to every one of the most fun-

damental and most universally accepted conceptions in each and every branch of natural science. There is not one of them, the fundamental concepts of which do not, when philosophically analysed, land us in apparently hopeless self-contradiction and confusion. We are, therefore, in regard to the conception of man as an evolving spirit, in no whit worse a position than we are in regard to each and all of the fundamental concepts of science. And as science has most indubitably achieved a progress far more solid and substantial than philosophy can so far boast of, I venture to hope that in the systematic application of scientific method to these problems, along the lines traced by Mr. Myers, we may reach results of the very highest value, results which in turn will throw a flood of light upon philosophy proper and at the least will give to struggling humanity a truer perspective, a deeper insight into life and its meaning, than we have hitherto possessed.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE CITY

Behold, He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps

IN the "once upon a time"—which is neither far nor near, but may be either or both, and is therefore a way whereby simple folk and little children feel their mist-wreathed path towards that abiding place of souls which the learned and the wise call the "Eternal Now"—in that "once upon a time" there lived a man who dreamed a great dream, far greater than he knew. His dream lay garnered in Dreamland, but he was one of those who desire to see their visions made manifest in the world which some men call the Land of Real Things and others the Land of Shadows. He dreamed of a race of gods upon the earth, holding and ruling it; since he sprang of a Royal House, he sought after means to make his dream a truth. I shall tell of the means he used; but this tale is not of the Royal Dreamer who was called by men a practical man of action, but rather of one of his

subjects who failed in the eyes of all his world. This young man caught a glimpse of the King's vision in Dreamland, and grew to be so in love with it that he gave thanks at the last because he had failed; for his shame and failure were part of the price he paid to see and understand the King's Dream. Such was the man's madness, he saw the Dream as nearer truth than the reality whereby the King tried to make it seen by the eyes of those who watch rather than sleep; indeed the King himself could not recall the fashion of his vision; but because it endured in the Garner House of Dreams it had power upon him continually, driving him to action of which he did not wholly know the purpose; seeking to know it he often chanced upon the wrong, and remained contented therewith; saying: "Such and such is the reason of this, my action."

The King founded a city wherein to rear and foster the god-like race that should be; from this little city they should spring, and at last should cover the earth and rule all things. He drew around him certain pious and learned men, and with their help he made the laws. There were gymnasiums, colleges, and schools of philosophy, science, and ethics; and there were temples in which to celebrate the rites of the State Religion, the creed of which was carefully fashioned by priests and philosophers in council, so that it might contain nothing which should outrage either reason or morality.

There were parks and swimming baths; cleanliness and order prevailed; the houses were built on principles approved by a Board of Physicians; no person known to have an hereditary tendency to disease, physical, mental, or moral, was permitted to become a citizen of that city. Persons of nervous and unbalanced temperament were discouraged; there was a Committee for the Detection of Degenerates, appointed to investigate such cases; and they compelled most of the artists, musicians and poets, and all the seers and dreamers to leave the city. The criminal laws were remarkable; crime was not punished within the city limits; nor was there any attempt made to reform criminals; there were no prisons. Ten miles from the city was the town of the law-breakers, the insane, and the incurably diseased; thither they were transported, and were not suffered to enter the city again.

The Chief Physician desired that certain doctors should be permitted to visit this town, and the Head Professor of Psychology desired to do the same thing; but the Prime Minister, a very determined man, replied that if they did they must live there, and signal their discoveries by means of a code to the city; his business was to build a race in which there would be no criminals, lunatics, or diseased persons, and he would allow no communication between the city and the Town of the Felons, as it was called; all those who dwelt in the felons' town wore a dress of coarse grey cloth to distinguish them.

The young man, of whom I have spoken, was the son of the Prime Minister; he was placed by his father in a position of authority, for though he was very young he had been trained from his childhood to understand the purposes of the King, and the plans of his councillors. The young man was grave and silent; no one knew his mind, nor perceived he was troubled by the thoughts that came to him. He was pained, moreover, by much that he heard. There were differences of opinion between the Chief Physician and the Chief Priest; they grew hot in discussion, and angry in thought; the statements they made concerning each other's minds, motives and actions, were interesting to those who study the lies of the truthful. The Head Professor of Psychology was amazed; and the Chief Satirist, an officer who served under the Committee for the Detection of Degenerates, took notes of their conversation, which he wove into his satires; they had not yet perceived the value of differences, the perception of the uses of which means the recognition of that unity which differences make visible.

The Chief Priest believed the Prime Minister erred in his rigid isolation of the criminals; the Chief Priest was a man who would willingly have sacrificed the saint to the sinner, the healthy to the diseased, the learned to the ignorant. Herein he was groping after a law which some say lies at the very root of all city building; but he did not perceive it clearly, nor understand what he perceived. The Chief Physician spoke much more sensibly.

"These people, compared with ourselves, are lower products of the evolutionary process," said he. "They will learn

through their error of judgment (through what some excellent persons might call their crimes), through consequent suffering they will slowly rise to a perception of the cause and functions of good and evil. Forming a theoretic conception of the ultimate nature and pure essence of their being ——"

"And practically," said the chief Priest, drily, "knowing nothing at all about it. Pray, do you propose we should tell them this?"

"N-No," said the Physician cautiously. "Not in its entirety. But we might tell them that the evolutionary process is a very long one, and they have plenty of time in which to learn their errors."

"You will tell them nothing of the kind," said the Prime Minister. "I will have no communication between this place and the Felons' quarter. This is pure sentimentality and emotion. It should be reported to the Committee for the Detection of Degenerates."

"I am viewing the matter quite impersonally," said the Chief Physician with some warmth. "Such is also the opinion of my friend the Head Professor of Psychology. It is a pity everyone cannot maintain our attitude."

"In other words," said the Chief Priest hotly, "veil their ignorance by an assumption of superiority, and be-fool themselves if they do not deceive others. In the interests of true religion I regret that few can maintain your attitude."

At this point the King entered, and the conversation ceased. But the Prime Minister's son listened to it all, and was sorrowful; that night he could not sleep by reason of his sadness. When he was a child he often dreamed a certain dream which of late years never visited him. Now it returned to him in memory, though, so far as he could tell, it had no meaning. His dream was of a cup, shaped like a many petalled blossom floating in clear dark space; and there descended into it a twisting whirl of pure white flame and filled it to the brim. As he mused on this meaningless vision of a child's sleep, a dread fell upon him that the King's effort to build a race of gods would fail. This dread lay upon him so strongly that at last he was numbered among the city's law breakers; and he defended his action, saying that

if he had kept the law in the letter he should have broken it in the spirit; moreover he would have broken the law the righteous man lays on his own soul.

He was therefore publicly expelled from the city, and conducted, dressed in the felon's garb, to the town of the lawbreakers to dwell there till his death.

When he was alone despair fell on him; despair of body and mind. For many months before his conscience drove him to break the law, he cried to an Unknown Power to show him some means of saving the city from the peril that threatened it; a peril unseen by King, Prime Minister, Chief Priest, and Physician.

"Show me," he cried in his soul, "a means whereby I may save the King's Dream, and fulfil it."

And now, instead of that prayer being answered, he was outcast, and could do nothing. He had failed—the King had failed, the Prime Minister had failed, and the unconsciousness of the twain that they were destroying where they desired to build smote the young man's heart with agony. This was the mental despair. The bodily anguish was caused by the foulness, the misery, the squalor of his surroundings. The town of the lawbreakers was lawless; each man did as he desired, and the result was anarchy. Few regarded the interests of others, save by a vague stirring of kindliness rather than of principle; each sought his own pleasure. The dreary foulness of the place lay like a leaden weight on the bodily consciousness of the son of the Prime Minister. When he broke the law he thought he was right; but now the shame of a felon seemed to be his; shame seized him; bodily degradation crushed him. He hid from the light; he hid from the eyes of his fellow criminals. He barred the door of the little reed hut in which he lived, and closed the shutters; at night he crept out to buy bread and wine of an aged woman who was willing to be roused, even at midnight, by a customer, for she was very poor; her poverty, weariness, and toil were not understood by the young man, who had seen nothing of the kind in the city. Later, when he saw certain of the lawbreakers trying to relieve her sufferings, he began to understand them. At first he only bought bread of her, shuddering at her squalor and uncleanliness; sickened by the taste of bread made by her hands.

By night he sat and cried, as children cry over a broken toy; and indeed he had broken all the toys with which he used to play. One night when his heart was dry, barren, and void of feeling by reason of his long weeping, lack of hope, and knowledge of his own powerlessness, he went out as usual to buy bread. It was a moonlight night, and as he stepped into the foul, ill-smelling street he thought he heard music; faint, sweet, clear, and very far away, like a choir of elf-land singing softly, in time to the sweep of wind and rush of streams.

He left the door open; there were thieves and to spare in the place, but he had no possessions save a stool, a table, a heap of straw on which he slept, and the earthen jug and platter which he carried. He bought bread and wine and walked back to his hut; when he entered he noticed the smell of flowers; it was the smell of blue bells, cut grass, and wet earth and moss. He stood in the doorway trying to see where the flowers were; he saw no flowers; but in the dim light he thought he caught a glimpse of a little pale face that looked as though it was made of white mountain mist with pale sunshine striking through it, and wild blue eyes, like the shining vapour that steals in and out among the trees in a quiet wood; it flitted past him and melted into the shadows; only the smell of flowers remained. On fine nights thereafter he found the scent of flowers in the hut when he returned from buying bread; but he never saw the pale face and wild blue eyes. On the seventh night he quickened his steps as he drew near the door; as he did so it struck him with a shudder that he might not smell the flowers as he entered. The dread made him stand still with a sudden jerk; he found himself sobbing with sheer dread of the loneliness the loss of that scent would leave. Till then he had not realised how much he was depending upon it. As he stepped across the threshold he smelled it; he saw a child standing in the hut; a girl-child, twelve years old or thereabouts; she had a little pale face that shone as though a light was lit behind it, gleaming out from the mild blue eyes. The child was barefoot, and dressed in a gown of coarse unbleached linen; her hair was loose and smelt of the night wind and the wet earth and moss; she carried a pine bough in her hand, laid across her left shoulder; on it were the

little new green tassels of the spring growth, blending with the dusky green of last year, and with the brown rough cones.

The young man stared at her, his earthen jug fell to the ground and broke; the wine flowed over the clay floor to the wonderful child's bare feet.

"You could not hear my voice when I spoke to you these six nights past," said she. "So I had to walk down from the wood. Why do you cry at night?"

Now many women do not mind owning their tears; but it is otherwise with a man. This man therefore coloured, and replied by a question:

"Was it you who brought the smell of flowers here?" he asked.

"You smelled the flowers because I was here."

"Then you are not ——" he began. "What are you? You cannot be what you seem to be."

"What do I seem to be?"

"You seem to be a child. A human child—a wonderful child."

She laughed.

"That is just what I am," she answered. "My father is a ranger in the King's woods, and my mother a grower of herbs and simples. And because these twain were wise with the wisdom of the simple I was born to them; and they, knowing the People of the Wood had part in me, suffer me to come and go as I will."

"I wonder they suffer you to come to this evil place."

"I go where I am bidden. In truth this place, and also that in which you used to live, are clumsily made. But what would you have? The folk who fashioned them have not learned their craft."

"Indeed," he answered sadly, "I think they have not."

"Is that why you cry?"

"Partly. Will you tell me how you could be here and I not see you?"

"You have not learned the ways of the Dream World yet—that is why. But you smelled the flowers, and you saw my face one night."

"Are you a dream then?"

"You would call me a dream when you wake. But when you sleep I am real. When I was a very little child my mother laid me in a room that looked on the wood. The light in it was clear pale green because of the trees outside. She set my bed in the moonlight (for she knew from her mother's mother, who was wise, what she must do), and she left the windows open, and strewed the floor and the threshold, and the sill, with boughs of tasselled hazel and primroses, and she bade all good Powers of the Wood have her child in charge, and desired peace on all who should enter in, or pass out of that room, and, having set a girdle about the place of peace and mother's love, she left me alone, and the Good Powers entered in and drew me out into the moonlight; I left my body sleeping in the little green cool room, and roved with my own People and learned the ways of Dream. Since then I have roamed every night; my mother and father know, of their simple wisdom, that this must be. When the time is ripe, and I am a grown woman, I shall at my People's bidding come down to your city, and into this place too I shall enter if there be any who can hear, and I shall cry in their ears what I am bidden."

"What shall you cry?"

"What I am bidden. When you saw the Blossom-Cup filled with white fire to the brim, you saw the hour of which I shall tell. I shall cry: 'I am the Voice of the Faith to Come. Lo! You have cast out Beauty and therewith Harmony; you have cast out Beauty whereby Wisdom is made visible'; and I shall call them back, some to very Wisdom herself, lying asleep and dreaming at the heart of Nature, and in her dreams fashioning fairness for those to perceive who can; and some I shall call to an old half-forgotten dream, never wholly lost, but forgotten when your city's foundations were laid; and following that dream-path these shall know my People of the Wood, and by them be guided at last to the Garden of Wisdom, the Garden of the Souls made one."

"You will cry in vain," he answered with a groan, "you will cry your message to a heap of ashes. The life has gone out of the city; and time will lay it level with the earth. To this

place you may cry perhaps, though none will hear you. Herein is life; but it is the life of Hell."

"And what is this thing you call the life of Hell?" she answered, swinging her pine bough like a censor, so that its perfume filled the air. "Once I drew near to the feet of a wise man, who taught his pupils in a little lonely valley in the hills. And one of his followers cried to him, saying: 'Tell us, O wise one, what is the nature of sin, and what the nature of virtue;' the mage answered him: 'There is a Hidden Power that seeks to make itself known in time and space; seeking to fashion virtue it fashions evil; for evil is but failure to show forth good; and good is failure to show forth that Power which is neither the one nor the other. And this shall be known in the hour when that Power in itself shall be made known, that is to say, in the day of fruition and attainment.'"

He sighed.

"That may be so," he said, "yet look around you, or rather do not look, O wonderful Child, for the place is unfit for your eyes. The past of these men must endure for them for ever. So long as there is memory the sins of the saint endure."

"Of this, too, I heard question," she answered. "For one of the wise man's pupils said: 'There is no sin save ignorance; with knowledge, then, sin will vanish.' And another cried, 'Sin is ignorance, and ignorance and sin are eternal possibilities; therefore they endure for ever. All possibilities are things of eternity.' And yet another cried: 'Life can be re-lived, and altered in the re-living.' Thus it is written. Spirit, and matter too, are Life; all is Thought. Let the sinner reach the Thought of his past, and he can change it; thus are sins forgiven and blotted out; thus are men saved by Faith."

"These are but words," he answered.

"I think so," she answered. "These men reasoned of mysteries. They learned to know a great deal concerning them; to know concerning a matter, and to know the matter itself are however two different things. As for me, I left them in their talk, and wandered by the good ways of Dream to this place. Midway betwixt this spot and the city I saw the Guardian of the city in human form,"

"The Guardian of the city," said the young man. "Do you mean the King?"

"In some measure," she answered, "they say the mind of the King shows forth his mind; but in a very scanty sort, even as the moon at full is mirrored in a little pool I know of in the woods. There I have sat with my People, and seen the lilies swinging on the water, and heard the reeds stir and rustle when the wind swept through the birch trees that fringe the margin, on a night so clear that all the world seemed made of dusky jewels, dim of hue but with fire at their hearts. You would have done with laughter and crying if you felt the stillness of a night like that. That is true magic, with peace at the very mid-most soul of it."

"But who is he," said the young man. "He whom you call the Guardian of the city?"

"He sat in the dust," she replied, "and wore a dress like yours."

"A felon's dress," said her hearer. He wore the dress for conscience sake, yet so weak are we who are moulded by other men's thoughts of us, that he winced.

"A dress like yours," she answered carelessly, as one who perceived neither good nor evil. "I bowed me to a greater than myself, as is fit, for there is fair rule and order in the world of the wood where I was taught. I had with me flowers, pale primroses and white wind flowers like foam on the sea margin; I laid my flowers at his feet, and hailed him as one most holy; then I asked humbly why he sat thus, and bore a human semblance, and was clad in a dress such as he wore. He replied: 'By reason of my sin.' I said: 'Holy one, canst thou sin?' And he made answer: 'Behold a mystery! This day have I sinned in my servant, the steward of the Chief Priest, who stole three measures of corn; also in my servants the Chief Priest and Chief Physician who have lied to their own souls, and in their thoughts have imputed evil and folly the one to the other. They have exalted freedom with their tongues, and with their minds they have bound fetters on men, thinking scornfully of those whose ways and words are not as their own. Therefore are they liars; and I, albeit untouched by sin or virtue, yet sin in them; I wear this dress and sit in the dust because of their shame,'"

"This is an error we have long since slain, O wonderful Child," cried the young man. "Each man must garner the fruitage of his action; each man must suffer for his own sins."

"It is true," she answered. "And like all truths it can be fashioned into a lie. For there is no man but does and must suffer in some measure for another's sin. It was told me that a man may perceive this as truth, and be willing it should be so; even as a grown man may willingly bear a blow which would have fallen on a child, though it be from the child's own act that it descends; he bears it gladly, that the child may grow to manhood taking only such blows as will not crush him wholly, until he be fit to pay the debt he owes; paying it, in his turn, to succour babes who were unborn in the days of his own childhood; when, I say, he bears such blows of his own free will, then in that hour his soul is built into the likeness of the Blossom-Cup, and the fire smites it, and makes it translucent; pure light it is within and without, and the fire flows through and through it without let or hindrance; then if aught of the penalties of his past sins be yet unpaid they are remitted and the fire burns them; because he, the grown man, discerns not his own sins from those of the young babes struggling in the toils. Thus each in turn pays for another the debt once paid for him; and his burden is by no means lightened."

She broke a spray from her pine bough and laid it on his table.

"To-morrow night," she said, "I beg you to come to me. Climb the hill to the moor, and cross the moor to the woods; in the heart of the woods is my father's house."

"But your father will not welcome a man who wears this dress."

"I told you my father had learned the wisdom of the simple," she answered. "He fears no man's garment, and his ears are shut, by reason of his simpleness, to the laughter and scorning of the subtle. Therefore was I born to him; the Voice of the Faith to Come."

"Is that your name?"

"It is my name to you. Take this pine spray."

She laid it in his hand, and ran quickly from his sight; swift

as the little morning wind that ruffled a pool of foul water in the street without. He barred out the light of dawn, and sat down in the dark to think. He mused on the saying concerning the Blossom-Cup and the Guardian of the city. It seemed to him that he, too, was the unsleeping guardian of a troubled world, namely, the distracted city of his weary storm-tossed body and brain. As the hours drew on, that city made laws for his guidance. It told him he was going mad; that the little pine spray was a mad man's vision; that he had fancied the flower scent because he was going mad; and the Child with the mild blue eyes and wondrous speech was the dream of a feverish brain tottering towards unreason. When the night came he threw away the pine spray; he said to himself he might have walked in his sleep and picked it for himself; he would wait till midnight; if the flower scent came as usual he would go. At midnight the flower scent did not come, and he was left without a sign. He sat alone in the thick quiet darkness, and the guardian of that troubled city of his bodily life spoke with him, saying:

"It is enough that *I* know. Rise, and go forth."

At last the man rose up in his dark hut, opened the door and went out without the sign he desired, and for which he had waited. He walked through the unclean streets, up the hill, across a sweep of still dark moorland, and into the great silent woods. That was a wonderful walk; never was there anything more wonderful. The moonlight and the leaves made the air about him silver-green and marvellous; moreover it hummed with melody that could not be heard; all who know concerning such things need not to be told of that music. It is always unheard; the music the listener knows he can never hear, though it fills all the air he breathes, is the best music of all. The sounds and smells of the night swept straight from the heart of faery land. All things had a meaning, like the subtle meaning of things seen in dreams; elusive, maddening in the day; unrelated to earth, though utterly known in dream, charged with never to be translated meaning in the world of sleep. The sleeping earth, the blue-black sky, became symbols of a world within, where the very core of his hidden life was garnered in a great peace. Through the tree boles he saw pale shimmering lights gleam and

flit; the wood was alive with a keen fierce life, but yet the place was full of rest, and the magic and holiness of beauty ruled in that world. The fluttering leaves, the whisper of bending grasses, the bubble of water fashioned a song that rang through his soul. At last he saw a wooden house standing among budding oak trees; about it sounded the song of a nightingale, and the murmur of the wind. Standing at the open door, waiting for him, was the wonderful Child, singing a little faint song, like the memory of a tune sung long ago. She greeted him with a kiss, and led him in; there, though it was so late, the simple wise ones who were her parents were awake to welcome him, and there he abode with them three days and nights. By day he shared in their work, their talk, their simple fare; by night he slept under the open sky at the foot of a great oak, and dreamed such dreams as he had never known till now. He was not happy, he was not sorrowful; his soul was caught into an ecstasy of waiting; waiting for a hidden wonder that he knew and knew not. Yet his mood was sometimes crossed by the thought of his unanswered prayer, of his unaccepted offering.

"For I offered all I had to give," he thought. "And yet I failed."

On the third night as he lay beneath the oak he saw the plain whereon the city and the town of the felons lay. Whether he slept or woke he did not know; whether he saw with the eyes of his body, or of his soul he could not tell; nor even whether he saw not at all, but only knew the thing was and must be so. For this man was very unskilled in dreams and visions and could not tell of them with clearness. He saw the King's palace, and the colleges and temples, and his own reed hut in the felons' town. It seemed to him as though all these things were within the limits of his own soul. Then he saw a great sphere that hung above the city and the town of the felons; and yet he knew not whether in truth it was above the city, or whether the city was within it. It glowed with many colours, and after a while he saw it not as one, but as many spheres; each shone with its own light and hue, but each with each moved in harmony, flowing the one through the other without let or hindrance; as they flowed thus their colours glowed brighter and blended in a great

glory; yet each kept its own most perfect form and hue. From the great sphere certain gleams or pencils of colour smote downwards into the city and to the felons' town; they thrilled and quivered like living bodies; sometimes there fled up them a dark shudder, and a quiver shook the whole great sphere; always thereafter there smote outwards from its heart a white shining, with a gleam therein like moonlight on blue steel, and as this light fled forth in answer to the shudder of darkness, the spheres waxed brighter and they poured forth more light. He who watched beheld the Child beside him, and to her he spoke his thought:

"Is it thus," he asked, "that the city is guarded?"

"It is thus," she said. "Enfolded in the life that guards it are those whose giving is after the same fashion. But among them none enters who sorrows in spirit by reason of an answered prayer."

"But I could not tell it was answered," he said humbly. "It seemed like failure."

"You know it now," she replied. "If you had been stronger and more patient this thing need not have been made plain to you. For at your heart's core you knew."

Then the sun smote his forehead; he opened his eyes; behold! it was sunrise, and on the dewy grass beside him was the Child. He rose.

"Now I go back," he said. "Back to my reed hut in the felons' town. Shall I see you again?"

"Not as we have met. In the good world of sleep we shall meet."

"But when I wake I shall not know that."

"Does it matter?"

"No. It does not matter. Good-bye."

But his voice shook a little. He walked through the woods listening to the birds; it was noon when he reached the reed hut in the fetid street. He entered it, and opened the door and windows widely to let in the light of day.

"Here also the sun shines," he said.

He lived there alone during fifteen years, and then he died. During the last five years of his life flowers that no man's hand

had planted began to spring in the city streets and in the felons' town. A few grew about the reed hut; pansies, rosemary and wild thyme, but not many. Flowers blossomed in the courtyard of the Chief Physician, and round the steps of the Chief Priest's house; and flowers, chiefly the flowers of spring and new birth, grew thickly in the felons' town. They grew better than ever after the man died. The air was sweet with blossoms that none had planted nor tended, when in the fifth year after his death there came one from the woods who sang as she came; one who bore in her hands flowers sweet as those the city folk and the felons had learned to know and love; and she entered the King's city crying with a loud voice: "Open to me! For I am Peace, I am Beauty, I am Wisdom. I am the Voice of the Faith to Come."

MICHAEL WOOD.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

WITHOUT DISTINCTION OF CREED

A Religion that will Wear, addressed to Agnostics by a Scottish Presbyterian. (London: James Clarke & Co.; 1902. Second edition.)

THIS is a useful book, marked by tolerance towards all religions and modes of thought. Its object is, as the title suggests, to put before the reader a form of religion which will satisfy the intellect as well as the feelings, and will at the same time be practically useful in daily life. The subject is considered from many different points of view. We have quotations from John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Comte, Ruskin, Wordsworth, William Blake, F. W. Robertson, F. D. Maurice, Carlyle, Max Müller, John Morley, John Caird, Edward Caird, Sabatier, Tennyson, Professor Clifford, Amiel, Schopenhauer, and others; and the book as a whole lays before us, with considerable success, the real unity which underlies these apparently diverse modes of thought. The author points out clearly that merely intellectual criticism does not take the place of religion. "Surely Comte,

the High Priest of Positivism, warming his soul at the fire of Thomas à Kempis, is the most dramatic commentary we could have on the permanent inadequacy of science to satisfy the heart of man." In regard to the Church of the future, he says: "The final object of religion is not to be the depository of a creed, so much as the embodiment of a spirit. . . . To limit the reason merely to intellectual processes and visible facts is to deny the scope of induction, and forfeit our true position in the scale of created beings. . . Man's strongest and most far-reaching convictions are, and must be, the outcome of his whole nature." The keynote to the message of Jesus is rightly said to be the unity between the Divine and the human spirit, and purity of life the ever necessary condition of the knowledge of God. The author looks forward to a time when "moral likeness and spiritual sympathy will be the organ as well as the measure of all our knowledge even of one another."

S. C.

The First Biblical Critic

Christian Difficulties in the Second and Twentieth Centuries. A Study of Marcion and his Relation to Modern Thought. By F. J. Foakes Jackson, B.D. The Hulsean Lectures, 1902-1903. (London: Edward Arnold; 1903. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Foakes Jackson is to be congratulated on the choice of his subject if not altogether on his manner of treating it. The last Hulsean lecturer is a moderate conservative whose interest is to save what he considers the fundamentals of the Christian faith from the attacks of modern criticism, rather than to appreciate the value of Marcion for the history of Christian origins. Mr. Jackson points to Marcion; there, he says, you see a critic of old time, an able and a good man, but what became of the movement he inaugurated? In comparatively a brief time it disappeared and left the field to triumphant orthodoxy. So also, he thinks, will it be with the modern critical movement; the fundamental traditional dogmas will triumphantly survive, for they alone give men help and comfort.

Prophecy we leave to others; our main interest is in Marcion and in the question whether the Hulsean Lectures, 1902-1903, have thrown any fresh light on the subject. It must be regretfully confessed that the lecturer has entirely missed the importance of the Marcionite movement. Mr. Foakes Jackson submissively follows Tertullian in his bitter polemic; in fact, his position is mainly that of

an apologist for the Bishop of Hippo. It should be recollected that Tertullian wrote his fiery onslaught fifty years or more after Marcion was dead; it is an entirely *ex parte* statement by a clever lawyer and a fanatical theologian, there is no reply before us, nothing to indicate the line of defence of the Marcionites. Tertullian begins his angry address: "Now then, ye dogs, whom the apostle puts outside, and who yelp at the God of truth, let us come to your various questions. These are the bones of contention, which ye are perpetually gnawing!" He then "bears on gradually."

Now why was Tertullian so angry? Simply because the Marcionite Church was the largest and best equipped of all the churches of the time, and Tertullian had no means of *historically* upsetting the position of Marcion. Marcion (fl. 140-150) had boldly challenged the authority of all the then existing Gospels and Acts in favour of certain Letters of Paul and a document he called the "Gospel of Paul." Doubtless Marcion here employed a test which was theological rather than rigidly historical, but the historian's interest in the controversy is not so much as to whether or no Marcion's theology and his canon of judgment were correct or erroneous, but that as a fact of history the Marcionite view gained an enormous following, perhaps the half of the then Christian world. This fact proves conclusively that at this period, in the middle of the second century, there were no longer any provable *data* of a one and only historic tradition to which to make final appeal. If there had been, Marcion could never have gained a serious hearing for a moment. It was all, even at this early date, as far as history went, a question of opinion. Marcion is of great importance for all questions connected with the canon, for it is almost certain that it was the promulgation of his peculiar Pauline canon which forced on the choice of our present canon based on Petro-Pauline compromise. The determination of the question what Marcion's Gospel was, is one of the most interesting points in Gospel criticism; the Hulsean lecturer puts himself unreservedly on the side of Tertullian and asserts that it was a mutilated form of the Lukan Gospel, but in no place does he discuss this very uncertain point. Indeed, as Mr. Foakes Jackson's main object is to contend that Judaism is the basis of Christianity, it is hardly to be expected that he can quite appreciate the position of a Marcion who contended that Judaism was the millstone hung round the neck of Christianity, and that this burden should be cut adrift.

G. R. S. M.

Jewish and Christian Scholarship in Co-operation

Vierteljahrsschrift für Bibelkunde, talmudische und patristische Studien. Herausgegeben von Dr. M. Altschüler. (Berlin: Verlag von S. Calvary & Co.; 1903. Price per annum Mk. 15; per number, Mk. 4.)

We have great pleasure in calling the attention of those of our readers who are persuaded that the co-operation of Jewish and Christian scholars in the field of Bible study generally, and especially in that of New Testament research, is a consummation devoutly to be wished, to the new Quarterly that has just appeared. No more fruitful field of research for the elucidation of Christian origins can be investigated than that which combines Talmudic and Patristic studies.

Especially remarkable in the first number is an article by Krauss on a passage in Zechariah (xii. 10): "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced," in which he points out that this "Messianic prophecy" refers to events in the reign of Jannai (B.C. 104-79), and two articles by Soltau, pointing out the secondary nature of our present Luke both in the prologue and in the resurrection narrative; there is also an article by Mead, on the Gnostics. In the future numbers we are promised much of interest; especially "The History of Jewish Heretics, their Philosophy, Religion, and Culture"; "Jewish Writings in the New Testament"; "The Latest Researches on the name 'Minim' (Heretics)"; "Kabala and Gnosticism"; and "Alexandria at the Time of Christ."

G. R. S. M.

The Power of Thought

As a Man Thinketh. By James Allen. (London: The Savoy Publishing Company; 1903. Price 1s.)

This little book belongs to the class of literature familiarised in this country by the works of Dresser and Trine. It deals with the importance of thought as a creative power, putting the facts with which it is concerned in simple clear language; it does not aim at giving a detailed and scientific explanation of the mechanism of thought and the workings of its laws. The book is likely to be useful to the large section of the public to whom such ideas are unfamiliar. From the fact that the author does not allude to the possibility of the present circumstances being the result of the thoughts and actions of past lives, he makes, in

the writer's opinion, certain statements which are open to challenge. A man's circumstances, and even his tendencies and actions, are not always wholly the result of his *present* habit of mind, as the author would seem to imply, nor can he always free himself so swiftly from the bondage of circumstances as would seem to be indicated in this little book; but the main theory is profoundly true, and the following quotation appears to hint at a trend of thought and belief which, while it slightly contradicts the author's previous assertions as to the swiftly renovating power of thought, diminishes the objection to those assertions which the writer has just advanced:

"Seeing a man grow rich, they say, 'How lucky he is!' Observing another become intellectual, they exclaim, 'How highly favoured he is!' And noting the saintly character and wide influence of another, they remark, 'How chance aids him at every turn!' They do not see the trials and failures and struggles which these men have voluntarily encountered in order to gain their experience; have no knowledge of the sacrifices they have made, of the undaunted efforts they have put forth, of the faith they have exercised, that they might overcome the apparently insurmountable, and realise the Vision of their heart. They do not know the darkness and the heartaches; they only see the light and joy, and call it 'luck.'"

The following sentence, too, is true and useful: "That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity, is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul."

I. H.

The First Written Gospel

Diatessarica, Part III.: From Letter to Spirit; An Attempt to reach through Varying Voices the Abiding Word. By Edwin A. Abbott. (London: Adam and Charles Black; 1903. Price 20*s*.)

In the third part of his great undertaking Dr. Abbott deals chiefly with the question of "voices" supposed in the Gospels to have come from Heaven, and compares them with the Bath Kol of the Jews, and comes to the conclusion that they were spiritual and not material. Incidently a number of points of great interest are brought out, especially the high probability that the familiar phrase "take up the cross" is a Western paraphrase in the Christian sense of the equally familiar phrase among the Jews of "taking up the yoke" of the Law

or of the Kingdom of Heaven. But the main interest of this very learned volume of minute analysis is Dr. Abbott's method or thesis of Gospel-criticism, to which we have already referred in noticing his two previous volumes. The main outline of his theory is as follows. In Old Testament study we know many instances "where varying Greek versions, those of the Septuagint, Aquila, Theodotion, and others, have ramified from one Hebrew Original, owing to erroneous translation." In fact so numerous are these errors that they can be classified into types of error; and in this connection it must be remembered that the Original was written in unpointed Hebrew, that is to say practically without vowels, only the consonantal characters being set down; and further that the forms of square Hebrew letters in a number of instances closely resemble one another, so that errors of copying were exceedingly numerous. When further it is remembered that the whole Hebrew speech is based on tri-literal roots, it is simple even for the least instructed to see the ease with which the transposition of two letters, or the confusing of two characters of almost precisely similar form, would give the most strangely varying meanings. Much work has been done in tabulating these errors in the case of Old Testament translation, though there is still much more remaining to to be done. Dr. Abbott's method is to apply these known facts to the study of the Gospel text. "Tabulating these instances we can compare them with the Greek of the three Synoptists and ascertain whether they, too, deviate from one another in a manner corresponding to the deviation that we have found in the Old Testament. If they do, there results a probability that the Synoptic deviations also proceed from mistranslation of Hebrew."

In the present volume Dr. Abbott has brought this method to bear on the question of the "voices from heaven" which are reported so variously by the Synoptists and the writer of the Fourth Gospel, and it must be confessed that he does establish a strong case for his contention. What then follows? It follows that the so-called "Triple Tradition," in other words the matter *common* to the Synoptists, was not only a document, but a document written in Hebrew. Dr. Abbott's whole theory is based upon the Original written Gospel being in Hebrew, not in Aramaic, though he admits that some sentences may have stood in Aramaic.

Now it is absolutely certain that Jesus spoke the language of the people during his ministry, and that his "words" therefore were delivered originally in Aramaic. If then we have to deal with a

Hebrew Gospel, a narrative of doings and sayings, we have to deal with a document that could not be understood by the people, any more than a present-day Tuscany peasant could understand a Latin treatise. Hebrew was the language of the learned. It follows, therefore, that we are dealing with a document written by a learned man for the learned, a narrative written in Biblical language in imitation of ancient scripture. Moreover, this document could not have been widely circulated, even among the learned, before it reached the hands of our Greek evangelists, otherwise there would have been a consistent oral tradition of the precise meaning of the written characters, and it would not have had to be "interpreted" solely from the written characters by each evangelist "as he was able."

The phenomena with which Dr. Abbott presents us are those of men struggling to make out the meaning of an obscure document of the precise meaning of which they had not previously had any certain knowledge; each made out as best he could what he thought it meant. This phenomena of criticism points strongly to the conclusion that the evangelists did not previously know the form of the story told by this learned Hebrew writer, yet this story is precisely the very story that forms the main "historic" basis of the consciousness of Christendom to-day.

It is, therefore, very strange that Dr. Abbott is found throughout firmly relying on the main outlines of this story as historical; he makes his theology rest on the story, whereas in every probability the story in the mind of the original Hebrew haggadist was entirely conditioned by his theology.

What, however, we rejoice to say is that Dr. Abbott in his New Testament criticism makes great use of the Targums and Talmuds, and of the pseudepigraphic and apocalyptic contemporaneous writings of the Jews, and also of extra-canonical, apocryphal and "heretical" writings of early Christendom. This is the only atmosphere in which the Gospel genesis can be understood.

There is no doubt, then, but that our learned author is steering his critical bark in the right direction; it is pioneer work, and the present fleet of small vessels in which he has set sail for the "new world" of Gospel study is as the galleons of Colombus to the ocean liners of to-day; but it is a new land for which he sails—a land of marvels created by a learned writer, and not the unvarnished story of peasants.

G. R. S. M.

Things Physiognomical

Clues to Character. Being a Complete Text-book of the Laws of Scientific Physiognomy and Graphology. By R. Dimsdale Stocker. (London: The Modern Medical Publishing Co.; 1903. Price 2*s*.)

Within the compass of a hundred sparse pages we have twenty-three chapters treating of "the laws of scientific physiognomy," of temperament, form, colour, health, palmistry, phrenological matters, graphology, etc., etc., with separate divisions upon the eyes, nose, neck, ears, etc., etc., and character studies of H.M. King Edward VII. and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales by way of *finale*. To anyone who has made serious endeavour to understand any of the outer signs whereby we complex mortals publish our complexities at every turn, works of this kind are utterly disconcerting. They may, in a sense, be founded on observation, and they may, as in the instance before us, admit that observed signs are differently interpreted, and in these respects one may endeavour to take them seriously and sympathetically. But the attempt even to touch upon all the matters indicated in a booklet of this size leads to an amount of sweeping generalisation which is far more misleading than instructive. It tends to repel further enquiry instead of inviting it. The author warns us against estimating character upon any one indication; but on p. 60 we are told that "it is quite possible to sketch in outline the entire character" from inspection of the chin alone, and on p. 42 we read that in the case of a person with small nostrils "a mean-spirited and cowardly character will be found indicated." P. 50 tells us that the strong exercise of the will induces electrical discharges through the hairs about the root of the nose, causing them to "bristle in all directions," and then proceeds to the discernment of a person's temper by the disposition of those hairs—presumably when the electrical display was "off"—for a hot or hasty temper is indicated by their ruffled state. Leaving the electrical business out of consideration, one thus gets strong will associated with unpleasant temper; the evidence of the one is the sign of the other! Anyone adopting such ideas as these would have much to unlearn when approaching the absorbingly interesting study of the Ego's struggle with the capacities and limitations of the physical organism.

G. D.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, July. "Old Diary Leaves" this month, treats of the valuable services rendered to the cause by Mr. Stead in *Borderland*, and carries the history of the Society as far as the publication of *Isis very much Unveiled*; Mr. Samuel Stuart, in concluding his "Cyclical Retrospect," warns us that "instead of repining that more is not given us, it is our plain duty to make the most of that which we already have; and if we do so, it will be found that the means placed within our reach lead to vastly more than our few short years of physical life will allow us to acquire; and that in the meanwhile there will be no time for "idle contentions." The second part of Mr. John's "Body and Character," contains much careful and valuable thought; next come Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "The Nature of Theosophical Evidence"; an interesting collection of "Theosophical Gleanings from Non-Theosophical Fields," by C. Kofel; more of Miss Grewe's commentary on *Light on the Path*; and the endless discussion of Avatâras according to the texts is continued by A. Govindacharya, who treats the matter in the true style of a Professor of Theology: "If this fails to produce conviction against the travesties of sense in which the doctrine of Avatâras continues to be treated by our Indian writers, it is hopeless to argue any further; as when writers presume to oppose their own wits against the declarations of the Vedas, and their wise interpreters such as Ramanuja and Shankara . . ." It might be Epiphanius or Tertullian we were listening to!

Prasnottara, July, contains a paper entitled, "What is Brotherhood," by the Editor; notes of Mrs. Besant's lectures on F. W. H. Myers' *Human Personality;* and the continuation of Miss Edger's "Thoughts on the Zoroastrian Gâthâs"; "Reviews and Magazines," and "Questions and Answers."

The Dawn, June, gives a leading place to a paper purporting to give "The views of Mr. Sinnett on the Nature of Karma that makes for a change of Sex, etc." There surely must be a misprint in the last line, which makes him say that the aspirations of current life are *in the East* centred mainly on advancement in worldly station; Mr. Sinnett would certainly repudiate such a statement. A lecture by Mrs. Besant on the Indian Caste system also finds place in its columns.

East and West for July has a continuation of the interesting bit of autobiography, under the title "Forty Years Ago," to which we referred

last month. The "Few Events in the Early History of the Parsees" will also be of interest to some of our members. T. F. Dowden makes a large claim for the religion of the English, in a paper on "Private Enterprise in India." He says "If England does not hold the first position, it is not for want of an earnest faith in Christ and His teaching as an infallible guide to co-operation. . . Perhaps a less ostentatious show of religion is made in Protestant kingdoms than in others of different denominations; but a deep reality of it is the prized possession of each individual and forms the bedrock of his conduct, especially towards his neighbour. (!) It is impossible for men to be engaged together in a common work without reflecting on the rules of conduct laid down by Christ." (!!) It must be very hard for our Hindu brothers to believe that this astounding picture of the Englishman in India is not *conscious* cant—deliberate humbug; but we know the breed well and can assure them that it is sincerely meant; only the Englishman is not of their race and as a fifth-race man thinks quite other thoughts from theirs. I should like to enlarge on this view a little, for I find with regret that some of my Hindu friends have taken offence at words of mine which have implied just this and no more. It seems to me that the only satisfactory basis of our relationship with other races must be the recognition—the tolerant and large-minded recognition—of this fundamental difference. "*Race prejudice*" is the vulgar assumption that the European mind, being *different*, is therefore *superior* to the Hindu; but to my mind all attempts to assist the evolution of the Hindu race must fail unless we keep ever in mind that it is going on *its own* line, not on ours. A distinguished Indian Judge, in his account of his visit to England, tells us that he retained his native dress. "I did not wish," he says, "to be taken for a black Englishman." I think he was entirely right in this feeling. A Hindu, however highly educated, however noble and enlightened a character he may display, will always take a different view of life from that of an equally advanced Englishman; many things which seem natural and reasonable to us will not seem so to him, and *vice versâ*; and this simply because he *is* a Hindu and not an Englishman. I am aware that it is the Government and Missionary ideal to ignore this, and that a Hindu lad cannot obtain a degree at the University or a place under Government without displaying an extent of knowledge of English history, literature and geography, which is utterly absurd as compared with his practical ignorance of his own. But I think that the strength of our own

movement in India is just that we are the only ones who do not desire to make "black Englishmen" of our pupils. For my own part, speaking for myself alone, I regret the smallest yielding to this mischievous conception; I earnestly deprecate the assimilation of Hindu books, schools, or magazines to English patterns. I don't believe that the fundamental vice of the University course can be set right by any amount of daily prayers or supervision of morals. I would have the C.H.C. say openly and bravely: "If you send your sons to us, they won't learn to pass Government examinations, *but*—we will do our best to make them worthy followers of their great ancestors; good citizens, sons, husbands and fathers, as of old"; and I can't but believe the Hindu world would rally round them and that they might be the forerunners of a change for the better which, in time, might supersede the present faulty system.

Having said this, I am prepared for my Indian friends calling me unpractical and visionary; but I hope they will cease to charge me with "race-prejudice" and with disrespect or want of affection to brethren I love too much to think of flattering. And, with this, enough of myself.

The Vâhan, August, announces the death of three good Theosophists, Mrs. Lloyd, Countess Schack, and M. Charles Blech. The "Enquirer" is almost entirely occupied with a long answer by B. K. to a question as to the three Aspects of the Self; to the only other question, as to the sense in which H. P. B.'s statement in *The Secret Doctrine* that the present Fifth Race is becoming bad as the end of the cycle approaches is to be taken, W. S. E. replies: "It is to be hoped that our Fifth Race is getting better, not worse, with the passage of the centuries; but the general improvement of the race in no way militates against the fact that as each race approaches the end of its cycle, the element of evil also becomes more accentuated."

The Lotus Journal, August, has a notice of the Convention and an article by the President-Founder giving an account, with illustrations, of the Headquarters at Adyar; also continuation of the child-story, Mr. Worsdell's "Science Talks," and Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "The Law of Cause and Effect."

Revue Théosophique, July, presents its readers with translations from Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, the continuation of Dr. Pascal's "Law of Destiny," and a short paper on the "Symbol of the Lotus," by H. Whyte. The "Activities" speak of much successful lecturing in Paris, and M. Pierre Bernard, who seems the most active

worker in that capacity, sends us a number of the *Bulletin de la Société d'Études Psychiques*," from Nancy containing a lecture delivered by him to this Society on the Law of Causality, incidentally informing us that Dr. Pascal had previously expounded to the Society the high antiquity of the Theosophical doctrine.

Theosophia, July, has a brief Editorial on keeping up the work well begun; an article on the *Bhagvad Gîtâ* by J. W. Boissevain and translations from Messrs. Sinnett and Leadbeater, an interesting letter from M. Reepmaker gives an account of his visits to the Lodges at Rome and Naples. The Seventh Annual Convention of the Netherland Section, under the presidency of Col. Olcott seems from the Report to have been a great success. The members number 597, being a net increase of 144 for the year. The financial position is described as "favourable, but not so good as last year."

Théosophie for August, has only selections, mainly from Mrs. Besant.

L'Idée Théosophique (Brussels). The July number of this Magazine has been sent to us, and consists entirely of a translation of Mrs. Besant's Introduction to Theosophy.

Der Vâhan, July, opens with an extensive Review of Mr. Leadbeater's new book, *The Other Side of Death*. The Reviewer expresses his disappointment that we have so little of Mr. Leadbeater's own experience on the astral plane, and declines to give up the hope sooner or later to have more. Then follows an extract from the *Theosophist*, and the usual summary of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW; next Questions and Answers from the English *Vâhan*, and review of Sinnett's *Animal Kingdom*, and of the translation of Mrs. Besant's *Dharma*.

Luzifer, July, has a paper by Dr. Steiner entitled "Initiation and the Mysteries"; M. von Sivers continues her study of Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography*, and we have further portions of Dr. Huebbe-Schleiden's "Ideal of Life," and Engel's "Goethe's God and the World."

Bollettino della Soc. Teosofica, Sezione Italiana, July, announces the abandonment of *Teosofia* for want of support. It is sorrowful to reflect how many of our magazines depend for their maintenance on the pen and purse of but a few energetic and devoted Theosophists and must be expected to die out when these weary of their discouraging task. We do not criticise the announcement, but simply note that the *Bollettino*, which is to take its place, contains a speech of Mr.

Mead's at the Milan Conference and a question and answer from the May *Vâhan* in addition to its local matter.

Also received: *Teosofisk Tidskrift*, July; *Theosophic Messenger*, June; *South African Theosophist*, July; *Theosophy in Australasia*, June; *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, July; and the Santiago *Sophia*, May.

Also *Light*; *Modern Astrology*; *La Renovacion* (Buenos Ayres); *La Nuova Parola*; *Mind*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Animals' Friend*; *Theosophischer Wegweiser*; *Le Monde Occulte*; a lecture entitled *The Purpose of the Theosophical Society*, the last work of our lamented friend Miss Shaw, and published by the Theosophical Publishing Committee, Harrogate (*2d.*); *Mystic Poems*, in which A. Justin Townsend has doubtless found much enjoyment in putting some very good Theosophical sentiments into what (in Nathaniel Hawthorne's words) "at the distance of a few feet, looks very like poetry," and *Notes of my Life*, by George Wyld, M.D. These last are protected from criticism by the opening statement that the writer has now entered his 83rd year. To his family and friends these chatty reminiscences of a long and (on the whole) useful life are doubtless of interest, but to take them as serious history and discuss them from this point of view would be absurd.

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

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THE

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

The Miracle of Radium

AT the recent meeting of the Royal Association at Southport the President of the Mathematical and Physical Section, Mr. Charles Vernon Boys, among the events of the year characterised the properties of radium as transcending all others in their intrinsic importance and revolutionary possibilities. According to the report of the President's address printed in *The Times* of September 12th, we are told:

> The discovery by Professor and Mme. Curie of what seems to be the everlasting production of heat in easily measurable quantity, by a minute amount of radium compound, was so amazing that even when we had seen the heated thermometer we were hardly able to believe what we had seen. This discovery, which could barely be distinguished from that of perpetual motion, which it was an axiom of science to call impossible, had left every chemist and physicist in a state of bewilderment. Further, Sir W. Crookes had devised an experiment in which a particle of radium kept a screen bombarded for ever, each collision producing a microscopic flash of light, the dancing and multitude of which forcibly compelled the imagination to follow the reasoning faculties and realise the existence of atomic tumult. Thanks to the industry and genius of a host of physicists at home and abroad, the

mystery was being attacked and theories were being invented to account for the marvellous results of observation. An atom of radium could certainly produce an emanation that was something like a gas, which escaped and carried with it wonderful properties; but the atom, the thing which could not be divided, remained and retained its weight. The emanation was truly wonderful. It was self-luminous, it was condensed by extreme cold and vaporised again; it could be watched as it oozed through stop-cocks, or hurried through tubes, but in amount it was so small that it had not yet been weighed. Sir W. Ramsay had treated it with a chemical cruelty that would wellnigh have annihilated the most refractory or permanent known element; but this evanescent emanation came out of the ordeal undimmed and undiminished. The radium atom sent out three kinds of rays, one kind being much the same as Röntgen rays, but wholly different in ionising power, according to the experiments of Strutt. Each of these consisted of particles which were shot out, but had different penetrative power; they were differently deflected by magnets and also by electricity, and the quantity of electricity in relation to the weight was different, and yet the atom, the same atom, remained unchanged and unchangeable. Not only this, but radium or its emanations or its rays must gradually create other bodies different from radium, and thus, so we were told, one at least of those new gases which but yesterday were discovered had its origin. Then, again, just as these gases had no chemical properties, so the radium which produced them in some respects behaved in a manner contrary to that of all proper chemicals. It did not lose its power of creating heat even at the extreme cold of liquid air, while at the greater degree of cold of liquid hydrogen its activity was found by Professor Dewar to be actually greater. Unlike old-fashioned chemicals which, when they were formed, had all their properties properly developed, radium and its salts took a month before they acquired their full power (so Dewar told us), and then, for anything we knew to the contrary, proceeded to manufacture heat, emanations, three kinds of rays, electricity, and gases for ever. For ever; well, perhaps not for ever, but for so long a time that the loss of weight in a year (calculated, he supposed, rather than observed) was next to nothing. Professor Rutherford believed that thorium or uranium, which acted in the same kind of way, but with far less vigour, would last a million years before there was nothing left, or at least before they were worn out; while the radium, preferring a short life and a merry one, could not expect to exist for more than a few thousand years. In this time one gramme would evolve one thousand million heat-units, sufficient, if converted into work, to raise 500 tons a mile high; whereas a gramme of hydrogen, our best fuel, burned in oxygen, only yielded 34,000 heat-units, or one-thirty thousandth part of the output of radium. He believed that this was no exaggeration of what we were told and of what was believed to be experimentally proved with regard to radium; but if the half of it were true the term "the mystery of radium" was inadequate; the miracle of radium was the only expression that could be employed.

Many distinguished men of science took part in the discussion which followed the President's address, but perhaps no one gave voice to a more startling declaration than Professor Schuster, who is reported to have said that:

> We had passed through fifty years in which the most prominent features of advance were connected with conservation of energy, conservation of matter, and conservation of electricity. Perhaps we should now pass through fifty years in which the most prominent features would be dissipation of energy, dissipation of matter, and dissipation of electricity.

* * *

The Horror of Mont Pelée

NEXT to the discussion on the subject of radium one of the most interesting contributions was the lecture of Dr. John S. Flett, of the Geological Survey, who was sent out last summer by the Royal Society, together with Dr. Tempest Anderson, to report on the volcanic eruptions in the West indies. Taking as his subject the eruptions of 1902 in Martinique and St. Vincent, Dr. Flett observed (according to *The Times*' report of September 14th) that:

> Much attention had been aroused no less by the startling tragedy of the destruction of St. Pierre than by the extraordinary nature of the outburst. The descriptions of the few survivors, especially of Captain Freeman, of the "Roddam" (then lying off the island), made it clear that an immense black cloud had suddenly burst forth from the crater of Mont Pelée and rushed with terrific velocity upon the city, destroying everything—inhabitants, houses, and vegetation alike—that it found in its path. In two or three minutes it passed over, and the city was a blazing pyre of ruins. In both islands the eruptions were characterised by the sudden discharge of immense quantities of red-hot dust, mixed with steam, which flowed down the steep hillsides with an ever-increasing vel.city. In St. Vincent this had filled many valleys to a depth of between 100ft. and 200ft., and months after the eruptions was still very hot, and the heavy rains which then fell thereon caused enormous explosions, producing clouds of steam and dust that shot upwards to a height of from 1,500ft. to 2,000ft., and filled the rivers with black boiling mud. He then described a thrilling experience which he and his party had at Martinique. One night, when they were lying at anchor in a little sloop about a mile from St. Pierre, the mountain exploded in a way that was apparently an exact repetition of the original eruption. It was not entirely without warning; hence they were enabled to sail at once a mile or two further away, and thus probably saved their lives. In the darkness they saw the summit glow with a bright red light; then soon, with loud

detonations, great red-hot stones were projected into the air and rolled down the slopes. A few minutes later a prolonged rumbling noise was heard, and in an instant was followed by a red-hot avalanche of dust, which rushed out of the crater and rolled down the side with a terrific speed which they estimated at about 100 miles an hour, with a temperature of 1,000° Centigrade. As to the probable explanation of these phenomena, no lava, he said, had been seen to flow from either of the volcanoes, but only steam and fine hot dust. The volcanoes were therefore of the explosive type; and from all his observations he had concluded that the absence of lava flows was due to the material within the crater being partly solid, or at least highly viscous, so that it could not flow like an ordinary lava stream. Since his return this theory had received striking confirmation, for it was now known that within the crater of Mont Pelée there was no lake of molten lava, but that a solid pillar of red-hot rock was slowly rising upwards in a great conical, sharp-pointed hill, until it might finally overtop the old summit of the mountain. It was nearly 1,000ft. high, and slowly grew as it was forced upwards by pressure from beneath, while every now and then explosions of steam took place, dislodging large pieces from its summit or its sides. Steam was set free within this mass as it cooled, and the rock then passed into a dangerous and highly explosive condition, such that an explosion must sooner or later take place, which shivered a great part of the mass into fine red-hot dust.

* * *

"The Toda Dairy"

In the Anthropological Section Dr. W. H. R. Rivers read two remarkable papers on the Todas, that strange people of the Nilgiri Hills in Southern India, which were first made familiar to Theosophical readers by articles in the early numbers of *The Theosophist*. The first paper dealt with their strange laws of "Kinship and Marriage," based on polyandry; the second, entitled "The Toda Dairy," dealt with the rituals used in connection with the sacred kine. Dr. Rivers (according to *The Times* of September 15th) observed that:

> The Todas of the Nilgiri Hills practised an elaborate religious ritual which was a development of the ordinary operations of the dairy. The dairy was the temple and the dairyman was the priest. There were several kinds of dairy-temple, of different degrees of sanctity, corresponding to the different degrees of sanctity of the buffaloes tended at each. Of these dairies there were three chief grades. The highest kind was found in secluded spots far from any place where ordinary people lived. It was only the milk of the different kinds of sacred buffalo which was churned in the dairy-temple. There were buffaloes which were not sacred, and their milk was churned in

the front part of the huts in which the people lived. The more sacred the dairy, the more elaborate was its ritual. In every case the dairy vessels were divided into two groups. The more sacred vessels were those which came into contact with the buffaloes or the milk. The less sacred were those which received the products of the churning. The dairy ritual was accompanied by definite prayer; and the more sacred the dairy, prayer became a more prominent feature of the ritual. In most of the more sacred dairies there was a bell which was an object of reverence, and usually milk was put on this bell during the dairy operations. The more sacred the dairy, the more was the life of the dairyman hedged about with restrictions. There were definite ordination ceremonies for each grade of office. In the lowest grade they might be completed in less than an hour; in the highest they were prolonged over more than a week. In addition to the three chief grades of dairy, there were certain dairies in which the ritual had developed in some special direction, and there were often considerable differences in the ritual of different dairies of the same kind, especially of the highest grade. Each clan had a special prayer for use in the dairies belonging to that clan, and each of the highest kinds of dairy had also its own special prayer. Various features of the lives of the buffaloes were made the occasion of ceremonies, often elaborate and prolonged. Whenever the buffaloes went from one dairy to another to obtain fresh pasturage, the journey became an elaborate ceremony, sometimes prolonged over two or three days. Giving salt to the buffaloes was similarly accompanied by complicated ceremonies, and ceremonies were held fifteen days after the birth of a female calf. One of the most interesting of the ceremonies of the dairy was connected with the custom of adding buttermilk from a previous churning to the newly drawn milk. By means of the addition of buttermilk, which was called pep, a kind of continuity was kept up in the dairy operations, but under certain conditions this continuity was broken, and it became necessary to make new pep, and this might be the occasion of prolonged and elaborate ceremonies.

* * *

"East and West"

In the September number of *The National Review* Mr. Edwyn Bevan has an article on "The Influence of the West upon the East" from which a couple of paragraphs deserve quotation. Mr. Bevan rightly characterises the familiar antithesis of "East and West" as extremely misleading. He says:

> In the first place, nothing but confusion can come of a generalisation which classes together as the embodiments of a single genius people so diverse as the fierce fighting men of the Indian frontier, the peaceful glib Bengalis, the formal Chinese, and the clever, lively people of Japan. But why may we not do so in virtue of those characteristics above mentioned

which, in spite of all diversities, are common to them all? Because I believe it is just these common characteristics, which are not peculiarly Oriental, which belong to all people outside the limits of the civilisation which now prevails in Europe, and belonged to those former generations of Europeans who were without this civilisation.

Our present civilisation, it must be remembered, has not been a continuous attribute of Europe. The anthropologist must regard it as a comparatively new departure in the history of the human race. Even in Europe we can only assign to it some few centuries out of those which have gone by since these regions have been trodden by man. I believe that I am in agreement with the opinion of educated men in holding that our civilisation is practically a continuation of that of the classical, the Græco-Roman world. Not that there are no currents in our society, no elements in our life, which have another origin than the pagan classical; but when we describe our civilisation by those characteristics which mark its difference from the types of the East, we find that it is just those which were first developed in the free states of Southern Europe some twenty-four centuries ago—the constraining idea of public duty, the freeman's power of initiative and resource, the open-eyed rationalism.

Whether or not Mr. Bevan has rightly diagnosed the real inwardness of modern "Western" civilisation or not, is of course open to controversy and we should like to see an "Eastern" criticism of his article, but there can be no doubt that the vague generalities East and West should be avoided when more precise definition is possible.

* * *

A Two-brained Animal

THE following cutting from *Science Siftings* (? of May 30th), will doubtless be of great interest to students of the evolution of the mechanism of thought and feeling. The speculation that such ancient physical developments of animal types may still have their "astral" counterparts (for is not the "astral" microcosm a potential image of the "animal itself," the *autozoon* or world-soul, of Chaldæa and mystic Greece?) is exceedingly fascinating to the contemplator of the mystery of the "protean" plasm that vehicles the life or spirit of the man that goeth upward.

An industrious zoologist has discovered a prehistoric beast that was so big that it conducted its affairs by means of two brains. The existence of the animal is not a new "find," but the fact that it had two brains is now first given to the scientific world. It had one set of "intellectuals" in its head and another well down its back—some 6oft. from the primary seat of

its intelligence. The beast was no other than a dinosaur, and it was 70ft. long.

Prof. Oliver Farrington is the discoverer of the remains of this remarkable animal. "This vast creature actually had two brains," writes Prof. Farrington. "He had one small set of brains in his head and an extraordinary enlargement of the spinal column which must have performed the function of a second brain. It was a second nerve centre of great importance. That is clear from the evidences of enlargement seen in the bones of the animal. The brain was only a continuation and enlargement of the spinal column."

It is not unreasonable that such a mammoth being as this dinosaur should need two brains. He was 70ft. long and weighed more than 20 tons when he was alive. Doubtless the brains of his head were too far away to perform the functions of directing and controlling well the muscles in the back portion of his immense body, and it would be no more than natural for him to have a second nerve centre in his back to control the locomotor nerves. This huge dinosaur was alive 10,000,000 years ago.

* * *

"Because of the Angels"

MOST of our readers are familiar with the very curious arguments and bizarre logic of Paul's regulations as to the wearing of a head-dress by women in church (as set forth in I. *Corinthians*, xi. 3-15)—regulations which have become a strict *tabu* in Christendom until this day; so that even little beggar girls in Italy balance a dirty folded kerchief on their tangled locks when they enter the *chiesa*. Paul had doubtless reasons which seemed good to him for instituting these head-covering rules in his churches, but his arguments seem to be still based on the literal interpretation of ideas which we find already set forth by Philo in an allegorical and spiritual manner. Be this as it may be, the modern spirit in womanhood has at length risen against this *tabu*, and has had the audacity even to call it "silly and unimportant." It need hardly be added that this revolt of the "glory of the man" or of the "angel-enticer" according to Paul has burst forth in the United States, for as *The Chicago News* of August 21st tells us:

Serious trouble is threatened at some of the eastern summer resorts because the women have taken up the fashion of going to church without wearing hats. The rector of the Asbury Park, N.J., Episcopal Church has been compelled to post a notice upon the outside of the edifice warning women that they must not in future enter there without wearing hats. In explaining his attitude the rector said to a New York *Herald* reporter:

"The practice has been growing, and as it is a distinct violation of a

rule which has existed in the church from the beginning, I felt that it was my duty to put a stop to it. The rule is based on the eleventh chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians. The entire chapter refers to the conduct of women in the churches. In reference to their going uncovered into the churches Paul said: 'But every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoureth her head, for that is even all one as if she were shaven.'"

At Atlantic City Father McShane, pastor of the fashionable Catholic Church, has been forced to rebuke the women for entering hatless into the church, and the Long Branch ladies also have been warned by their Episcopalian rector that they must wear hats or stay away from church.

Bishop Scarborough of the Episcopal diocese of New Jersey has taken a determined stand on the hatless woman question, declaring that it is contrary to the Bible and the injunction of the Apostle Paul for women to attend religious services "without suitable covering for the head."

Some of the women who have offended by appearing hatless in church declare that they will pay no attention to the lines of conduct laid down by the preachers, and they even go so far as to declare that they look upon the whole matter as "*silly and unimportant.*" The trouble began last summer when Bishop Scarborough felt called upon to make a public address in which he denounced the fashion that has now apparently become so general as to make the church authorities consider it necessary to take extreme measures.

THE Golden Age is before us, not behind us.—ST. SIMON.

DEATH is not a terminus but a wayside junction. We change carriages there; that is all.—R. C. GILLIE.

OUR deeds our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fateful shadows that walk by us still.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE VISION OF THE RABBI*

It is not the palace of a King of Israel, nor the gloomy splendour of a synagogue of olden times. The wonderful happenings to be related take place in the dirty, muddy, dingy back street of a Polish town, a street inhabited by some of the poorest Jewish tradesmen. And among these, in splendid poverty of the body, but amid fancied glories and conquests of the mind, lives serene and respected the Rabbi Schmischel.

He lived but to study the holy books; his wife but to minister to his comfort, to provide all she could for him by small economies and untiring self-denial. His children grew up around him wan and pale and shy, but beautiful in their way with their large eyes and tumbled reddish hair. They, too, were dedicated, in the father's heart, to follow the same road of poverty and of study.

And one night as they all slept around him in the low-ceilinged room, lit by an old smoky lamp, while he held vigil over his sacred scrolls, the Wonderful Thing happened.

He had studied longer than usual, and even *his* keen eyes began to be heavy with sleep. Wearily he raised his head from the beloved pages and looked out through the small window into the dark, cold night beyond, when lo! his breath stopped!

Before his earnest gaze, fixed on the black ground of the silent night, there began to shine a long, long golden ray. It grew larger and larger and spread out into a shining mass of colour, and smaller rays crossed and intermingled until there was formed more and more distinctly a Golden Stair that touched the grey clouds of the autumnal sky above, and also touched the damp grey stones of the poor little yard below.

It was *the Stair!*

There, on its luminous steps, they all stood, those Angels of the God of Israel. Rabbi Schmischel recognised them all. Had

* *Samson the Hero*, a Sketch by E. Orzezsko.

he not, all his life, studied and revered their names and powers and forms in the sacred pages of the Books?

There, there at the foot of the Stair, stood Sar-ha-Olam, the Archangel of Knowledge. He whom the Hagada calls Prince of the World. His mighty shoulders bore the whole weight of the Stairs. A mantle of purple wrapped his mighty form around, and on his head shone a crown of strange letters flaming like tongues of fire that leap upwards towards heaven from the stake of martyrs. His face was proud and rigid and silvery mists shrouded him on all sides. Rabbi Schmischel judged them to be thoughts born from the Archangel's mind, and he saw that the Angel looked at them when they met and wrestled, and that the letters on his crown formed themselves into the words: "I shall conquer!"

And higher up on the Stair stood Metatron, the Angel whom God set to watch over Israel. His wings are white, white as the praying-mantle of all right-believing Jews. And their border is black, for the Angel mourns for his people, who have lost their greatly loved land.

Then appeared the Angel Uriel and his eleven companions, Rulers of the months of the year.

And then, higher still, were the Angels of storm and of fire, shining in a thousand ever-changing colours like unto the play of rainbows, and, as these colours paled, there escaped a low sad sound as of the breaking string of a harp.

And then . . . O praise be to thee, Sandalfon, Angel of Prayer!

Slender and radiant, a Form of Light; the Golden Stair is crowned with his sweet presence. The golden hair is adorned with a crown of thorns, the beautiful head inclines towards earth as if to catch the sound of even the weakest moan—the faintest sigh. His hands are full of flowers that change form constantly, and steadily the Angel goes on weaving them into garlands of lovely hues. They are the prayers of mankind that rise to Jehovah and fall at his holy feet wrought into crowns by the pure hands of Sandalfon.

"And of each flower the Eternal will know whose heart it was that sent it forth as prayer or as praise," thought the Rabbi. And he smiled in his joy.

And as the Angel gathers the prayers that mount upward through the dark void, looking like pale lilies in the mists, his eyes drop glittering tears—tears with the radiance of diamonds—for in them shines the heavenly light of compassion.

"Praise be to thee, O Sandalfon," murmurs Rabbi Schmischel, "praised be thy great pity for men!"

Before the seer's steadfast gaze these celestial flowers unfold all their beauty. Great red glowing lilies, snowy roses, leaves, large and black, save for a white border of mourning, bend forward on fire-coloured stems, and tall yellow tulips expand into bells of flame that send a thrilling sound of power out into the silent night.

And then all at once the vision grows faint—it grows fainter—it is gone.

And Rabbi Schmischel, this Rabbi so learned and proud, so haughty and indifferent, he who, outside those little ones in his own nest, loved but the wisdom of books—this same Rabbi, felt now a dark, inexpressible yearning. In the heart of this poor Jew who had hitherto shown no sympathy, who had not even sympathised with his own exiled race, whose life had been lived in the heroic and fierce traditions of that race, in its dead, dry past, there flamed up a sympathy vast as the world. And he realised how little he knew of men, of life, of wisdom. Of man *living* he knew as little as of the *living* mystery of the past, hidden in the Sacred Word.

He stood—and looked, and looked—and again the Stair blazed forth and there was Sandalfon, white, luminous, compassionate, his sweet hands filled with prayer-flowers grown out of the blood of the heart.

Rabbi Schmischel bent down and lifted up from off the grey floor his little son, his fair-haired youngest born, who still slept on in the father's arms. Holding up the sleeping child, he cried aloud into the solemn night and out of the anguish of a soul awakened:

"Sandalfon, Lord of Prayer and of Pity, make of this my babe a hero of Israel, that he may be as Samson who died that others might live!"

A RUSSIAN.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS

SOMETIME since I ventured to bring forward in the pages of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW a subject which I thought worthy of consideration on the part of those interested in such topics, and which, so far as I was aware, had not been discussed in Theosophical literature, the subject of the foregiveness of sins as related to the doctrine of karma. As stated by the editor of the REVIEW in a footnote, Mrs. Besant's recently published work, *Esoteric Christianity*, which I had not then seen, contained a chapter on the subject which treated it from a quite different point of view from my own, and her presentation of the subject was followed by many, no doubt, as it was by the writer, with the deepest interest and appreciation. It thus became necessary to examine the question again with some care, so as to determine whether there was anything in the matter under consideration, as looked at from the point of view I had previously taken, of sufficient value to warrant further reference to the problem. This I believe to be the case; at any rate, it is obvious that the further thought and discussion which it was hoped would be given to a topic which is certainly of the first importance, has not so far made its appearance. It may, therefore, be advisable to call attention again to a neglected field, where useful labour may be bestowed by those who have the ability.

It will first of all be necessary to make some brief reference to my previous article, in order to point out the limits of this neglected field; indeed to show why the claim is made that this field is, in fact, neglected. From the broad subject of the forgiveness of sins in relation to karma, I first narrowed the discussion to the distinctively Christian doctrine of the forgiveness of sins, and then confined it still further to that doctrine as we find it in the sayings attributed to Jesus in the synoptical gospels, and finally, gave special attention to the "Lord's Prayer," as

probably embodying the teaching of Jesus in the purest and simplest form that has come down to us. The conclusion drawn was that the forgiveness of sins to which reference is made in the "Lord's Prayer" and in many sayings of Jesus which seem closely related thereto, particularly in the "Sermon on the Mount," is a purely human activity, an essential part of man's inheritance, which may be put into operation in his normal state, and which is within the capacity of any and all to exercise, an activity not dependent upon the development of special and little-known faculties believed to be hidden within the individual, but to be within the grasp of the understanding of the child and of the powers of the most humble and simple-minded of the masses of men and women; and an activity producing far-reaching kârmic results, modifying for good the karma of others and of ourselves.

This subject, limited as it is in its field, is still a neglected field, for the reason that it is not at all the subject which was treated in the chapter in *Esoteric Christianity* on the forgiveness of sins. With every desire to keep the personal element, in a discussion of this sort, as far in the background as possible, it becomes necessary to distinguish between, on the one hand, the exposition by a seer of operations upon superior planes of existence, and, on the other, a suggestion by an observer possessing no special gifts, as to operations taking place in our own daily lives, under the control of laws which may be dimly perceived and recognised as analogous to what we know of the operations of Nature around us. Mrs. Besant's most interesting chapter treats of the state of sin and of the reconciliation of the sinner with the Father, the at-one-ment; a theme much too high for the pen of the present writer. We may note that engrossed in the splendour of the superior state, Mrs. Besant has dismissed the temporal aspect of the problem as verging ultimately in the higher aspect. Thus we read (pp. 304, 305):

> If we examine even the crudest idea of the forgiveness of sins prevalent in our own day, we find that the believer in it does not mean that the forgiven sinner is to escape from the consequences of his sin in this world; the drunkard, whose sins are forgiven on his repentance, is still seen to suffer from shaken nerves, impaired digestion, and the lack of confidence shown towards him by his fellow-men. The statements made as to forgiveness,

when they are examined, are ultimately found to refer to the relations between the repentant sinner and God, and to the *post-mortem* penalties attached to unforgiven sin in the creed of the speaker, and not to any escape from the mundane consequences of sin.

In a discussion such as this, we may distinguish between those who ever have in mind and seek to reach those *ultimate* conclusions, which may be far beyond the capacities of the average writer or the average reader, and, on the other hand, those who, regarding only the facts directly in evidence, on the plane with which they are familiar, seek practical conclusions which may be valid for the present life.

Further than this, in the observation of facts, we differ both in capacities and in environment, and it is not strange that we cannot always agree in the report we make of the conditions which lie about us. The writer finds it impossible to agree with the words of the passage above quoted as to the idea commonly prevalent of the meaning of the words "the forgiveness of sins." It is my conviction, based upon many years of familiarity with the teaching prevalent in the American branch of the Church of England and upon a moderate acquaintance with religious thought in some other branches of Protestant Christendom, that the doctrine of the Catholic Church in this respect, while not expressed in any formula, is operative in the consciousness of the Protestant religious public; with a difference, of course, the Protestant referring to the direct interposition of Divine Providence those acts of pardon or remission of penalty here on earth which in the Catholic Church are the prerogative of the Church itself. One is at a loss, moreover, how to accept as quite appropriate the illustration of the repentant drunkard, when we are familiar with the fact that those suffering from the effects of such and worse physical wrong-doing do seek and confidently expect speedy restoration to physical health. If the conviction were general, as of a positively established fact, that no one could escape the physical consequences of evil courses, or of offences great and small against the laws of Nature in the human body, the medical profession would be obliged to go out of business *en masse*. Whether the physicians do or do not remedy the physical evils which follow upon sin is not now the

question ; but rather this is what we may ask, "Do the great majority of Christians *believe* that the doctors can do this thing, and do they go to them in shoals and spend their hard-earned money freely upon them, with conviction that they will get what they are paying for?" If they do this, they believe that it is possible to do something on this physical plane of existence to modify the results of causes which have been set in motion here.

It is interesting to note that the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England do not include one "Of the Forgiveness of Sins," in the sense of trespasses, and the word forgiveness is mentioned in these Articles but twice, in both cases referring to the relations between baptism and the state of sin. While we are, necessarily, somewhat at sea as to the prevalent opinion in Protestant Christendom respecting the forgiveness of sins and of their terrestrial consequences, and are at a loss for any authority to which to appeal, we are not lacking definite information as to the teaching of the Catholic Church. Indeed, the teaching of that Church on this subject needs no interpretation, but is clearly set forth in the manuals prepared to assist the faithful in their devotions and to instruct them in their duties. I am able to refer only to manuals prepared for the use of the Church in Ireland, but I think it safe to assume that in a matter as fundamental as that of "indulgences," the Church would not have two or more voices; one doctrine for English speaking Catholics, another for the French, another for Italians, etc. I quote from a manual entitled *The Treasury of the Sacred Heart*, issued at Dublin under the *imprimatur* of His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin and of the Right Rev. Doctor Delaney, Lord Bishop of Cork, and from the presentment "On Indulgences," the following passages:

> Sin produces two bitter fruits in the Soul; the guilt which deprives us of the grace and friendship of God, and the punishment which is due to it from His justice. This punishment is of two kinds, temporal and eternal. The guilt of sin, and the eternal punishment due to it, are remitted, through the merits of Jesus, in the Sacrament of penance; but the temporal punishment must be atoned for in this life or in the next unless cancelled by indulgences, or by acts of penance, or other good works. An indulgence is, therefore, the remission of the temporal punishment due to actual sin already forgiven in the Sacrament of penance as to the guilt and the eternal punishment.

There are two sorts of indulgences—plenary and partial. A partial indulgence remits only a part of the temporal pain due to sin. By a plenary indulgence we gain the remission of all the temporal punishment, provided we have the proper dispositions and comply with the conditions required.

In a similar but smaller manual entitled *Key of Heaven*, also published at Dublin, with the approval of a S.T.D. of the Catholic Church and the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Dublin, we find certain prayers specially set forth for the use of the faithful in the matter of indulgences, and called "Indulgenced Prayers." I will quote briefly from these:

> Most merciful God, who, amongst other gifts of Thy goodness, hast given to Thy Church the power to remit the temporal punishment of sin, I humbly thank Thee for this favour, and now offer to Thee the prayers and pious works, which, with Thy grace, I shall perform this day, that I may obtain the indulgences attached to them. . .
>
> I trust, O my God, that with Thy assistance I have obtained the forgiveness of my sins; but considering my imperfect disposition and many defects, I have reason to fear that there still remains a large debt of temporal punishment due on their account to Thy justice. To cancel this debt, I most anxiously desire to obtain such indulgences as Thy Church (the depository of Thy merits and those of Thy holy servants) offers this day to the acceptance of the faithful.

We should take note that this doctrine of indulgences, and the practices based upon it, are no new thing, no recent development in the Catholic Church. Defined as the remission, in whole or in part, by ecclesiastical authority, to the penitent sinner, of the temporal punishment due for sin, we find early in the fourth century the unmistakable beginnings of the doctrine more fully expanded at a later date; and, as it was fully established many centuries before the schism which separated the Eastern from the Roman Catholic Church, we may fairly assume that the millions of Eastern Catholics retain this belief, although I am without any definite information as to the practice of the Eastern Church in this respect at the present day.

My reason for calling attention to this doctrine of indulgences in the Catholic Church is that we find in it reliable evidence that the great mass of Christian believers, for many centuries and about as far back as the Church has any dependable history, believed that it was not only possible but quite within the regular

and established order of things to affect the working out of karma upon the physical and astral planes by the performance of certain acts, which would have the orderly effect of modifying, in the sense of neutralising evil karma. It is not my purpose to enter upon a discussion of the basis upon which the doctrine of the Catholic Church rested from the earliest centuries, and still rests. It may be well, however, to state it, in order that it may be clearly apprehended.

That theory may be said to resolve itself into the two positions—(1) that, after the remission of the eternal punishment due for sin, there remains due to the justice of God a certain amount of temporal pain to be undergone, either before death in this world, or after death in purgatory; (2) that this pain may be remitted by the application of the superabundant merits of Christ and of the saints out of the treasury of the Church, the administration of which treasury is the prerogative of the hierarchy. (*Enc. Brit.*, Art, "Indulgence.")

As we find in current Theosophical literature a marked tendency to come into touch with the ancient teachings of the Catholic Church, or so much thereof as will bear intelligent examination and is supported alike by the reason and the conscience, may we not, confronted as we are with the evidence of the long-continued and wide-spread belief in the forgiveness of sins on the temporal plane, held by countless millions of Christians during all the period that has elapsed since at least the beginning of the fourth century, may we not, with great propriety, inquire what the materials probably were out of which such a doctrine was formed? May we not inquire into the probable antecedents of a feature in this doctrine which has been clearly disclosed in the quotations I have made from reliable sources, which, in a discussion upon our present topic, the relation of forgiveness to karma, becomes of first importance, namely, the division by the Catholic Church of sin and the consequences of sin into two clearly distinguished departments or fields of operation: (1) the eternal aspect, the state of sin; (2) the temporal aspect, embracing the consequences of sin on the physical and astral planes, in Theosophical terms karma. It is my conviction that a brief examination of the matter from this point of view will be profitable.

In the synoptical gospels, taking them as we have them in

the Revised Version, we find plain evidence that the forgiveness of sins which Jesus preached at the beginning of His ministry, and to which reference is made in that ancient formula the "Lord's Prayer," was not that state of reconciliation to and union with the Father, which is so strongly suggested in various parts of St. John's gospel, as well as elsewhere. I refrain from dwelling at any length upon this distinction, for the reason that I have before called attention somewhat fully to the evidences for that side of the question which relates to the lower planes of existence; while I may be permitted to say that the chapter on "The Forgiveness of Sins" in *Esoteric Christianity* is an admirable exposition of the higher aspect of the same question, which I would earnestly commend to the thoughtful consideration of any of my readers who may not have read it.

That higher condition of union with the Father was the culmination and crown of the long struggle of the believer, who was met at his entrance upon the path with the forgiveness, not of his sins in the sense of his state of sin, but of his "debts," in the sense of the offences committed from day to day on the physical plane against his fellow beings; and this last in direct dependence upon his own forgiveness of the "debts" of all who committed offences against him.

In Matthew we find "and forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors"; and while Luke reads "and forgive us our sins," we find the justifying clause that follows to be "for we also forgive every one that is *indebted* to us," showing clearly that the word translated as "sin" has a significance related to the world of things and not to a state or condition of being, as indeed is further shown by the use of the word trespasses in the prayer book of the Church of England and in the Pater Noster of Catholic manuals. A trespass is clearly recognisable as an overt act and not an evil intent or state of sin, and as such comes within the scope of karma—itself action. We come thus yet a step nearer to the question at the heart of our discussion, namely, can we suppose a harmonious relation between the forgiveness of sins, as taught by Jesus and the Theosophical doctrine of karma? I believe that we can.

Let us for a moment return to our unfortunate friend, too

often and too much with us, the repentant drunkard, and consider his case. He has incurred, by his own actions, certain physical penalties for physical wrong doing. Substituting one and another of the myriad errors in conduct to which men are led by ignorance, appetite and all the long list of desires, and we have the correspondingly long list of "ills which flesh is heir to," and which one and all come clearly within the scope of karma. In each case must the sufferer wait, with such patience as he may, until the karma is exhausted, or may he make use of such means as are at hand to mend his physical fortunes, or at least, to mitigate his sufferings? This is a question which was raised at the time that anæsthetics were discovered, and the medical faculty were eager to make use of them to the great relief of human suffering. They were opposed by very many among the clergy and pious people generally on the ground that disease was the result of sin, that the punishment, divinely appointed, of sin was sorrow, and that for the impudent man of science to intervene with his anæsthetic between the sin and its punishment was an affront to the justice of God. Special application was made of this argument to the use of anæsthetics for the relief of the pangs of childbirth, the which were held to have been specially provided as a judgment upon a certain transaction in the Garden of Eden, and which were, therefore, in a special degree, sacred and inviolable. That this belief in the impropriety, to say the least, of interfering with human suffering has not been altogether outgrown, the writer can testify from personal knowledge of a case in which, only a few years ago, a good Christian woman, a Catholic, was, in dying agonies, hideously prolonged, refused, by the Catholic nursing sisters in charge of the case, the relief of anæsthetics, which the surgeon in attendance was desirous of giving, for the reason that the administration of the same might interfere with the orderly performance of the last offices of the Church, to the great detriment of the soul making its flight into the beyond.

If we should narrow the question down to the mere relief of physical suffering by physical means, I presume that there would be, at this day, few, if any voices dissenting from the assumption that it is both practicable and lawful to interfere with and modify karma on the physical plane, and that it is our

duty so to do, to the largest extent possible with the means at our command. A contrary conclusion would close all our hospitals, and by implication suspend every effort now being made for the relief of human suffering. That assumption, however, carries with it implications which are far-reaching, and, in following up the corollaries which may be fairly deduced from such a proposition once admitted as axiomatic, it may become obvious that the forgiveness of sins is man's peculiar privilege, and that this life upon the physical plane is the special field of its operation.

As we have been dwelling upon the work done in our great hospitals for the relief of sinners, let us for a moment consider a not infrequent case, which takes us one step beyond the point of view from which we have been regarding the matter. Here we will take the case of one whom shame, sorrow, despair or remorse has driven to the last resource of those who think themselves wholly borne down by the burden of their sins, and who fly from the ills they know to those they know not of. A hurried ambulance call brings the surgeon to the scene, and the case is by him quickly diagnosed as, we will say, opium poisoning,—and the unconscious body is as rapidly as possible conveyed to the hospital. Here the battle begins against death, which is carried on for hours, while the unconscious patient, supported by the hospital attendants, is walked up and down the long passages, in order that the vital processes of the body, notably the action of the heart, may be forced to continue their activity, and not permitted to sink into the sleep from which there is no awakening. After some hours of this unremitting attention, together with all the other efforts, the internal cleansings and the antidotes which medical science has found useful in such cases, let us suppose, as is in fact often the case, that the would-be suicide is snatched from the brink of the grave; what shall we say about the interference with karma in this case? If we will but for a moment dwell upon the fate of the suicide, as Theosophists regard that fate, we shall realise that here we have presented to us something much more far-reaching in its consequences than any matter of mere physical suffering. By a very forcible interference with the natural order of events, human philanthrophy has, in this case, intervened between a completely

formed intention, followed by a purposeful action, and the natural consequences of that action; with the further result that the chief actor in the drama has been held forcibly back from kârmic results which we believe to be appalling.

The same question as to forcible interference between actions and their consequences, may be put in another way. Leaving the hospital and going out into the streets, on some occasion I may come upon two men engaged in a violent quarrel. Wholly carried away by the storm of passion which has gathered within and is now breaking forth in action, one of these two draws a weapon and, throwing his hand back, is about to drive it into the heart of his adversary. At that instant I succeed in grasping his wrist so firmly that the blow is arrested, and what would have been a murder is averted. Has there been no interference here with karma? But for my act one human soul would have been hurried all too soon and unprepared from its place in this world, where no doubt he had duties, responsibilities, perhaps wife and children; and another soul, some weeks or months later would have rushed shrieking from the gibbet or the electric chair into the lowest depths of kâma-loka. Has my act counted for naught?

At this point I can fancy some one coming forward with an objection to this line of thought, expressed somewhat in this fashion. The weak place in the argument lies in the fact that it may be assumed that it was "in the karma" of these two cases to receive the assistance given; the would-be suicide was snatched from death and the would-be murderer from the gallows by kârmic law, and not by those human agencies which merely carried out that law. There was, therefore, no real interference with karma in either case. To this objection the only reply I can make is that if it is valid, then my argument falls to the ground, but I do not believe that it is valid. I am not competent to decide how far human actions are governed by destiny, but, if the implications contained in the objection are examined, it will be found that we can readily deduce therefrom a view of human life which will justify us in looking upon ourselves and others as little more than a row of jumping-jacks, hung upon the walls of time, whose strings are pulled by fate,

while, in response to the stimulus, we move with more or less of energy, depending upon the vigour of the pull, in those directions only permitted to us by the "divinity which shapes our ends"—and we fancy that we are alive.

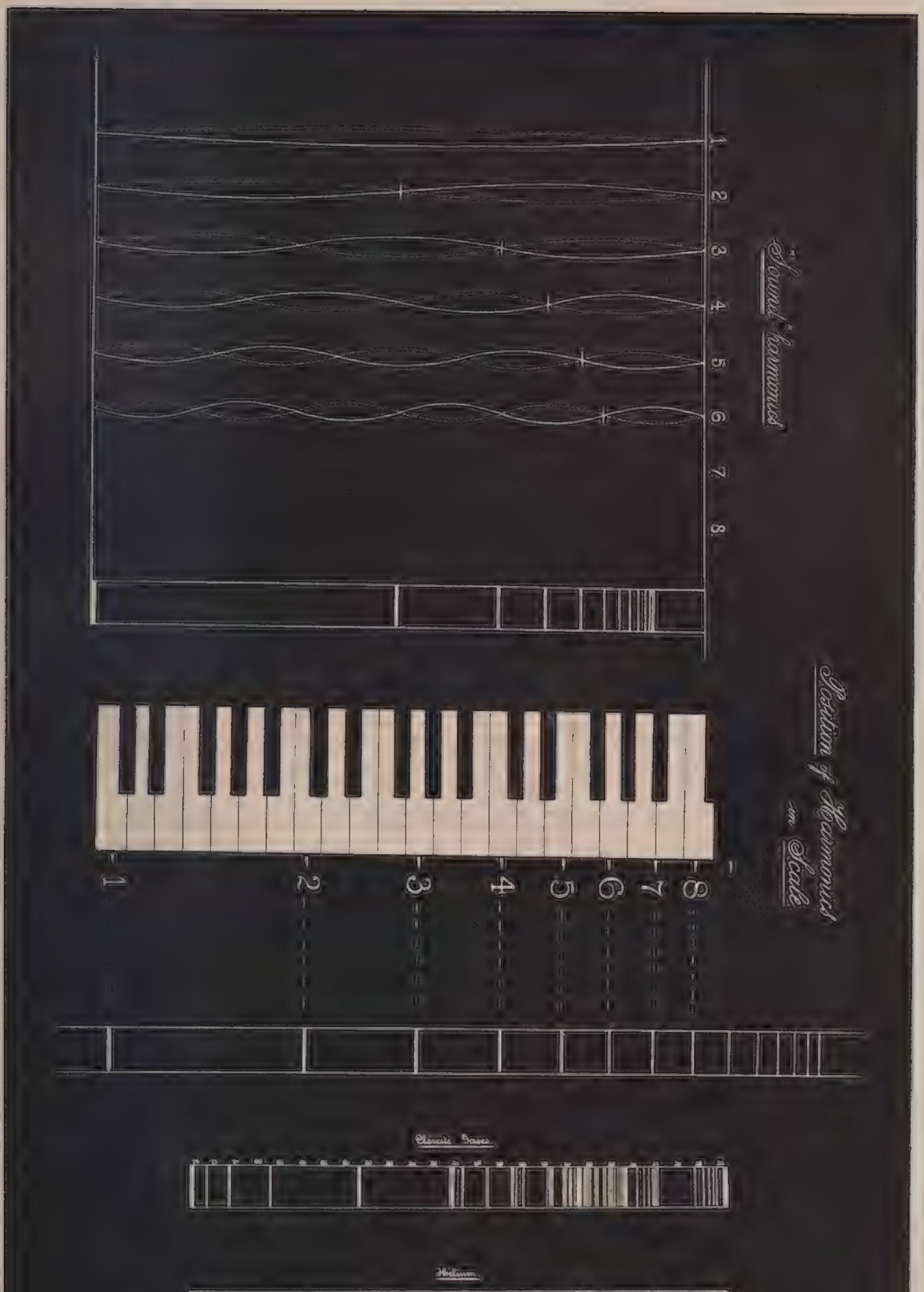
If the smallest element conceivable of *initiative* is permitted to humanity, if we are allowed any freedom whatever of choice between this and that, if we are in any sense or in any degree free agents, then something of that which was peculiarly *our own* went into the decisions involved in the two cases we have used as illustrations, and just so far the karma of those two has been modified by human interference. Huxley, in his lecture on "Evolution and Ethics," makes a suggestion which we may well consider, in this connection. His words are: "Fragile reed, as he may be, man, as Pascal says, is a thinking reed; there lies within him a fund of energy, operating intelligently and so far akin to that which pervades the universe, that it is competent to influence and modify the cosmic process. In virtue of his intelligence, the dwarf bends the Titan to his will."

The same objection, if carried to its legitimate conclusions, would hold against any interference, on this physical plane of existence, with the lives of others; and it is to be observed that our very ignorance can supply us with a sufficient answer to the objection, for it is obvious that we cannot affirm, with positive personal knowledge, in any one particular case, that one person can *not* be helped by us; and further in that that which we can not affirm wholly of any one of a group can not be affirmed of the group collectively, we are, therefore, in our ignorance of any valid objection, free to believe what philanthrophy and common sense alike point to.

HORACE L. CONGDON.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

CIRCUMSTANCES are the ruler of the weak; but they are the instruments of the wise.—LOVER.


Sound harmonics
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
Position of Harmonics on Scale
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
Clarinet Scale
Violin
Scale I
" II
" III

THE STORY OF YUEIN THE HARPER

In the wide land of the thick forests nigh the sea, where now the milder rule of wise men versed in all learning, arts of peace, and mysteries of deep magic, has made a garden of great joy and lovely order, there was, when I, Yuein the Harper, was young, a country full of outlaws and violent robbers. Of such men I sprang, and dwelt among them till I counted seventeen years of mortal life. No maid nor gentlewoman might ride in that country without peril of her honour, unless she had about her guard of knights and men-at-arms. It befell that the old king made very fierce laws to fear the wild people and force them to obey a milder rule of manners. The king who ruled when I was a lad was weaker than his father, and therewith more violent and jealous of his power, as ofttimes happens. He put the rule of that wild land of the sea-wastes and forests into the hands of a great warrior; he was head of a mighty Order of soldier-monks; they were great fighters, and they were bound by certain vows of religious obedience. They had a great citadel, half fortress, half monastery, where they dwelt; there they held secret mysteries and public rites of the Faith, and also jousts and war-like pageants for the strengthening of their ardour both for praying and fighting. There, too, was a great college of learning, and wise men journeyed from the world's ends to visit them.

Now as for me, I was the son of Mordred of the Wastes, an outlaw whom they took and hanged; they scattered all our band and slew without mercy. I, a lad of seventeen years, fled away alone, and was reduced to great straits, having nothing save my dog and my harp, and a feared and hated name, Yuein, son of that outlaw Mordred, whom men, and also women, cursed daily. The dog I loved; he was a great noble beast and he could pull down a deer with any hound of his breed. The laws against such hunting were very savage, because the deer were the king's. The dog and I were taken and dragged for judg-

ment before the Head of that great Order. He sat in the gate of the fortress-monastery, and judged the people. With him were his knights and men-at-arms, certain priests and poets attached to the House, and many students who learned their wisdom. I heard, in the days that came after, that he was held to be the wisest of them all, and had full great worship among them, but of his deepest wisdom I never heard aught, being myself a man of plain wits and no subtlety. He was the mightiest moulded of them all; of great stature and so king-like in his state they said the king himself waxed envious of his great vassal. He wore white armour, for the Order prized virginity above all virtues, and went clad in white as an emblem thereof, that their vows might be known. On his breast was a cross of silver with rays therefrom of pure gold, wrought fine as spider's silk. He heard my offence. Then he proclaimed the king's law. The dog should have his paws smitten off with an axe, that he might die; as for me, I should be scourged and set free. Hearing this I fell at his feet; I prayed that my hands might be severed at the wrists and my feet at the ankles, and the dog, not I, be scourged, for I loved him and he had but obeyed me, who was his master. He, my judge, looked at me with quiet eyes, his face was still as though wrought of stone. He said: "The dog must die, for it is the law; but I will wrest it a little, as indeed I have warrant to do. He shall die swiftly and without pain; as for you, his death shall be your punishment, for I perceive it will suffice." He made a little sign with his hand, and one who stood by thrust his spear through the dog's heart and he fell dead without pain. But I, half mad, plucked up earth stained with his blood and flung it in the great knight's face, and cursed him as the devil's regent, not the king's; and I told him he was a hypocrite and his Faith a lie, and I prayed he might die in torment in Time and live in torment through Eternity. He sat and looked at me; when I stopped for lack of breath and strength I began to be afraid.

"What is your name, O youth?" he said.

I answered panting:

"Yuein."

"Yuein, son of Mordred of the Wastes, is it not?" he asked

of those who stood by. I spoke no more; I was waxing cold with the chill of the death I thought was at hand.

"Ye will say," said he, to one who stood at his right hand, "that if I were prudent I should hang the boy. Do his father's people look to him as a leader?"

He to whom he spake said: No. They were nearly all slain, and the remnant had fled in terror; I was alone.

"Alone," he said slowly. "Alone." It was as though the words touched him in his own person; his eyes seemed to pity me. "Alone," he repeated, "and full ready to fight the world. You will have to learn your lesson. If I do not teach it you, in a year or two the rope will end your schooling. But, in good truth, I wish you had another teacher."

He made another little sign with his hand, and they forced me through the gateway. They put me in a cell below the ground; it was dark, and dripping with water; they gave me such scant measure of bread as might serve to keep me alive, and they scourged me till I was half dead. Every two or three days he would come to see me, and tell me his conditions of mercy; if I would ask for pity I should be treated differently. I refused; at first with many fierce words; at last, as I grew weaker, with few, and in a low voice. I hated him because, in spite of that which seemed, in my eyes, to be his unmoved cruelty, he did not seem to hate me. I said to myself I was no more in his eyes than an insect crawling on my prison floor, which he chose to crush. But it was not this; for one day when I had been in prison full thirty days and was half mad with pain and solitude, he took my hands and said:

"This is waste of your strength and mine, Yuein. I love frugality. When shall you be wise?"

"In heaven, my lord," said I, laughing a shrill laugh; I was half delirious.

"Not before, I verily believe," he said, "your obstinacy is so large as to have in it something God-like. Promise to obey me and the law. You are a brave boy; but you must learn there is a power stronger than your own."

"I know it," I retorted. "But I shall not obey yours; nor your laws to boot."

He sighed. I knew he did not want me to die; and I knew he thought I should not live many days longer. He spoke again very solemnly and slowly.

"I shall force you to obey the law and me," he said. "I shall do so because you are strong; so strong, Yuein, that one day you will rule. If I do not take heed, and if you do not learn to bow to law, first to the law without, next to the law within, you will rule a band of robbers, and one day I shall hang you from my turret yonder."

I was but a lad, born of an outlaw and a maiden he dragged by force from a pillaged hamlet; yet his words, though they threatened me, lit a fire in my heart; they sent a quiver through me, a feeling of inward power which was full strange, considering their meaning, my helplessness, and the misery I was in. Seven days passed. I was starved almost to death, perished with cold, and sick for air and light. I think a man who cares not how much he hurts, or, caring, yet holds not his hand when duty constrains him, is almost all-powerful. One day when he entered my prison I burst into tears. He released me on that without asking for spoken submission; when I felt the upper air, I swooned. Throughout the nights and days that followed my release I saw somewhat of the gentleness and pity of this man; for he alone came about me, and used me as a sick guest. I lay in a dim turret room; without I heard the wash and moan of the sea, booming in the caves along the craggy coast, and sighing on the white sands that lay between the walls of grey-black rocky chasms; sands where our hunted people fled and hid like wolves, sands where brittle, shining sea-holly and thin, dry grass grew above the water line. The floor of the room wherein I lay, sick unto death and half bereft of my wits, was strewn with fresh green rushes; I knew, in my fever and pain, the steadfast and awesome calm of the place; he, and he only, filled it with his presence; mighty, yet withal austere and quiet as the image of a maiden saint, carven in fine ivory. Through the nights, when the walls seemed to melt in fire, or close in and darken as though they would crush me, he moved alike unchanged by light or darkness. Sometimes I heard the boom of solemn music through the thunder of the waves;

and my body seemed to wax huge so that I filled all heaven and earth; then it dwindled till it was like a grain of sand, with a great wave of darkness a-curl above it, and about to fall on it. Then I would shriek and cry with fear; I would cry to him for mercy; for the wave seemed to be in truth this man who so filled my thoughts; when he came to me, and consoled me, then meseemed the wave was mine own self wherefrom he succoured me. As for the music I do not know whether the Order sang in the Chapel by night, whether it was within my bursting brain, or whether it echoed from some faery land of poet and mage, hidden within the whirling world of agony in which my body lay. Once I heard words; they were something like these:

The Lord of all things dwells
In ev'ry living being,
Not dying when it dies—
He who sees Him, is seeing.
Such will not when in all
This highest Lord he knows,
Wrong through himself himself,
And to perfection goes.

While I lay thus sick, I saw no one save himself; when I grew better I felt towards him a sullen fear and awe wherewith was blent gratitude, which came and went in my soul like flickering wild-fire, because of his dealing with me throughout those seven days and more of raving madness, wherein he used me with such meekness and compassion. For in this man there lived meekness of great perfection; such meekness as comes to him in whom pride lies dead and shrouded, to him who hath lost himself after the fashion of the riddling of the Bards. When I was fit to go among men, he made me remain in the fortress; a thrall under the rule of the master of the household, whom I was forced to obey in all things. From the hour I passed from the turret room to the household life, he, that great knight, took no more heed of me than if I had not been living. I lived in the fortress and saw the priests and the warlike comings and goings of the knights; I saw he was the greatest, strongest, and most warlike of them all. All that he did was such as to move the heart of a lad who, though a thrall, longed to be a knight and fight for the

king. By little and little he grew to be my great hero of heroes; when I saw men feared him, I was no longer ashamed but proud because I too bowed before his strength. At last I loved him with all my soul. My dog was dead; and I am one who needs must love someone. I ventured to thrust myself in his path, and serve him when I might. One day when I held his stirrup in the courtyard, he looked at me as though he questioned me. I thought he was striving to remember who I was, and I winced in my heart. Next day I was set to do menial labours about the rooms he used; once when I was strewing rushes on his floor he spoke to me. He was writing; he was a great scribe as well as a great fighter.

"Yuein," he said.

"My lord," I answered, "I am here."

"You know the land hereabouts," he said. "You know the forests well, is it not so?"

"I do, my lord," I said.

"You do not fear the wolves?"

"No, my lord."

"And you do not wish to escape from this place?"

"I have nowhere to go, if I did escape, my lord," said I, "unless I took to the wastes and ate sea-holly. I have no friends."

"Nay," he said. "You have friends. I asked you rather whether you knew this, or would fly from them."

"Are my friends here, my lord?" I said. "If they be, I shall not fly from them."

"There is a wise and holy man, a great mage," said he, "who is come to a hermitage three leagues from hence. To him you must take food twice in a s'en night. Do you hear?"

"I do, my lord."

"Tell them of this,'" said he, "and bid them send another to serve me in your place."

I felt my eyes fill with tears; I strewed the rushes, but I could not see them. He laid down the reed wherewith he wrote, and watched me.

"What is this, eh?" he said; "you find this work lighter than that in stable or kitchen, and you are loth to give it to

another. Let it be so! Bid them send another here on the days you are gone to the holy man."

Lo! he verily thought that I, a strong and strapping youth who desired to be a knight, cried for easy work. I sought means to enlighten him, for I was angry, and I feared him not a jot. My fear of him was dead.

"See you serve this wise anchorite faithfully, Yuein," said he; "he is of so high and great a compassion he will give pain to no living being. Should you serve him ill he will neither strike nor chide you harshly."

"Then he must send me to you, my lord," said I boldly. "*You* do not spare to give pain to living beings, as I know to my cost. And I do not care whether I be the living being to whom you give pain, if thereby I may see you sometimes."

He threw down his pen. There was no one in the fortress who spoke to him as I had done.

"When did you cease to fear me?" he said.

"When I began to love you," I replied. He mused, and toyed with the reed.

"Is it so?" he said. "Would you rather eat the bread of affliction below ground; would you rather lie in prison and be scourged and tormented in my presence, or live free and at ease in the forest with this holy man, and never see me?"

"Are you bidding me choose one or the other?" I asked.

"Suppose I am, which will you choose?"

"Your presence as long as I have wit enough to know it," said I; "when my wits be gone, it will not matter."

"Why do you feel thus towards one who has dealt with you harshly," he said.

"Does anyone know why he loves?" I replied. "Not for virtues, not for dearworthy and kindly deeds, not for wisdom nor any other discernible thing. But we love when we can, and when we may, and thereupon give God thanks. Yet in part I do know why I give to you much love as one fit for high worship. You are the greatest of all knights, the worthiest and the noblest. I have seen you throw every man within these walls, who met you in the lists when they were set. Also you slew the dog mercifully; and when—when—you won, you shewed mercy to me."

"Did I in truth," he said, smiling. "What did I do?"

"You suffered no one save yourself to see or tend me for seven days and nights," said I; "you used me as though I were your guest, or you my servant. That is what you did."

"I think I did," he answered carelessly. "You were sick. I thought you were dying."

"Most men such as you, my lord," I said, "would not have thought my life worth a single night's sleeplessness, much less seven."

"Oh," he said, laughing, "from the hour you cursed me as the devil's chief servant I knew you were worth pains on my part. That is why I kept you underground for thirty days and more, and nearly wrung the life out of you."

I finished scattering the rushes and went forth from the room. As I went he said suddenly, and full meekly, as one who had received a favour at my hands:

"I shall miss you on those days when you are gone to the forest, Yuein."

Thereat I went forth choking, and wondering whether he knew his power over human souls; I think he did not. In some things the man was simple as a babe. During three moons I carried food twice in seven days to the holy man, who was in truth great and wise, and full of subtle knowledge; when this time was passed he departed, and went unto the king, who craved his counsel and wisdom. He—my master—found that I could write; thereupon he took me from menial labour, and bade me copy manuscripts, the wisdom of which I could not understand. The MSS. of that Order were many and very precious. The work of a scribe wearied me much; I had rather have washed dishes or turned the spit, but I was glad to be tasked thus, because the most precious parchments were in his care; I sat in his room, and learned to know him better. He talked with the men who came to him as though I were not there. Till now I had seen him as the stern wielder of the law of the king; as the great warrior, first in the lists, first in battle. Thus he won my heart and my fancy; a lad was I, I cared little for a saint who could not fight. Now I saw him as the wise Head of a great Order of religious men who gave their lives to God. Men sought

him with many scruples of the toiling mind, and he heard them with patience. One of his Order came to him lamenting that his brethren had deep vision, and rapts, while his prayer was barren, and he cried in bitterness that this way of prayer and contemplation was not for him; whereat he—my master—made answer:

"My son, the deepest knowledge the way of prayer bringeth a man is not linked with sight. Knowledge is becoming the thing known, and knowing it as we know ourselves. Thus may a soul know God. Blessed be these thy brethren; much may men learn by holy vision and rapt; but there is within the soul a still centre of knowledge, whereto attaining, he who prays learns by becoming, not by sight. Hereunto may he come by prayer alone; wherefore laying aside for a space the toiling reason, abide in this same prayer, nor by any means, for lack of vision and rapt, leave the way by which the soul seeks God."

I marvelled I had never seen him use prayer; after a while I believed he was wrought and fashioned into that whereof prayer and pious practice are outward shows. Yet he counselled not this to all; for to one he bade that he should lay aside all pious observance and seek only knowledge of the nature, matter, and substance of things which might be seen with the eyes, or dwelt upon by the understanding. Sometimes he spake strange doctrines and hard to be understood. There came one to him who fought mightily in his mind and soul, because of lack of charity in judgment of his brethren. To him he said:

"There is a time when a man, striving with his sins, with his loves and hates, holds that to be free of passion is to be free indeed. My son, he errs! A man's mind becomes his prison, harder to break by many a million throes and agonies. And it befalls sometimes that these throes so beguile him, they seem to be but calm and stillness; and that stillness, son, is—death. Half a man's laws of action, and all his toiling judgments, virtues, and clear view of righteousness dwell in his steadfast mind; half of his vices dwell there too; he slays these when he may, and gives God thanks. But if he slay his judgments, his virtues, his laws whereby he judges righteousness, it is as though he slew himself. It is to cut the anchor lines in a

storm. And yet this may be done, and still a soul shall live. Nevertheless, be wary, son; with this sword I can murder if I will; with this sword I may defend and preserve. Will, mind, passions, virtues, vices, love, hate—yea! all a man can feel, know and do are such a sword. But it needs a swordsman to wield it."

I dropped the pen with which I wrote and looked at him in great wonder. He knew what I did; he saw everything, though he did not seem to see it. When the man left him, he rose and stood behind me.

"I have not bidden you to be silent touching what you hear in this room of the pains and frailties of men," he said.

"No, my lord," I said, "you do not, in truth, need to bid me that."

He put his hand on my head.

"No," he said, "you have honour."

My heart leaped; he seldom praised any man, unless he knew him to be very weak; but I knew from the half caress of his hand that he was pleased because I answered thus. I began to see that he was lonely; no one understood his mind, and all feared him. He paid the price of greatness. But I did not fear him; I sought nothing from him; I loved him much; I saw no need to make him think me of more worth than I was, as many sought to make him think concerning them. I did not mind what he did to me so I might be with him. Therefore I was at ease; I laughed and spake with him freely; once he thanked me humbly because I did not fear him. He was tender, despite his sternness in action. I had proof of this. Once when I was with him the door was pushed open and a great hound came in, like to mine that was dead. It pushed its muzzle into his hand. This was a little matter, but it was not so to me, and I measure his greatness by this: that he, to whom it must have been small, knew that to me it was much, and heeded it. He was writing with his own hand a letter of great weight to the king. He rose with seeming heedlessness and walked out. The dog followed him. When he came back it was not with him. He stood beside me, laid his hand on my shoulder, and talked with me for a little space; when he was about to leave me I thanked him. He smiled, and said simply:

"I was sorry."

I ventured to mutter thanks because he spared my dog pain, in the face of the fierce law; I had never been able to speak of the matter till then.

"I would sooner hurt a man thana dog," he said slowly, and half to himself.

"A man may deserve it," said I. "A beast cannot deserve it."

"I do not know that," he answered, "these matters are, in truth, very subtle."

"A beast hath no sin, my lord," said I.

"It has power to give pain," he answered; "and most like hath the will, should need arise, whether it hath put power to action or no."

"But no man may blame a beast for this," said I; "no man may justly punish its will to hurt."

"I think not now of justice, nor of blame," he answered. "These things pertain to the world of time. I think not of the law of righteousness, whereby we must guide our way. The timeless Law blames not, it acts—and acts alone. Yea! and both man and beast in the substance of their nature are in truth this Law, and may not be parted therefrom; wherefore the Law in them (this nature which is a-building before ever beast was beast, or man, man), is its own most sure fulfilment. And the power in the beast of giving pain is an accomplished purpose in a land where time hath another measure than ours; this same power to pain draws forth pain in answer, as thy sweet harp-strings, Yuein, quivered when Urien last night smote his in hall. Therefore I say that in so far as the timidest thing can pain, and will pain knowingly in the years to come, it opens a door of peril whereby suffering may enter when the hour strikes."

I sighed; his words puzzled me; I have never seen their wisdom, and once he told me he too was not well assured of their truth. He smiled at me when I sighed, and said he was sorry I had been hurt by the entrance of the hound; and he asked me to wax hardened to the sight of him, for the dog would suffer in being shut from the room; I did so, after a while, and the beast and I were friends.

One day my master, the dog, and I walked together in a little wood; my lord, that high and great knight, showed plainly he loved my company above that of those wiser than I.

With beat of wings a brown bird broke from a trail of brambles; the time was spring, and the wood thick sown with primroses. I was a bird's-nesting boy yet, in spite of my growth and stature, my eighteen years, and all I had seen and suffered of life. I peered down and saw a woven circle of bleached grasses, and five white eggs marked here and there with brown. He stayed me with a hand on my shoulder.

"Let us take heed," said he. "Mark how a big-leaved herb, much fine grass, and a primrose patch lie near the bramble brake. So, when we enter the wood, we shall not pass this way, and fear the little heart of this brown feathered mother. Thus, by sparing terror to one small singer, we shall make the sum of world's pain less, Yuein."

I thought of my thirty days' agony below the earth; but I was beginning to understand—not the man himself—but some part of his mind.

He rested his arm on my shoulder as we walked.

"Yuein," he said, "the king hath summoned me to Court. I go in state; do you know it?"

"I do, my lord," I said. "But you do not take me."

"And therefore you are hurt and sore of heart," he said gently, "I know. Yuein, it is in my mind this going is ill for me. It is in my mind I shall see you no more; but I have made provision concerning you; and I pray you to walk in a way worthy your treading."

"My lord," cried I, "take me with you!"

"Nay," he said, "good friends must sometimes part for a little space. You have lightened my lot more than you know. I thought the knowledge of this would gladden you in the days to come. But we will speak of it no more."

We were now near the courtyard and could see therein a horse, with heaving smoking flanks, standing as though the rider had just dismounted. We heard a stir and hum as of news which moved the hearers. "One has arrived in haste," he said. "Tongues a-chatter! How men talk! Let us go in."

The fortress was humming like a hive. He who arrived loved him, and had ridden hard to tell that the king hearkened to slanderers, and summoned him to Court that he might seize, and hang him for treason. If he came not he would be accused and besieged in his fortress as a traitor to the Throne. They called a hurried council in the great vaulted room that looketh on the sea. I would have spared to enter; but he led me in; then he let me go, smiled at me, and sat in the great oaken chair of council on the dais; it looked like a throne.

He laid before them the king's summons, couched in soft speech and greeting to his chief vassal and lord; then he laid before them the news just brought, and bade them tell him what he should do in this. Man by man they answered, knights, priests, poets, men of subtle learning.

The Order was threatened. The king, to whom they had sworn fealty and obedience, was jealous of his great subject. He would hang his mightiest as a traitor, disband the Order, and seize their lands and goods, their precious manuscripts, and fruits of learning. They should resist; slay the king if need were, rouse the country, and set the accused Head on the Throne. He heard their counsel, and dismissed them. He stood, a mighty figure, unarmed, with bent brow and sombre eyes, looking from the casement at the sea. I thought he did not know I was there; but I could not leave him. At last he said full quietly and low:

"Yuein."

I came to him; and he leaned on my shoulder, while he spoke.

"Son of the outlaw I hanged from the tree on yonder hill," he said. "Child of that dead man, and of the woman he seized by violence from her burning home, you have heard my wisest, holiest, and most valiant. Are they not full wise and prudent? Shall I not hear their counsel heedfully, Yuein?"

The tears were in my eyes. How could I speak to him when at the heart of me was death?

"If I obey my king I hang as a traitor," he said. "Answer me. Shall I surrender, or shall I take this good counsel?"

My throat choked with my tears, I answered him:

"Surrender."

"Yuein," he said, "do you avenge your father's death?"

"So may God forgive me my sins," said I through my tears, "there's no thought in my mind of my father's death."

"Nor of the slaying of the dog you loved?" said he.

"I used him to break the law," I answered.

"Nor for thirty days and more under the earth, and all that pertained thereunto?"

"That was a wrestling bout, my lord," I said. "You won. I yield you the honour and worship of the winner."

"Then," said he, "why send me to the gallows?"

"You stand, in my eyes, as the law," I said. "I would rather they hanged you for a traitor because men lied concerning you, than see you rule as one of whom they spake no slander but the truth. The king is king; and you, as much above him as heaven's above the earth, are, bodily, his vassal, and have made oath thereunto."

He watched the sea a little space before he answered.

"God is good," said he. "I have a righteous soul to be my comrade. Fetch the boat to the stairway, Yuein; you shall go with me after all on my last quest. You shall row me to the king."

Alone I rowed him up the river to his death; my hands were sore with the oars when I shipped them at the foot of the steps of the king's palace. He took my hands, looked at the palms, and smiled.

"In truth," said he, "you rowed hard this night; you know the worth of a man's honour. Our lord the king shall set a true servant in his traitor's place, and the land shall have peace."

"Lord," said I, "you might have kindled a fire through the length and breadth thereof."

"I feared you, Yuein," he said, laughing gently. "God be with you; abide with me while you may."

He struck on the palace door, and surrendered at dawn to the king. As all men know, he did not die; the sage I served in the forest was seated by the king when he was brought to trial, charged with traitorous deceit against his ruler; by this great mage's word my lord and master's innocence was made known; the king punished his accusers, and set him in great state in his

old place. And I, a thrall no longer, but free and made knight by his sword, abode with him, and learned to know ever more and more of the inner mildness and humbleness of the man; but though I knew his gentleness, and beheld his valour, his mighty will, and his stern, bold action, the man himself I knew not—nay! not though I loved him unto the end, and love him yet in that dim land of shadows wherein he is hidden from my sight. And he said to me that in that land is perfectness of light, and this wherein we live is dim, and the shadow of a shadow. But to me this is not so, and therefore his words were hollowness in my ears.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE OVER-MIND*

A SERMON OF HERMES THE THRICE GREATEST ABOUT THE GENERAL MIND TO TAT

1. HERMES. The mind, O Tat, is of God's very essence —(if such a thing as *essence* of God† there be)—and what *that* is, it and it only knows precisely. The mind, then, is not separated off from God's essentiality, but is united to it, as light to sun. This mind in men is God, and for this cause some of mankind are gods, and their humanity is nigh unto divinity. For the Good Mind‡ hath said: "Gods are
2. immortal men, and men are mortal gods." But in irrational lives mind is their *nature*. For where is soul, there too is mind; just as where life, there is there also soul. But in irrational lives their soul is life devoid of mind;§ for mind

* See in the last number "The Mind to Hermes" and also the series of translations and essays which appeared in this REVIEW from December, 1898, to January, 1900.

† That is, if we can use such a term with respect to God.

‡ Lit., Good Dæmon, the "Mind" of *The Shepherd* treatise and of *The Mind to Hermes*, the Instructor of Hermes the teacher.

§ That is of the mind manifested in man as distinguished from the general mind.

is the in-worker of the souls of men for good;—it works on them for their own good. In lives irrational it doth co-operate with each one's nature; but in the souls of men it counteracteth them. For every soul, when it becomes embodied, is instantly depraved by pleasure and by pain. For in a compound body, just like juices, pain and pleasure seethe, and into them the soul, on entering in, is plunged.

3. O'er whatsoever souls the mind doth, then, preside, to these it showeth its own light, by acting counter to their prepossessions, just as a good physician doth upon the body prepossessed by sickness, pain inflict, burning or lancing it for sake of health. In just the selfsame way the mind inflicteth pain upon the soul, to rescue it from pleasure, whence comes its every ill. The great ill of the soul is godlessness; then followeth fancy for all evil things and nothing good. So, then, mind counteracting it doth work good on the soul, as the physician health upon the body.

4. But whatsoever human souls have not the mind as pilot, they share in the same fate as souls of lives irrational. For [mind] becomes co-worker with them, giving full play to the desires towards which [such souls] are borne,—[desires] that from the rush of lust strain after the irrational; [so that such human souls,] just like irrational animals, cease not irrationally to rage and lust, nor ever are they satiate of ills. For passions and irrational desires are ills exceeding great. O'er these God hath set up the mind to play the part of judge and executioner.

5. TAT. In that case, father mine, the teaching as to fate, which previously thou didst explain to me, risks to be overset. For that if it be absolutely fated for a man to fornicate, or commit sacrilege, or do some other evil deed, why is he punished—when he did the deed from fate's necessity?

HERMES. All works, my son, are fate's; and without fate naught of things corporal—or good, or ill—could come to pass. But it is fated too, that he who doeth ill, should suffer. And for this cause he doth it—that he may suffer

6. what he suffereth, because he did it. But for the moment, [Tat,] let be the teaching as to vice and fate, for we have

spoken of these things in other [of our] sermons; but now our teaching is about the mind:—what mind can do, and how it is [so] different,—in men being such and such, and in irrational lives [so] changed; and [then] again that in irrational lives it is not of a beneficial nature, while that in men it quencheth out the wrathful and the lustful elements. Of men, again, we must class some as led by reason, and others as without it. But all men are subject to fate, and

7. genesis and change, for these* are the beginning and the end of fate. And though all men do suffer fated things, the rational ones (those whom we said the mind doth guide) do not endure like suffering with the rest; but, since they've freed themselves from viciousness, not being bad, they do not suffer bad.

TAT. How sayest thou again, my father? Is not the fornicator bad; the murderer bad; and [so with] all the rest?

HERMES. [Not so;] but that the mind-led man, my child, though not a fornicator, will suffer just as though he had committed fornication, and though he be no murderer, as though he had committed murder. The quality of change he can no more escape than that of genesis. But it *is* possible for one who hath the mind, to free himself from vice. Whence

8. ever have I heard, my son, the Good Mind say—(and had He set it down in written words, He would have greatly helped the race of men; for He alone, my son, doth truly, as the first-born god, gazing upon all things, give voice to words divine)—yea, once I heard Him say: "All things are one, and most of all the bodies which the mind alone perceives;† our life is owing to His [God's] energy and power and æon. His mind is good, and is His soul as well. And this being so, intelligible things know naught of separation. So, then, mind, being ruler of all things, and being soul of God, can do whate'er it wills."

9. So do thou understand, and carry back this word unto the question thou didst ask before,—I mean about the fate of

* Sci., genesis and change.

† Presumably the invisible cosmic spheres, and other intelligible bodies.

mind. For if thou dost with accuracy, son, eliminate [all] captious arguments, thou wilt discover that of very truth the mind—the soul of God, doth rule o'er all—o'er fate, and law, and all things else; and nothing is impossible to it,—neither o'er fate to set a human soul, nor under fate to set [a soul] neglectful of what comes to pass. Let these so far suffice from the Good Mind's best words.

TAT. Yea, words divinely spoken, father mine, truly and
10. helpfully. But further still explain me this. Thou said'st that mind in lives irrational worked in them as [their] nature, co-working with their impulses. But impulses of lives irrational, as I do think, are passions. Now if the mind co-worketh with [these] impulses, and if the impulses of [lives] irrational be passions, then is mind also passion, taking its colour from the passions.

HERMES. Well put, my son! Thou questionest right
11. nobly, and it is just that I as well should answer [nobly]. All things incorporal when in a body are subject unto passion, and in the proper sense they are [themselves] all passions. For every thing that moves [another] is incorporal; while every thing that's moved is body. Incorporals are further moved by mind, and movement's passion. Both, then, are subject unto passion—both mover and the moved, the former being ruler and the latter ruled. But when a man hath freed himself from body, then is he also freed from passion. But, more precisely, son, naught is impassible, but all are passible. Yet passion differeth from passibility; for that the one is active, while the other's passive. Incorporals* act even on themselves, for either they are motionless or they are moved; but whichsoe'er it be, it's passion. But bodies are invariably acted on, and therefore are they passible. Do not, then, let terms trouble thee; action and passion are both the selfsame thing. To use the fairer sounding term, however, does no harm.

12. TAT. Most clearly hast thou, father mine, set forth the teaching.

HERMES. Consider this as well, my son; that these

* Reading *ἀσώματα* for *σώματα*.

two things God hath bestowed on man beyond all mortal lives—the mind and reason, equal to immortality; and in addition man doth have the uttered reason.* And if one useth these for what he ought, he'll differ not a whit from the immortals; nay, rather, on departing from the body, he will be guided by the twain unto the choir of gods and blessed ones.

13. TAT. Why, father mine! do not the other lives make use of speech?

HERMES. Nay, son; but use of voice; speech is far different from voice. For speech is general among all men, while voice doth differ in each class of living thing.

TAT. But with men also, father mine, according to each race, speech differs.

HERMES. Yea, son, but man is one; so also speech is one and is interpreted, and it is found the same in Egypt, and in Persia, and in Greece.

Thou seemest, son, to be in ignorance of reason's worth and greatness. For that the blessed god, Good Mind, hath said: "Soul is in body, mind in soul; but reason is in mind, and mind in God; and God is father of [all]
14. these."† The reason, then, is the mind's image, and mind God's [image]; while body is [the image] of the form;‡ and form [the image] of the soul. The subtlest part of matter is, then, air; of air, soul; of soul, mind; and of mind, God. And God surroundeth all and permeateth all; while mind surroundeth soul, soul air, air matter. And of necessity are providence and nature instruments of the world-order and of matter's ordering; while of things super-cosmic§ each is essence, and sameness is their essence. But of the bodies of the universe‖ each one is many things; for yet possessing

* That is rational speech. The one word λόγος being used for both reason and speech in the original, it is impossible to reproduce exactly the play of meaning in English.

† That is to say: In the macrocosm, soul is, for us, within body, and mind within soul; but for the microcosm, man, reason is contained in mind, and mind in God.

‡ This seems to refer to the so-called "etheric double" ("air").

§ Things intelligible, *i.e.*, beyond the world-order or cosmos.

‖ Lit., the all, *i.e.*, the cosmos; these bodies presumably refer to the four cosmic elements and seven cosmic spheres.

sameness, though composed, [*these*] bodies, though they are the cause of change from one into another of themselves, do natheless ever keep the incorruption of their same-
15. ness. Whereas in all the rest of composed bodies, of each one there exists a number; for without number structure cannot be, or composition, or decomposition. Now it is units that give birth to number and increase it, and, being decomposed, are taken back again into themselves. Matter is one; and the world-order, as a whole—the mighty god and image of the mightier One, both with Him unified, and the conserver of the will and order of the Father—is life's full-ness.* And naught is there in it all through the æon which the Father hath bestowed on it,—nor of the whole, nor of its parts,—which doth not live. For not a single thing that's dead, hath been, or is, or shall be in this order [of the whole]. For that the Father willed it should have life as long as it should be. Wherefore it needs must be a god.
16. How, then, O son, could there be in the god,—the image of the Father, the plenitude of life—dead things? For that death is corruption, and corruption is destruction. How then could any part of that which knoweth no corruption be corrupted, or any whit of him the god† destroyed?

TAT. Do they not, then, my father, die—the lives in it, that are its parts?

HERMES. Hush, son! led into error by the term in use for what takes place. They do not die, my son, but are dissolved as compound bodies. Now dissolution is not death, but dissolution of a compound; it is dissolved not so that it may be destroyed, but that it may become renewed. Since what is the activity of life? Is it not motion? What then in cosmos is that hath no motion? Naught is there, son!

17. TAT. Doth not earth even, father, seem to thee to have no motion?

HERMES. Nay, son; but rather that it is the only thing which, though in very rapid motion, is also stable. For how would it not be a thing to laugh at, that the

* Plerōma. † Sci., the cosmos.

nourisher of all should have no motion, when she engenders and brings forth all things? For it's impossible that without motion one who doth engender, should do so. For you to ask if the fourth part* is not inert, is most ridiculous.

The body which doth have no motion, gives sign of
18. nothing but inertia. Know, therefore, generally, my son, that all that is in cosmos is being moved for decrease or for increase. Now that which is kept moving, also lives; but there is no necessity that that which lives, be all the same. For being simultaneous, the cosmos, as a whole, is not subject to change, my son, but all its parts are subject unto it; yet naught [of it] is subject to corruption, or destroyed. It is the terms employed that confuse men. For it's not genesis that constituteth life, but it's sensation; it is not change that constituteth death, but it's forgetfulness. Since, then, these things are so, they are immortal all,—matter, [and] life, [and] spirit, mind [and] soul, of which whatever
19. liveth, is composed. Whatever then doth live, oweth its immortality unto the mind, and most of all doth man, he who is both recipient of God, and co-essential with Him. For with this life alone doth God consort; by visions in the night, by day by tokens, and by all things doth He foretell the future unto him,—by birds, by inward parts, by wind, by tree. Wherefore doth man profess to know things past,
20. things present and to come. Observe this, too, my son; that each one of the other lives inhabiteth one portion of the universe,—aquatic creatures water, terrene earth, and aery creatures air; while man doth use all these,—earth, water, air, [and] fire; he seeth heaven, too, and doth contact it with [his] sense. But God surroundeth all, and permeateth all; for He is energy and power, and it is nothing
21. difficult, my son, to *conceive* God. But if thou wouldst Him also *contemplate*, behold the ordering of the world-order, and [see] the orderly behaviour of its orderings; behold thou the necessity of things made manifest, and [see] the providence of things become and things becoming; behold how matter is all-full of life; [behold] this so great

* Sci, element.

god* in movement, with all the good and noble [ones]—gods, angels,† men.

TAT. But these are purely energies, O father mine!

HERMES. If, then, they're purely energies, my son,—by whom, then, are they energised except by God? Or art thou ignorant, that just as heaven, earth, water, air, are parts of cosmos, in just the selfsame way God's parts are life and immortality, [and] energy, and spirit, and necessity, and providence, and nature, soul, and mind, and the duration of all these—the so-called Good? And there is naught of things that have become, or are becoming, in which God is not.

22. TAT. Is He in matter, father, then?

HERMES. Matter, my son, is separate from God, in order that thou may'st distinguish place as proper to it. But what else than a mass‡ think'st thou it is, if it's not energised? Whereas if it be energised, by whom is it made so? For energies, we said, are parts of God. By whom are, then, all lives enlivened? By whom are things immortal made immortal? By whom are changed things changeable? And whether thou sayest matter, or body, or essence, know that these too are energies of God; and that materiality is matter's energy, that corporality is bodies' energy, and that essentiality doth constitute the energy of essence; and
23. this is God—the all. And in the all is naught that is not God. Wherefore nor size, nor place, nor quality, nor form, nor time, surroundeth God; for He is all, and All surroundeth all, and permeateth all. Unto this word, my son, thy adoration and thy worship pay. There is one way alone to worship God—[it is] not to be bad.

NOTES

A proper translation should require but little commentary, and I hope that many things which in the existing versions

* Sci., the cosmos. † Lit., dæmons.

‡ That is, presumably, chaos—the elementary and unordered substance out of which the orderly cosmos is organised by the energising of the Logos. This chaos, however, is an integral power (materiality) of the God over all, the Father of the Logos.

require much explanation, will now be clear to the reader, and that I have brought into clear daylight the meaning of the original. We may, of course, agree with the ideas of "Hermes" or we may dissent from them, but the translator's task ends with a correct rendering of what his author wrote.

In my opinion the doctrine of the "over-mind," as I would call it, is here very ably set forth, and a number of most interesting points of mystic philosophy are touched on by the ancient teacher who wrote the treatise. The pan-monistic point of view (to indulge the bad habit of coining unlovely technicalities) necessitates the presence of the universal mind in every thing. But how can mind be in the brute?—objects the learner. This objection is answered in the treatise, and mind is shown to act in nature.

In § 7 the doctrine that even the innocent man is seen to suffer (as an adulterer, though he have done no adultery, and as a murderer, though he have done no murder)—seems to require some further explanation. This further explanation seems to me to be found in the teaching of the Gnostic Basilides, and I cannot but think that either Basilides had this passage of "Hermes" in mind, or "Hermes" had studied in the school of Basilides, or better still that both drew from a common teaching. In the xxiiird Book of his *Exegetica*, Basilides, at the beginning of the first century, writes:

"For just as the babe, although it has done no wrong previously, or practically committed any sin, and yet has the capacity of sin in it [from its former lives], when it suffers, is advantaged and reaps many benefits, which otherwise are difficult to gain; in just the selfsame way is it with the perfectly virtuous man also who has never sinned in deed, for he has still the tendency to sin in him; he has not committed actual sin [in this life], because he has not as yet been placed in the necessary circumstances. In the case even of such a man we should not be right in supposing entire freedom from sin. For just as it is the will to commit adultery which constitutes the adulterer even though he does not find the opportunity of actually committing adultery, and the will to commit murder constitutes the murderer, although he may not be actually able to effect his purpose; for just this

reason, if I see a 'sinless' man suffering, even if he has actually *done* no sin, I shall say that he is evil in so far as he has still the *will* to transgress. For I will say anything rather than that providence is evil." (See my *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, pp. 274, 275.)

Another point of great interest is the very clear reference to the inner teaching of the Good Mind, the Agathodæmon or "First" Hermes. It is here clearly stated that these inner teachings were derived from an interior illumination; it is further hinted that few of such teachings were ever written down. Some of them were presumably handed on by oral tradition among the students of the inner circles; others, however, were probably of so sublime a nature that it was thought impossible to put them into words. They had to be seen, not heard; they belonged to the real *epopteia* and not to the *muesis* of the Mysteries. That is to say, they were the things seen face to face, when out of body, or when in ecstasy, and not the inner secret tradition handed on from mouth to ear.

G. R. S. MEAD.

OVER THE BORDER

I USED to imagine in my youth from reading stories of the Lives of the Saints, and in going through in my imagination all the extraordinary and wonderful sufferings and perils they describe, that it was only very holy people—I mean people who could kneel all night, who ate nothing to speak of (and never washed) —who ever became entranced or liberated from their bodies.

Then I thought, of course, that on the next plane they were practically in heaven, and certainly on terms of intimacy with all the greatest saints, with their guardian angel, and with all the quiet, sober, high and holy influences that they had sought in the day.

It is nothing of the kind—that is to say, as far as my own elementary experience goes, and moreover I gather that most

people are at first merely confused and bewildered and surprised to find it so very secular, just like Monday morning in fact.

If you are thinking of trying to explore this peculiar region, which seems, to judge by the large consensus of witnesses, to be always the next immediate stage, though a transitory one, in the journeying of the soul, take with you your sense of humour, if you have one; if you have none, go not alone to this strange land of delusion and glamour. Also it is as well to go only with a very definite and fixed purpose, and to remember that if anything ugly comes along you need not see it, *unless* you pay attention to it. If it makes a face at you or roars, make a face at it and *laugh*. Also, if anyone comes up to you with elaborate politeness and begins a long speech, it is as well to put your tongue in your cheek while you listen and vanish away when you have had enough.

I know now where the inveterate talkers go to; their only sorrow is in not being able to secure a permanent listener. I have often been taken in by finding myself in a vast library, literally a labyrinth of books, and hearing two elderly and, as I thought, very learned old gentlemen, with high foreheads and bald heads, boring each other to death, or both talking at once with their arms full of books. What I remember of their talks is sometimes more or less sense, such as: "If you have control of a man's bread-supply you have control of him, body and brain." But oftener it is quite nonsense, though that may be the fault of my dense physical brain.

I once had a really grand and impressive experience, in which I was surrounded with sound made visible, oceans of music and light like the noon-day sun. Towards me I saw coming a marvellous procession of luminous figures from as far as the eye could reach above the circling stars, and I heard sweet voices singing a solemn chant which kept time with their rhythmic tread. I could distinguish the words of the chant; it was in blank verse, and I thought to myself when I wake I will write it down. I was, however, rather depressed next morning to find that the only words ringing in my ears were: "And those that I met wore flannelette." That was the best that my physical brain could do for me! Which reminds me that a well-

known man of science has told of a similar dream he once had, in which he heard a long and beautiful poem, and he determined to write it down when he woke. Unfortunately, all he remembered was :

Walker with one eye,
Walker with two,
Something to live for
And nothing to do.

I suppose most people's first experiences are with the tricks of elementals, and the attempts of all the various kinds of the inhabitants of the plane to mob you, and impress you with their absolute reality and great importance, and display their superior powers to you. You must in such cases preserve a *blasé* demeanour and learn to be surprised at nothing. If you are very "green" and look astonished and bewildered, you will be surrounded in no time with dissolving views improvised by delighted elementals, such as no pantomime could think of in its wildest moments of success. But treat everyone and everything as masques, which indeed they are, and all the astral world as a stage, and you will not be troubled with their exhibitions unless you wish.

I remember one day waking "on the other side" to find my room perfectly full of toys, comic animals, Turk's heads and dolls of every conceivable size and description. Now I confess that though a middle-aged bachelor, I take a certain interest in toys. I like new toys and ingenious ones, but here they were littered all over my writing table—dolls on every chair in the room. The benevolent but I should say rather weak-minded elemental who had thoughtfully arranged this little exhibition for me, was nowhere to be seen, unless he was the large Turk's head on the table which, or who, rather perplexed me by making faces at me. I sat down at my writing table in as dignified a way as I could manage, and addressing the room in general, in spite of the confused chattering that was going on, I said: "I want to do some quiet reading, you don't seem to understand that the astral plane is sacred." An atrocious burst of the most derisive and idiotic laughter I have ever heard broke out immediately, and I retreated precipitately to the physical plane.

I think the first time I found myself out of the body I was standing in great surprise by the writing-table. The room was lit by a dim, and diffused light which was inexplicable to me. The gas was out and the grate was full of white ashes as I had left it. But when I looked at the window I saw that the shutters which were closed, were quite transparent and that outside there was the same faint, even glow of light. Outside the window, an acquaintance of mine, an old student of occultism, was standing or rather floating about. He indicated to me that I could come out if I chose, but I hesitated, as a table loaded with books was in front of the window. By this time I realised that I was out of the body, and I reflected that by all the rules of the game, I ought to be able to walk right through the table. But supposing I knocked everything over—and then there was the ink!

However, I thought to myself: "The wife of Giant Despair was Diffidence," so I went through the table, and up to the window, but the idea of the window-pane was too much.

Broken glass is an uncomfortable sort of thing! So I retreated hastily to the foot of my bed. There I was rather discouraged at finding a large and cheerful party of people sitting talking, and apparently making a dinner table of the bed. A huge cat was sitting on my pillow. I told the people they really must go, as I wanted to sleep, but no sooner had I shown them out of the room and shut the door with some difficulty, as they kept on opening it and coming in again, than I found to my disgust that the walls were transparent, and before I had finished removing the cat a fresh army of merry-makers were filling the room, accompanied by a cottage-piano and some music-books. A man in his shirt-sleeves sat down and played, and the audience began feebly singing something about "Our Joe." The piano was out of tune, and I retreated with joy and thankfulness to the physical plane.

The large cat came persistently for many nights, until I made a note of it in the day, then the next time I went up to it and said, "You can stay if you like, you know you're only a shade, I can walk right through you if I choose," and proceeded to do it.

Its feelings were probably incurably hurt, for it never came again.

It occurred to me once when I was floating round the room, to look at myself in the glass, and to my horror I saw a strange face glaring malignantly at me. I made a face at it to see what would happen, and as it did not imitate me, I concluded it was another trick.

The pace at which things transpire on this plane makes a week of the London season a torpid affair, and "the ear" must here indeed be "closed to its own destruction, and the glistening eye to the poison of a smile," and there must be no "curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire." Do not pass this threshold

Unless you can hope that your faith prove true,
Through behoving and unbehoving,
Unless you can love as the angels love
With a breath of heaven between you.

All the ethics of renunciation apply here with a force that is inconceivable in our world. The perishing nature of things is almost horribly obvious, and the transitoriness of all sensations would be productive of despair if sensations were the object.

ECHO.

WILL, DESIRE, AND EMOTION

(CONTINUED FROM p. 61)

THE CONFLICT OF DESIRE AND THOUGHT

WE must now return to the struggle in the Desire-Nature, to which reference has already been made, in order to add some necessary details.

This conflict belongs to what may be called the middle stage of evolution, that long stage which intervenes between the state of the man entirely ruled by Desire, grasping all he wants, unchecked by conscience, undisturbed by remorse, and the state of the highly evolved spiritual man, in whom Will, Wisdom and Activity work in co-ordinated harmony. The conflict arises between Desire and Thought—Thought beginning to understand the relation of itself to theNot-Self and to other separated selves,

and Desire, influenced by the objects around it, moving by attractions and repulsions, drawn hither and thither by objects that allure.

We must study the stage of evolution in which the accumulated memories of past experiences, stored in the mind, set themselves against the gratification of desires which have been proved to lead to pain; or, to speak more accurately, in which the conclusion drawn by the Thinker from these accumulated experiences asserts itself in face of a demand from the Desire-Nature for the object which had been stamped as dangerous.

The habit of grasping and enjoying has been established for hundreds of lives, and is strong, while the habit of resisting a present pleasure in order to avoid a future pain is only in course of establishment, and is consequently very weak. Hence the conflicts between the Thinker and the Desire-Nature end for a long time in a series of defeats. The young Mind struggling with the mature Desire-Body finds itself constantly vanquished. But every victory of the Desire-Nature, being followed by a brief pleasure and a long pain, gives birth to a new force hostile to itself, that recruits the strength of its opponent. Each defeat of the Thinker thus sows the seeds of his future victory, and his strength daily grows while the strength of the Desire-Nature diminishes.

When this is clearly understood, we grieve no longer over our own falls and the falls of those we love; for we know that these falls are making sure the secure footing of the future, and that in the womb of pain is maturing the future conqueror.

Our knowledge of right and wrong grows out of experience, and is elaborated only by trial. The sense of right and wrong, now innate in the civilised man, has been developed by innumerable experiences. In the early days of the separated Self all experiences were useful in his evolution, and brought him the lessons needful for his growth. Gradually he learned that the yielding to desires which, in the course of their gratification injured others, brought him pain out of proportion to the temporary pleasure derived from their satisfaction. He began to attach the word "wrong" to the desires the yielding to which

brought a predominance of pain, and this the more quickly because the Teachers who guided his early growth placed on the objects which attracted such desires the ban of Their disapproval. When he had disobeyed Them and suffering followed, the impression made on the Thinker was the more powerful for the previous foretelling, and conscience—the will to do the right and abstain from the wrong—was proportionately strengthened.

In this connection we can readily see the value of admonition, reproof, and good counsel. All these are stored up in the mind, and are forces added to the accumulating memories which oppose the gratification of wrong desire. Granted that the person warned may again yield when the temptation assails him; that only means that the balance of strength is still in the wrong desire; when the foretold suffering arrives, the mind will recall all the memories of warnings and admonitions, and will engrave the more deeply in its substance the decision, "This desire is wrong." The doing of the wrong act merely means that the memory of past pain is not yet sufficiently strong to overbear the attraction of eagerly anticipated and immediate pleasure. The lesson needs to be repeated yet a few times more, to strengthen the memory of the past, and when that is done, victory is sure. The suffering is a necessary element in the growth of the soul, and has the promise of that growth within it. Everywhere around us, if we see aright, is growing good; nowhere is there hopeless evil.

This struggle is expressed in the sad cry: "What I would, that I do not; what I would not, that I do." "When I would do good, evil is present with me." The wrong that we do, when the wish is against the doing, is done by the habit of the past. The weak will is overpowered by the strong desire.

Now the Thinker in his conflict with the Desire-Nature calls to his aid that very nature, and strives to awaken in it a desire which shall be opposed to the desires against which he is waging war. As the attraction of a weak magnet may be overpowered by that of a stronger one, so may one desire be strengthened for the overcoming of another, a right desire may be aroused to combat a wrong one. Hence

The Value of an Ideal

An ideal is a mental concept of an inspiring character, framed for the guidance of conduct, and the formation of an ideal is one of the most effective means of influencing desire. The ideal may, or may not, find embodiment in an individual, according to the temperament of the man who frames it, and it must ever be remembered that the value of an ideal depends largely on its attractiveness, and that that which attracts one temperament by no means necessarily attracts another. An abstract ideal and a personal one are equally good, regarded from a general standpoint, and that should be selected which has, on the individual choosing it, the most attractive influence. A person of the intellectual temperament will usually find an abstract ideal the more satisfactory; whereas one of the emotional temperament will demand a concrete embodiment of his thought. The disadvantage of the abstract ideal is that it is apt to fail in compelling inspiration; the disadvantage of the concrete embodiment is that the embodiment is apt to fall below the ideal.

The mind, of course, creates the ideal, and either retains it as an abstraction, or embodies it in a person. The time chosen for the creation of an ideal should be a time when the mind is calm and steady and luminous, when the Desire-Nature is asleep. Then the Thinker should consider the purpose of his life, the goal at which he aims, and with this to guide his choice, he should select the qualities necessary to enable him to reach that goal. These qualities he should combine into a single concept, imagining as strongly as he can this integration of the qualities he needs. Daily he should repeat this integrating process, until his ideal stands out clearly in the mind, dowered with all beauty of high thought and noble character, a figure of compelling attractiveness. The man of intellect will keep this ideal as a pure concept. The man of emotional nature will embody it in a person, such as the Buddha, the Christ, Shrî Kṛishṇa, or some other Divine Teacher. In this latter case he will, if possible, study His life, His teachings, His actions, and the ideal will thus become more and more strongly vivified, more and more real to the Thinker. Intense love will spring up in the heart for this

embodied ideal, and Desire will stretch out longing arms to embrace it. And when temptation assails, and the lower desires clamour for satisfaction, then the attractive power of the ideal asserts itself, the loftier desire combats the baser, and the Thinker finds himself reinforced by right desire, the negative strength of memory which says "abstain from the base" being fortified by the positive strength of the ideal which says "achieve the heroic."

The man who lives habitually in the presence of a great ideal is armed against wrong desire by love of his ideal, by shame of being base in its presence, by the longing to resemble that which he adores, and also by the general set and trend of his mind along lines of noble thinking. Wrong desires become more and more incongruous. They perish naturally, unable to breathe in that pure clear air.

It may be worth while to remark here, in view of the destructive results of historical criticism, in the minds of many, that the value of the ideal Christ, the ideal Buddha, the ideal Kṛishṇa, is in no way injured by any lack of historical data, by any defects in the proofs of the authenticity of a manuscript. Many of the stories related may not be historically true, but they are ethically and vitally true. Whether this incident happened in the physical life of this Teacher or not is a matter of small import; the re-action of such an ideal character on his environment is ever profoundly true. The world-Scriptures represent spiritual facts, whether the physical incidents be or be not historically true.

Thus Thought may shape and direct Desire, and turn it from an enemy into an ally. By changing the direction of Desire, it becomes a lifting and quickening instead of a retarding force, and where desires for objects held us fast in the mire of earth, desire for the ideal lifts us on strong wings to heaven.

The Purification of Desire

We have already seen how much may be done in the purification of the vehicle of Desire, and the contemplation and worship of the ideal, which has just been described, is a most potent means for the purification of Desire. Evil desires die

away, as good desires are encouraged and fostered—die away merely from want of nourishment.

The effort to reject all wrong desires is accompanied by the firm refusal of thought to allow them to pass on into actions. Will begins to restrain action, even when desire clamours for gratification. And this refusal to permit the action instigated by wrong desire gradually deprives of all attractive power the objects which erstwhile aroused it. "The objects of sense . . . . turn away from an abstemious dweller in the body."* The desires fade away, starved by lack of satisfaction. Abstention from gratification is a potent means of purification.

There is another means of purification in which the repulsive force of Desire is utilised, as in the contemplation of the ideal the attractive force was evoked. It is useful in extreme cases, in which the lowest desires are tumultuous and insurgent, such desires as lead to the vices of gluttony, drunkenness and profligacy. Sometimes a man finds it impossible to get rid of evil desires, and despite all his efforts his mind yields to their strong impulse, and evil imaginations riot in his brain. He may conquer by apparent yielding, carrying on the evil imaginations to their inevitable results. He pictures himself yielding to the temptations that assail him, and sinking more and more into the grip of the evil that masters him. He follows himself, as he falls deeper and deeper, becoming the helpless slave of his passions. He traces with vivid imagination the stages of his descent, sees his body becoming coarser and coarser, then bloated and diseased. He contemplates the shattered nerves, the loathsome sores, the hideous decay and ruin of the once strong and healthy frame. He fixes his eyes on the dishonoured death, the sad legacy of shameful memory left to relatives and friends. He faces in thought the other side of death, and sees the soil and distortion of his vices pictured in the suffering astral body, and the agony of the craving of desires that may no longer be fulfilled. Resolutely he forces his shrinking thoughts to dwell on this miserable panorama of the triumph of wrong desires, until there rises within him a strong repulsion against them, an intolerable fear and loathing of the result of present yielding.

* *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, ii. 59.

Such a method of purification is like the surgeon's knife, cutting out a cancer which menaces the life, and, like all surgical operations, is to be avoided unless no other means of cure remain. It is better to conquer wrong desire by the attractive force of an ideal, than by the repulsive force of a spectacle of ruin. But where attraction fails to conquer, repulsion may perhaps prevail.

There is also a danger in this latter method, that the coarser matter in the vehicle of Desire is increased by this dwelling in thought on evil, and the struggle is thereby rendered longer than when it is possible to throw the life into good desires and high aspirations. Therefore it is the worse method of the two, only to be accepted when the other is unattainable.

By higher attraction, by repulsion, or by the slow teaching of suffering, Desire must be purified. The "must" is not so much a necessity imposed by an outside Deity, as the imperial command of the Deity within, who will not be denied. With this true Will of the Divinity, who is our Self, all divine forces in nature work, and that divine Self who wills the highest must inevitably in the end subdue all things to himself.

With this triumph comes the ceasing of Desire. For then external objects no longer either attract or repel the outgoing energies of Âtmâ, and these energies are entirely directed by Wisdom, that is, Will has taken the place of Desire. Good and evil are seen as the divine forces that work for evolution, the one as necessary as the other, the one the complement of the other. The good is the force that is to be worked with; the evil is the force that is to be worked against; by the right using of both the powers of the Self are evolved into manifestation.

When the Self has developed the aspect of Wisdom, he looks on the righteous and the wicked, the saint and the sinner, with equal eyes, and is therefore equally ready to help both, to reach out strong hand to either. Desire, which regarded them with attraction and repulsion, as pleasure-giving and pain-giving, has ceased, and Will, which is energy directed by Wisdom, brings fitting aid to both. Thus man rises above the tyranny of the pairs of opposites, and dwells in the Eternal Peace.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE NAZARENE MESSIAH

(*From the "Codex Nasaræus" or "Genzâ"*)

The Supernal Messiah

The Messianic mission is entrusted to the Lord of Life, who speaks as follows:

"In the name of the Sovereign Life!

"I am the magnificent Light, the true Vine, the Vine of all sweetness, stem of a Blessed Root planted by the hands of the Lords.

"They have surrounded me with splendour and this splendour is mine.

"They have given unto me a perfect form.

"They have called me and placed me at the head of my brothers and I have listened to their voices.

"They have given me the companions to serve me and they have unveiled for me the mysteries and the splendour and the light.

"The Lord has called me, and when He had given me His instructions, He placed me in a secret and mysterious place, and He explained all things to me."

The Mystic Baptism of the Lord of Life in the Light World

The Lord of Life speaks:

"And my Father, who causes the stream to arise and the Æon and his image, brought me unto Nituftâ [the hidden mother]; and I, when I beheld her, sang praises and my innermost heart rejoiced.

"And Nituftâ caused me to enter her own hidden dwelling-place, and she showed me that which I had never yet seen. She

baptised me in the seven great interior streams which are beneath the throne; and there is no one who has seen those streams or the pure signs which she named over me (or brought to my remembrance).

"And Nituftâ spoke and said: 'Rejoice and be of good cheer, because of the pure signs and the baptism which I have given you!'

"And I rejoiced before her and prostrated myself in worship.

"And she said to me: 'Go out to your Father, who stands in the streams and is waiting for you.'

"And I came out from the house of Nituftâ, and went to my Father, and descended into that first stream of the Æon and his image.

"And my Father Himself baptised me and named secret [or occult] signs over me, and He baptised me in the 360,000 times 10,000 great streams of crystal water.

"And He baptised also all the Utrâs (Avatâras) who were with me and who lived with me."

The Nature of the Mission

"The Lords have called me from the splendid Abode of the Glory. They have given me instructions, they have given to me the mission of announcing the Word of Life to the generations descended from Adam, to carry light into the world, to go and sow the seed of the Lords, to expand the streams, to refresh the elect plants of the Life, to distribute without measure the celestial waters of wisdom with prudence, the spirit of prayer and good deeds; and to give to men in their turn the mission to announce to the world the Gnosis of Life; to lift up the fallen, to make the crooked ways straight, to proclaim the divine science that the faithful Nazarenes may be strengthened and attain at last the Abode of the Life."

The Appearance of Jesus and his Claims

"At that time the Messiah will be manifested in another form.

"Amuniêl [Emanuel] is his name and he will call himself

'Jesus the Saviour.' In fire is his abode and he appears in a chariot and stands before you and speaks to you.

"And he says: 'I am God, the Son of God whom my Father has sent, I am the first messenger, I am the Lord of Life who has come from the height (of heaven).'

"But believe him not! He is not the Lord of Life; the Lord of Life is not clothed in fire. He will not be manifested in that age at all.

"But Enoch [Anusch] will come and go to Jerusalem. Clothed in a cloud-raiment, like unto a body, he comes, not clothed in a garment of flesh; and hatred and anger are not in him.

"He will come in the time of Pilate, the King of the world.

"Enoch comes into the world with the power of the great Light-King. He heals the sick and opens the eyes of the blind. He cleanses the unclean and lifts up the fallen and those that are outcasts so that they stand. He makes the deaf and dumb to speak and gives life to the dead, and many of the Jews will believe in Him.

"He instructs them concerning life and death, and darkness and light, and error and truth; and He gathers the Jews together again to the name of the high Light-King.

"Three hundred and sixty Prophets will come out from Jerusalem, and they will testify in the name of the Lord of all the Great Ones.

"Then Enoch will ascend and establish the faithful.

"All the Utrâs [Avatâras] are invisible to the eyes of men.

"Then Jerusalem will be laid waste—the place of the Jews. In exile shall they wander and be scattered in all cities. . . .

"But upon every Mandæan who is firm in the faith will I, the Lord of Life, lay my right hand.

"Give ear and listen and learn, O my chosen, and rise up in purity to behold the place of the glory!

"And the Life conquers over all works."

How Jesus divulges the Secret Doctrine

"At that time a child was born, and he was named Jôhannâ, son of the grey-haired father Zakria; he was given to him in his

old age at the age of a hundred years. And his mother Mesbai bore him in her old age.

"When Jôhannâ had grown up in those days in Jerusalem, faith rested in his heart, and he took of the stream for two and forty years before Mercury [Jesus] took to himself a body and came into the world.

"And when Jôhannâ was taking of the stream in Jerusalem and baptising with the baptism, Jesus came to him; he came in humility; he was baptised with the baptism of Jôhannâ and he became wise with the wisdom of Jôhannâ.

"And then he distorted the words of Jôhannâ, and he diverted the baptismal stream, and distorted the true doctrine, and preached lies and deception in the world.

"On that day when the time of Jôhannâ is fulfilled, I [the Lord of Life] shall come in my own Person to him. I shall appear unto Jôhannâ as a Little One of three years and one day, and ask him concerning the baptism and the teaching of his associates.

"Then I shall take him out of his body and raise him up in purity to the world that is pure glory, and baptise him in the crystal stream of the living glittering water.

"And after Jôhannâ the world will be deceived and the Roman Messiah [Jesus] will divide the nations.

"Twelve deceivers will go about the world. For thirty years the Roman will be in the world.

"But when the Master wishes Enoch will appear, and explain the lies of the lying Jesus who made himself look like an angel of light.

"He will say of the Roman Messiah, the son of a woman, who did not come from the Light, that he is one of the Seven Betrayers [Planets] who are in the world and who rule in the spheres.

"He will punish the lying Roman Messiah and by the hands of the Jews he shall be bound; his worshippers will bind him and crucify him and his body will be killed and distributed* among his worshippers. But he himself will be bound on the Mountain of the Lord."

* An allusion to relics (Brandt).

The above extracts from the Codex Nasaræus give the description of the coming of the "Lord of Life" (Mandâ d'Hajjê) in the person of Enoch (Anusch), a Little One of three years and one day, "of royal blood." Now Enoch and Idrîs are both equivalents of Hermes, which is a generic name applied to an initiate. The Arabian historian Masudi says: "Enoch is identical with the prophet Idrîs and the Sabæans assert that he is the same as Hermes. The name of Hermes is Uthârîd (Mercury)." And in another place the same author says: "And the Sabæans say that Orpheus the first and Orpheus the second, who are both identical with Hermes and Agathodæmon, knew the hidden things." (Quoted by Chwolsohn, *Die Ssabier und der Ssabismus*, vol. ii., p. 620.)

The body of this Enoch is a "cloud-body," "like unto a body"; in this resembling the Islâmic Imâms, whose bodies cast no shadows.

Simultaneously with the appearance of this great Light-Messenger, we are told there took place a great and special convocation of evil spirits in Bethlehem, summoned together by the Father of Lies to plot against the power that was coming into the world and overthrow all its work. The seven Planets came hastening to it "with wings on their wheels." Among them was Jesus, who came in the chariot of the planet Mercury or Nebu. He thus learns of the approaching appearance of a Messenger from the celestial regions, and sees the advantage and temporal power which could be gained by claiming to be himself that Great One.

So he goes in feigned humility to the head of a great secret school to be initiated, and learns the secret doctrine; "he is wise with the wisdom of John." He acquires powers which he uses for his own glorification, and goes forth to excite the general public by a few marvels, and bewilder the minds of men by his extraordinary claims and pretensions.

In spite of his disgraceful end, he succeeds in founding a great church and in being called the Messiah of the Romans.

In an interesting book by W. Wrede (*Das Messias-geheimniss in den Evangelien*, Göttingen; 1901), the question is discussed as to whether Jesus really considered himself the Messiah, and

further, whether he ever actually gave himself out as such. In the orthodox idea there are only two alternatives. Either he was the Messiah and therefore spoke the truth, or else he was not and therefore a liar. According to the higher criticism he never *said* he was, but supposing he had been he might have deliberately avoided proclaiming it, knowing that the world always crucifies its saviours. Wrede mentions the dislike of the orthodox party for the Codex Nasaræus and the neglect of it by scholars.

What Jesus *really* was, says Mme. Blavatsky, can be learnt from the *unjust* accusations of the Bardesanian Gnostic, who was, according to her, the author of the Codex Nasaræus or at any rate of portions of it.

Whether the Codex is just or unjust, it at least gives us a unique view of the Messianic problem.

It gives us the presence of a disciple or chelâ—*plus* a great Master—*plus* the Divine Son, the Lord of Life. The mystery of this triple alliance, if one may so describe it, "must remain unsolved to the theologian as well as the physiologist unless the esoteric teachings become the religion of the world" (*Secret Doctrine*, iii. 362).

It introduces the deeper problem of the necessity of a Rakshasa or Avatâr of evil, working *apparently* against all evolution, arousing the passions of men, inflaming their pride and greed of gain and love of temporal power.

Is it possible that the *three* crosses were no accidental combination? A Son of God between two human beings, one *good* and one *bad?*

It is Jesus who with twelve "deceivers" influences Latin Christianity, suggesting the idea of a supreme Pontiff with *temporal* power and the possible dominion of the whole earth. And this, according to the Codex, was and is his appointed work on earth.

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

OF thine own unspoken word thou art master; thy spoken word is master of thee.—INDIAN PROVERB.

SOUND, THE BUILDER

Our Theosophical studies constantly engage us in endeavour to correlate facts derived from two distinct and often opposed methods of science. On the one hand we have record of facts accessible by the exercise of the higher faculties of the Ego, constituting the ancient science, which is verifiable but to few; and on the other hand we have the facts accumulated by ordinary means, constituting the modern science, which is more or less comprehensible to all. The one contacts the causes from which life's experiences proceed, and states the principles upon which the entire gamut of experience may be rationalised; the other tabulates such experiences as are amenable to the methods employed in the hope of discerning the principle which shall satisfactorily explain them. We are baffled both by the inclusiveness of the ancient science which persistently speaks of operations beyond our ken, and by the partiality of the modern science which persistently ignores many experiences that press for investigation; we are told both too much and too little, and are prone, perhaps, to cry for addition to the wrong quantity.

But, from the nature of the case, these converging movements must reach common ground. There must be an overlapping of the lower field of occult explanation with the higher generalisations of modern Science, and this would be more easily recognisable but for the absence of a common vocabulary. As it is, the different terms employed on either side frequently conceal the identity of the phenomena dealt with, and it would appear that our difficulty often arises more from the poverty of our language than from the want of facts recognised by both schools of thought. Many acts of "magic"—"black" or other—are identical with the practices of hypnotists and of those who employ the many "faith" processes in vogue, while the astral faculties and yet higher powers of hyperpromethic and psychorrhagic individuals

are deriving scientific recognition from their hypnagogic, hypnopompic or other necessary classification in Myers' glossary. Something is evidently being done to enable us to talk intelligibly about these matters, and it is to be hoped that the further enrichment of speech will further reduce existing misapprehension.

Many of the statements of occult science, however, are so perfectly clear and definite that one is tempted to look for evidence of their correctness among the recognised facts of the world around us. If such evidence is discoverable, it affords a certain measure of verification which is not without its value to those who have to base their acceptance of occult teaching on considerations of an intellectual nature ; and if we can accumulate reasonably exact correspondences of this kind, bridging the gaps in our knowledge which feel so much like gaps in nature, their running test and warranty must clarify and strengthen the faith that is in us as to much else which we can only hope to verify by direct experience. We may or may not need such props—preferably not ; but they are likewise a preparation for the kind of scrutiny to which Theosophical matters will certainly be subjected, sooner or later, by many minds representative of this so scientific age.

It is of little use to talk of heaven without relating it in some wise to earth, and it is of still less profit to make declaration of causes which are in no traceable correspondence with the world of effects in which we live. It is sometimes implied that the details given to us of the structure and relation of the planes and sub-planes, and of the amazing involution of astral life with worldly experience, and so forth, have but a qualified interest. These matters, nevertheless, bear directly on many of the physical, chemical, psychical, psychological and other problems of the time, and seem likely to be of the closest interest to a human movement which is constantly pressing the questions to which these explanations are the partial, but at present sufficient, answers. Those whose idiosyncrasies lead them along other lines may have little use for these particulars, although the latter provide material which may possibly be necessary to minds of a different type. Maintaining a due sense of proportion, one must see that there is a place for all these records, and that each

contributes something of help to the general understanding of the scheme of things with which it is the special province of Theosophy to deal.

Among the many statements of this character to be met with in our literature we find references to the nature of that primordial energy which first created the material of the highest plane of the manifested universe, endowing it with the initial impress of the divine Life, and thus inaugurated the movement which finally called into existence the system of physical worlds with everything in and upon them. Reference will presently be made to certain details of the explanation which our books afford. But it would scarcely seem probable, on first consideration, that anything so far transcending ordinary human thought and experience should offer itself for rational comparison with the facts of natural science. The subject appears to lie outside the scope of critical examination, and to deal with events so infinitely removed from mundane circumstance as to forbid either terms of exactitude in its interpretation or the hope of finding any but distant analogues in the little we know of physical phenomena.

The present purpose is to suggest, however, that this is by no means the case. If we may judge of causes in the higher realms by their effects in the physical world, the latter appears to furnish abundant evidence that a subject so profound and incomprehensible as the super-physical genesis of all things, is dealt with in our literature with a remarkable precision as to certain particulars.

This genesis is variously referred to in the great religions, mystery-cults and philosophical systems of the world, but always with some more or less definite assertion that the first great creative energy was involved with something of the nature of Sound—that is, that it was, itself, of a Sound-nature. This is variously paraphrased as the "Creative Word," the "Divine Voice," the "Divine Harmony," and similar terms which are constant only in their implying the idea of Sound, and involving this first creative act with a power in the likeness of Sound. The "Logos" or Word carries the same connotation.

A Concordance tells us that ancient Jewish writers of Chaldea used the term "Memra," signifying the Word, where

Moses used the word Jehovah, and that they ascribed to Memra the attributes of Deity in that it was Memra, the Word, which created the world.

In the familiar passage of St. John we again have the Word identified with God in the making of all things.

The Secret Doctrine tells of an ancient Chinese text in which the "Divine Voice" calls forth the female Logos, goddess of the active forces of nature (following in line with the Hindu Vâch) both being the magic potencies of Occult Sound in nature and forms of Âkâsha.

In the Kabalah the Ten Sephiroth (the three and the seven) are spoken of as the ten Words or ten Creative Powers; and Sound, Light and Number are said to be the three great factors of creation.

The mysteries of the Persian Mithras have been explained by Sound-analogies connected with musical considerations, the seven notes of the scale, etc.

The Pythagoreans claimed that the esoteric doctrine of Numbers had been revealed by Celestial Deities. They taught that the world had been called out of chaos by Sound or Harmony and constructed according to principles of musical proportion; and the Planets were said to have a harmonious motion at intervals also corresponding with musical principles.

One need not give further instances. The foregoing bring forward several references, not only to Sound, but to Light, Music, Numbers and Astronomical matters which will presently come under notice from another point of view. All are in substantial agreement in their reference to "the Word which emerges from the Silence, the Voice, the Sound, by which the worlds come into being."

We must now turn to the stately treatment of the theme in the first lecture of *The Evolution of Life and Form*, wherein the interpretation of the Indian scriptures is unfolded. Space does not allow of full quotation of the significant, measured passages giving the particulars which are our next point of interest. But we read that when Îshvara, Centre of all, arises to proclaim a new universe, His Life-Breath falls upon the enveloping Mâyâ, and "as that Breath with its triple vibratory force falls on this

matter, it throws it into three modifications or 'attributes.'" These three fundamental, vibratory qualities of matter—answering to the three fundamental modifications in the consciousness of Îshvara—are the original conditions upon which manifestation depends. "Fundamental, essential, and unchangeable, they are present in every particle of the manifested universe, and according to their combinations is the nature of each particle."

This is as precise as it is far-reaching. Every atom of matter has playing within it three vibratory activities, three vibrations, the various interblendings of which endow the matter with its characteristic properties.

Then, with the *Vishṇu Purâṇa* as text, we further read that the first great vibration which goes forth from Îshvara, the first great utterance of His consciousness, gives rise to what is spoken of as Sound; not sound as we hear it with our ears, but the primordial Sound of which audible sound is but the distant and imperfect physical representative. This primordial Sound, vivifying the unwrought "root of matter," welded it to appropriate Form, and thus brought into manifestation the mighty element of Âkâsha, the activity of which, within ourselves, is associated with our sense of hearing and thus with our appreciation of "objective" sound. The establishing of Âkâsha, its creation, may be taken as the initial movement of what we understand by the manifestation of the worlds. From this foundation arises the structure of the succeeding planes, which involve the original Life Breath in progressively denser and yet denser integration, till the physical world results in dull replica of its source. And it is among the dim evidences of this perfectly real shadow-land that we must find echoes of the mighty Sound that built it—that animates its every particle of matter and moulds its various forms. The original facts must be represented here, though but in effigy.

In the first place we must consider certain particulars connected with sound and its production; not with mere noise—for that would be too circuitous a route to the same end—but with sound, and preferably with a musical sound such as is produced by a vibrating wire or string. If a stretched wire is plucked or struck from its position of rest it swings to and fro in a curve (as

shown by the thick and dotted lines under 1 in the first diagram), and this principal swing produces the atmospheric sound-waves yielding the fundamental note of the wire or string. The pitch of this fundamental note will depend, of course, upon the weight, length and tension of the vibrating wire or string. But, whatever the pitch, the note heard results from sound-waves of a given length having a frequency of a known number per second. We know, however, that stretched wires do not vibrate only in this simple way. When struck they also vibrate in two segments (2 in diagram), the node between which is indicated by a cross-line, and this second swing or curve is involved in and merged with the fundamental swing or curve and modifies its outline. No. 2 movement nevertheless produces its own note, which is the first harmonic of the vibrating wire, and which is the octave of the fundamental because it necessarily has double the frequency and, of course, half the wave-length of No. 1 movement. With this is further implicated a vibration in three segments (3 in diagram), each of which vibrates with three times the frequency, and a vibration in four segments (4 in diagram), with four times the frequency and a quarter the wave-length of the fundamental note. And so on with the long series of segmentations, and of corresponding harmonics, which are known to be involved in the exceedingly complex movement of, say, a vibrating piano-wire.

The richness and quality of a musical note, whatever its pitch, depend largely upon the harmonics accompanying its fundamental tone, and these will vary according to the way and the place in which a wire is struck, a string is plucked or bowed, or an organ-pipe or other wind instrument is blown. But whether we deal with wires or with strings, with bars or tongues or prongs, or with columns of air in organ-pipes, or in brass or reed instruments or what not, the same principle applies: their various sounds are analysed as notes of given pitch with their accompanying harmonics. The diagram shows these inevitable harmonics to result from the vibrations of segments of given relative length, each of which is an actual vibratory unit producing its own audible effect.

On the right of the first diagram these lengths are scaled from the cross-lined nodes under 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. The thick hori-

zontal line at the bottom shows the length of the segment 1 (measuring from the top) and it is marked thick because the fundamental note is usually heard "thick." The second line (marked thinner, heard "thinner") shows the length of the segment of the first harmonic (under 2). The next line marks the length of the segment producing the second harmonic (under 3)—and so on with the lengths of the other segments. A musical sound is thus produced by a graduated series of vibratory units whose lengths follow in precisely calculable order, as in the scale presented. The latter thus indicates conveniently the relation of the physical units involved in the production of a musical sound or note.

The physical factors indicated produce their several audible effects, and the musical note heard is evidently the integration of many constituent sounds. We now want to separate these audible constituents in order to see *their* relation one to another also. In the second diagram these audible constituents are disposed respectively in their proper places in a uniform sound-scale. If C, say, is struck upon a piano, the C wires produce their long series of harmonics as well as their fundamental C. The first harmonic is the next C above (the "corresponding sub-plane"); the second is the next higher G; the third is the next C; the next is E; and then follow G, a flat B♭, C, D, E, a note nearer F♯ than F♮, etc., etc. The spacing of these harmonics in the sound-scale is shown by the horizontal lines on the right and, again, the *audible* constituents of the note fall naturally into a graduated series of items whose positions follow in precisely calculable order, as in the scale presented.

Just as the spacings of these series are harmonic progressions, so are the associated wave-lengths and frequencies reciprocal harmonic number-progressions. In whatever aspect we consider the case, sound is based on number, and the nature of this factor as well as the nature of what is involved in a sound—whether in its physical cause or its audible effect—are sufficiently indicated by the graduated series of lines produced. These are simply sound-spectra, whose "lines" vary according to the sound so analysed, just as the lines of light-spectra vary according to the light analysed by a prism. We have merely applied the principle of spectroscopic analysis to a typical musical note; and just as

the physicist would point to his light-spectrum with its wave-lengths and frequencies as evidencing the nature of light, so may we take our corresponding sound-spectrum with its wave-lengths and frequencies as indicating the nature of sound—this sound being the representative of the primordial Sound which wrought and moulded all. If, then, we find in other departments of nature vibrations and spacings and number-progressions of this general order, we may fairly describe them as being in the likeness of sound and as according with what we are told of the work of the great Âkâshic Sound.

We can now turn to the third diagram, the upper band of which shews the spectrum of the gases obtained from the mineral Cleveite. The lines are here shewn white, but as they are scattered over the whole length of the visible spectrum they are of all hues, from Red at the left end to Violet at the right. The scale of wave-lengths is noted above in hundreds of tenth-mètres, from long Red waves of 7,400 to short waves of 2,600 tenth-mètres, which latter are far beyond the visible limit, in the ultra-Violet, and therefore recorded photographically.

Whatever light these gases yield, when incandescent, is here analysed, and its ingredients are disposed in their proper places in a uniform light-scale* in which each line is known by the number indicating its wave-length. It was first thought that the substance giving this complex spectrum of lines of all degrees of thickness was a single chemical element; but it was later found to consist of two different gases, named Helium and Asterium, and that the spectrum shewn is thus an integration of the lines of both.

When, however, the spectrum of, say, Helium was separately examined it was found that its apparently "higgledy-piggledy" array of lines was really an integration of three beautifully symmetric "series." These are next shewn in the third diagram, and each single line is readily identifiable in the Cleveite spectrum above. The Helium spectrum itself would be shewn by pro-

* It should be noted that this is a *diffraction* spectrum (obtained by reflection from a finely-lined polished surface, exemplified by the iridescence of mother-o'-pearl) which disposes the colours Red, Orange, Yellow, etc., evenly spaced. We shall have specially to consider the fact that a *prismatic* spectrum (obtained by passing the light *through* a prism of translucent material) does not dispose the colours in an even, but in a graduated spacing.

ducing all the lines of its series II. and III. in the spaces between the lines of its series I. But each series of lines, separately considered, is represented by a series of numbers whose progressions have provided the basis upon which spectroscopic evidence is now subjected to mathematical investigations of the very highest order of interest—investigations which, applied to stellar spectroscopy, bid fair to revolutionise our concepts of the universe itself. As the spectrum of Helium may, for present purposes, be taken as typical, it is interesting to note that each series of lines appears to represent a unit of some kind within the chemical atom and thus to be telling us something of the constitution, make-up or structure of these atoms. In this view the conformity of the three series of Helium with our graduated sound-series is noteworthy. Helium atoms must have at least three constituents, each of which is a complex of many vibratory units. The first series is, as it were, a light-note with the long-wave fundamental thick and the graduated harmonics thinning as they approximate higher in the scale. The second is a feebler note of lower pitch, also with its graduated harmonic "overtones." The third and weakest series has a fundamental of still lower pitch and, correspondingly, feebler harmonics. They are notes not only of different strength and of different pitch, but also of different quality; and in every essential they reproduce in terms of light exactly the features which we find to be characteristic of sound.

These three vibrating "notes" are telling us of the structure of the atoms and of the pulsing Life within them. It was the triple Sound that called them forth and they can, in truth, but sing it. Each kind sings its own chord and sings in its proper voice; and this mystic, unheard chanting is all we know as light. Asterium sounds another chord, different, as we see in the diagram, both in the pitch and in the intervals of its notes. Hydrogen has its three notes, different from others' singing, and so have Lithium, Sodium, Selenium and other of the chemist's elements.* With others we have only been able, so far, to classify the lines of two notes. With yet other elements only

* Oxygen is a curious exception. Its spectrum produces *six* "series" and still leaves unappropriated more lines than these series include. In "Occult Chemistry" its atoms break up into two very similar bodies on E_4.

one harmonic series can be shewn; and with some none. Exceedingly high temperatures and enormous dispersion are often required in order to resolve the spectra into "series," and the work is by no means complete. Enough, however, has been done to shew that this triple sound—a veritable Voice of the Silence—lies at the root of inorganic evolution, and these light-harmonics proclaim that all is founded on Number, as was told in the Kabalah before spectroscopes were dreamt of.

In earlier articles we referred to the typical qualities of Mendelejeff's vertical groups. This "series" evidence shews that likenesses can be traced in the "notes" of the elements of each group. Therefore, truly, according to the combination of these "notes" is the nature of each particle. All the properties of things are but muffled utterances of the Sound that made them.

G. DYNE.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

VICARIOUS SUFFERING

THERE are probably few thoughtful members of the Theosophical Society who have not thought much over this subject, and tried to find its reconciliation with the Law of Karma. The writer of the article in the June number of this REVIEW seems to me to have struck the key-note of the problem in the two points on which most stress is laid, that man is not a "separated and separable unit," and that the "penalty of our evil-doing" is not necessarily "an unalterable quantity." It is on these lines that I propose to add a few thoughts which may possibly help to fill in some of the details.

I think many of our difficulties with regard to the Law of Karma spring from our regarding the even balance of wrong-doing and suffering on the one hand, and of right-doing and happiness on the other, as the *end*, instead of merely as the *means* to an end. As far as I can understand, the aim of the Law seems to be twofold; first, to maintain equilibrium in the sum total of this manifested universe, and second, to lead each

individual unit of consciousness to the point where it shall come into harmony with the whole, and, recognising the divine purpose running throughout, shall act in accordance with that purpose, and not with its own separated, individual will; in other words, that it shall realise the unity of all life. The retributive aspect of karma, which to some students is the one most emphasised, seems to be connected with the first purpose; its aspect as a disciplinary and evolutionary force with the second purpose.

Now we are told that the course of evolution may be compared with the arc of a circle, during the first or descending half of which there is a gradual increase of separateness, each ray of consciousness being differentiated from all other rays by sheaths of gradually increasing density until a strong individual consciousness is established; the second half consisting of the realisation of unity by the gradual transcending of the sheaths, until the latter become responsive vehicles for the expression of the life, instead of limiting sheaths, confining and restricting its activity. (We need not, of course, concern ourselves with evolution as a whole, but confine our attention to that part of it which relates to humanity.) As pointed out in the article above quoted, this view explains how, on the higher planes of being, vicarious suffering is perfectly compatible with justice, because there "the karma of the one is seen to be the karma of the all, and the karma of the all the karma of the one." But there still remains the difficulty of applying this to the lower planes, to karma and vicarious suffering "so far as the individuality and personality are concerned."

The answer suggested to this seems to me to be reducible to a simple statement of fact; that mercy and justice are not found to be incompatible in our ordinary life as between man and man, why then should they be so as between the great Teachers or Saviours and man, or between God and man? But to me there seems a weak point in this argument: *human* justice is based on conventional and more or less arbitrary principles; *divine* justice can be nothing else than the expression of the working of a law which is perfect because divine. Is it not the imperfection of our human justice which makes it not only possible, but even right, that it should at times be set aside for the sake of the

higher principle of love, showing itself as mercy? Is it not because human justice and mercy are opposed to each other, or are at least not necessarily in harmony?

In divine justice there is no imperfection; therefore it cannot be set aside for some higher law. There is, in fact, no higher law; for surely all divine, that is, natural laws, are but the varying expressions of one law, and therefore each must be the complement of the others. Divine justice, therefore, can in no way be contravened, and, unless we can satisfy ourselves that justice and mercy are in reality one, then I do not see how we can hope to reconcile vicarious suffering with the Law of Karma. But I think we can satisfy ourselves as to their essential unity, in the light of the twofold aim of the Law to which I have referred. For what is justice, save the maintenance of equilibrium in the sum total of the universe, and also in the course of evolution of each apparently separate unit? While mercy is one expression of the striving after unity, of its partial realisation.

In the objection suggested against the bearing of the sufferings of another "so far as his individuality and personality are concerned," there is another point which is at least open to question. It seems to be tacitly assumed that our individualities and personalities are really separate from one another, though the self is one. But is this so? I think not necessarily or entirely.

In the first place there is a constant interchange of matter amongst the various individual forms, physical, astral, and mental; and as we are told that the characteristics of the life are impressed on the matter through which it acts, it seems more than possible that we may be sharing one another's karma even through our lower bodies. It is true that as the forms are built and renewed, it is the matter which is most closely related to the characteristics of the life that is utilised, and this will set up certain lines of division, so that the interchange of matter will probably take place chiefly between those who are somewhat similar in character and in development; and so we shall share the karma chiefly of those who are most similar to ourselves. There will be here no violation of even the most elementary and crude conception of kârmic justice, for we shall ourselves, by

our thoughts and deeds, determine with whom and to what extent this interchange shall take place. As we advance in growth, also, will not the matter of our three lower bodies become more and more varied, more and more complex, able to respond to a greater and greater range of vibrations? Hence, though by its purity and increased sensitiveness we shall in certain directions be more restricted in the sphere of interchange, if the expression may be allowed, yet, owing to its greater variety, we shall find that sphere expanded in other directions; we shall be able to help humanity more and more by means of the matter of our bodies, though at the same time the less developed will be shut out by their own lack of purity from taking advantage of this help. This, however, though perhaps an interesting line of thought to some, does not bear directly on the doctrine of vicarious suffering; it only supports it indirectly by tending to show that even on the lower planes the karma of the one is, to a limited extent, the karma of the all.

A second suggestion, which brings us a little nearer to our line of argument, is that karma as affecting the forms is a very secondary matter; it is the life, the consciousness, which is primarily affected. The question, then, as to whether our karma can be regarded as a separated thing, "cut off from that of the rest of the world," or not, depends not on the existence of the lower sheaths, but on the extent to which we identify ourselves with them. We may be intellectually convinced that we are neither our bodies, our minds, nor even our individualities; but so long as we make the advantage of our own personality or individuality the main aim of our life, we are in reality identifying ourselves with one or another of our sheaths. So long as we do this with regard to any sheath on the three lower planes, including of course the causal body, the subtlest of the separating sheaths, we are isolating ourselves from the rest of the world, shutting ourselves up, so to speak, in a narrow channel, and it will be within its boundaries that our karma must work itself out. For this sheath constitutes a barrier, preventing a perfectly free interplay of activity between ourselves and others.

We might perhaps figure it thus. We have closed ourselves in with a wall which, though not dense, is yet rigid almost to

impenetrability; whatever vibrations go out from us will rebound upon us, thrown back by this enclosing wall, in so far as they are the result of our desires for the separated self. They will affect others, it is true, for the wall is not perfectly rigid, and thus will itself vibrate and transmit its vibrations to the similar enclosing walls of others, from which they will again be in part reflected back to their source. There can be nothing of the nature of vicarious suffering here; each must bear his own pain, enjoy his own joy, for the life is cribbed within this wall, and the only possible interchange is from form to form, not from life to life. Justice is maintained by means of the equilibrium of the separated unit within the form, and of the equilibrium of the forms; there is yet no question of maintaining equilibrium in the life as a whole. The requirements of discipline and training are met by the rigid working of the law within these limits; so that the full suffering for wrong-doing comes upon each, and by means of it he learns to discriminate more closely between good and evil, and finds that the greatest enjoyment comes when the separated self is least predominant.

He is as yet in the stage where the law of growth is the struggle for existence; to him, if the truth underlying the facts of vicarious suffering is presented, it will be degraded into the popular crude form of the Christian doctrine of vicarious atonement, and will become to him an excuse for persistence in evil and selfishness, rather than an inspiration to right living and an impulse to purer and more unselfish aspirations. But as he begins to act unselfishly, even though his motive at first may be selfish, he begins to experience a deeper and more lasting happiness and then comes the first true effort to pour out his life for the sake of others. He now begins to love, I do not mean love in the lower sense, but the love which seeks only to give, not to get. At first his love is very feeble, there is but a faint trace of true unselfishness in it, but feeble as it is it makes the first little breach in the wall which is closing him in. Then it becomes possible for the helpers of humanity to pour a little of their life and strength into him; his growth is greatly accelerated, and his power of love grows greater and greater. He has indeed had his first glimpse of what is meant by unity, and has thereby

brought himself into touch with the universal life; he is no longer flowing along an isolated channel, he is beginning to identify himself with the whole.

This forward step in his own growth brings him within the range of the law of vicarious suffering. Up till now there has been the strictest justice, prompted, it is true, by the divine love, for is there anything in this universe which is not prompted by love? But the love has been hidden, just as are the springs of a watch; and we, who are foolish and ignorant, would say, looking at this aspect of life, that there is no such thing as mercy, there is nothing but a stern relentless law. Those who are wiser, however, see the hidden love, and know that the very relentlessness is the truest mercy. But now there is a change; the relentlessness is no longer necessary; the change in his own attitude brings about a change in the method of working of the law. It is not that the law has changed or been suspended; its mode of activity has been modified to suit the altered circumstances of the case, but it is still the same law at work with the same twofold aim.

Suppose then that an individual at this stage has been guilty of some wrong. He has thereby disturbed the equilibrium of the whole. Formerly this could be restored only by the reaction of suffering on himself, because he was isolating himself; now, because he has put himself in touch with the whole, equilibrium may be maintained by a reaction, possibly of a different character, on some other part of the whole. If a solid body is thrown out of position by some pressure, is given a list to one side, the balance may be restored by an opposite pressure on the same part; but it may equally be restored by a pressure on some other part, if the direction and intensity of it be rightly regulated. It is the continuity of the matter of the body which makes this possible; and the individual we are considering has begun to make his consciousness continuous with that of the whole, and subordinate his sheaths to the life; so why may not the same law apply here? Equilibrium will be maintained thereby in the whole; and he has reached the stage in his evolution where he begins to share *on all planes* in the equilibrium of the whole.

But how about the disciplinary action of the law? If another bear his suffering, or a part of it, how will he learn his lesson, how will he be cured of that impulse which has caused the wrong-doing? Is not all wrong-doing the result of an absence of harmonious relations with others? If then this harmonious relation be established, will not the law be satisfied equally whether it be by his own suffering of pain, which *drives* him into harmony, or by the outpouring of love, gratitude and reverence to the one who has taken his suffering upon himself, which gently but most surely *draws* him into harmony?

This seems to me the reconciliation of these apparently contradictory principles. The purpose of life is not that the law shall work along one particular line to the exclusion of all others, but that the purpose of the law may be attained along *any* most suitable line. The individual is in fact passing out of the range of the law of conflict, and coming within the range of the law of sacrifice and love; these two being the two sides of the Law of Karma. This truth has been sensed by Huxley when he points out that the law of the struggle for existence which prevails during the earlier stages, gives place in the later stages to the law of sacrifice; and when he says that while at first it is the physically fit who survive, it is afterwards the morally fit, in other words, the unselfish.

This change is of course the result of a gradual growth; we cannot draw a hard line of demarcation and say that at this particular point an individual passes from the lower law to the higher; it is rather that the lower gradually ceases to control him and the higher slowly asserts its sway; so he is for a long time in a transitional stage between the two. Therefore it is that we can see the application of the principle of vicarious suffering to a certain limited extent even in our everyday life. If a poor beggar who has only a crust of bread gives it away to one yet poorer and hungrier than himself, choosing to go hungry in order to save another a little suffering, is not that a case of vicarious suffering on a very small scale? But we shall none of us say that karma is thereby interfered with. It is because he has felt himself, however dimly, and perhaps unconsciously to his *brain*-consciousness, as if one with his fellow-sufferer, that he

has been prompted thus to take the latter's suffering upon himself. By this act he has brought himself to some extent under the higher law, and the outflow of goodwill which accompanies it gives far more real relief than the bread itself. The impulse of friendly gratitude which the recipient will almost inevitably feel will bring him also to a certain extent under the higher law, and will lessen the karma of which his hunger is the effect, by establishing a harmonious relation between the two which may be the germ of a much stronger feeling of unity on both sides later on. If the action be done without this feeling of unity, no good will be done to either, none of the karma will be lifted, and the beggar might as well have eaten his crust himself.

I am afraid it is thus with much of our so-called charity; when done merely because it is the "proper thing to do," or because we do not wish to be thought uncharitable, it adds nothing to the feeling of harmony and unity and is practically worthless. But if done because we recognise in the object of our charity the same Self that we believe to be ourself, then we are on a small scale acting up to the principle of vicarious suffering. Or if we meet someone who is suffering from some mental trouble, where we can give no outside help, does not the very feeling of sympathy, which is in truth nothing else than a partial realisation of unity, soothe and comfort, so that the sufferer feels that a part of his trouble is actually removed? Mere words of comfort are valueless, but a heart-felt sympathy, even though unexpressed, eases the pain more than aught else. In all such cases the condition for the removal of pain is the inner feeling of unity, even though it may be but very dimly and partially recognised by the personal consciousness.

There is thus a condition under which alone it becomes possible for a Saviour to take upon Himself the suffering of others; and this is that they, by their own growth, make it possible; that they bring themselves into sufficiently close touch with Him to begin to feel even though it be but a faint reflection of the unity which He has realised. And so in Christianity we are plainly taught that it is not all whom Christ can save, whose sufferings He can take upon Himself; it is only those who "believe on Him," not with a mere lip-belief which means

nothing, but with the belief of the soul which will be a transforming power in the life. Such a belief will bring with it an outpouring of devotion which will show itself not only in love and service to Christ Himself, but also in an effort to take a share, however small and humble, in His work of helping the world; so that the apparently "unearned increment" of happiness that is enjoyed by the believer will be compensated by the happiness he spreads around him through his efforts to bear the burdens of others. In other religions we find the same teaching and the same condition; it is only by devotion that the "burning up" of karma becomes possible. Here then justice and mercy both merge themselves in that law of love of which each is a partial expression, and the law of vicarious suffering is seen to be only a special aspect of the Law of Karma, applied to certain stages in evolution.

If these thoughts be true, what an atmosphere of joy and peace spreads through our lives! We no longer feel weighed down and overpowered by the heavy burden of karma; for how can we centre our thoughts on our own little separated selves when we have once caught a glimpse of this solidarity of existence? Rather do we seek to pour ourselves out at the feet of Those whose hands are lifting the heavy karma of the world, not saying with the Christian disciple, "Thou shalt not wash *my* feet, Lord," but rather saying:—If suffering comes as the payment of my penalty, I will not murmur, for by it I shall be purified; but if Thou seest fit to lift any of my karma from my shoulders, it shall then be the fire of love and devotion that shall purify me and make me stronger and more fit to share in the bearing of the burdens of the world.

Surely one who can thus lift the karma of another must be full of joyousness. I have often thought that the teaching which represents the Christ as a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," is only half of the truth; He must surely have been at the same time full of joy and peace, for He knew the meaning of pain, and knew just when and how He could take it away from the sufferer. His very presence must surely have brought sunshine with it, a sunshine of such sweetness and purity that in His presence sorrow and pain could not but melt away. It is as

we begin to realise these thoughts that we feel how true are the words of the poet, when he said :

> The Soul of Things is sweet,
> The Heart of Being is celestial rest.

And again :

> Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
> Which none at last can turn aside or stay ;
> The heart of it is Love, the end of it
> Is Peace and Consummation sweet.

LILIAN EDGER.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

The Laws of the Higher Life : Three Lectures delivered at the Twelfth Annual Section of the Indian Section. By Annie Besant. (Benares : Theosophical Publishing Society ; 1903. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*)

YEAR by year the greatest of our lecturers delivers a series of instructive addresses at the annual meeting of our brethren in India, and these constitute the main spiritual interest of the gathering. The last set of these Indian addresses lies now before us and are on the ever inexhaustible subject of the Higher Life. Under this general heading Mrs. Besant treats of—i. "The Larger Consciousness" ; ii. "The Law of Duty" ; iii. "The Law of Sacrifice."

In her opening address our colleague first sets forth what she means by Law. It is not a command, like the law of man ; it is rather a statement : "If such and such conditions are present, such and such results will happen" ; it is "a statement of conditions, of invariable sequences, of inviolable, unbreakable happenings." Next we have a very clear and logical demonstration that there is a larger consciousness than that which we call the waking consciousness of man, and the views of modern scientific investigation and the theories of ancient Indian psychology are contrasted and the latter shown to complement and rectify the former.

It is, however, when we come to the second lecture that Mrs. Besant is most strenuous; most useful of all is her definition of what she means by the term "spiritual," and we could wish that this meaning might be adopted by all Theosophical writers, so that at any rate among ourselves the confusion of thought about this term should be removed. What then do we mean by "spiritual"? asks Mrs. Besant, and replies:

"All manifestations of the Higher Life as thus defined are not necessarily spiritual. We must separate, in our thought, the form in which Consciousness is embodied and the Consciousness itself. Nothing that is of the form is spiritual in its nature. The life of form on every plane belongs to the prâkṛitic manifestation, and not to the spiritual. The manifestation of the life in form may be on the astral plane, or on the mânasic plane, but it is no more spiritual there than it is on the physical plane. Everywhere the prâkṛitic manifestation is purely phenomenal, and *nothing that is phenomenal can be said to be spiritual* [the italics mine—G. R. S. M.]. That is a matter to be remembered. Otherwise we shall blunder sorely in our studies, and we shall not choose rightly the means by which the spiritual is to evolve. It matters not whether the life of form be lived on a lower or a higher plane—stone, vegetable, animal, man or Deva. In so far as it is prâkṛitic, phenomenal, in its nature, it has nothing to do with that which can claim the name of the Spiritual. A man may develop astral or mânasic Siddhis, he may possess an eye that can see far into space, far abroad over the universe, he may hear the singing of the Devas and listen to the chanting in Svarga, but all that is phenomenal, all that is transitory. The Spiritual and the Eternal is not of the life of form.

"What then is the Spiritual? It is alone the life of the Consciousness which recognises Unity, which sees one Self in everything and everything in the Self. The spiritual life is the life which, looking into the infinite number of phenomena, pierces through the veil of Mâyâ and sees the One and the Eternal within each changing form. To know the Self, to love the Self, to realise the Self, that and that alone is Spirituality, even as to see the Self everywhere alone is Wisdom."

After a lucid explanation of the Law of Duty, the conscious striving for union with this Life of the Spirit is admirably set forth in the third lecture on the Law of Sacrifice, the key-note of which is in the pregnant sentence; "The world is bound by karma, by action, save

that action which is sacrifice." The introduction is perhaps more understandable by the special audience to which it was addressed than by the general reader; but we soon come to what all can follow, and even with regard to the consummation, there are not a few in the Theosophical Society in the West who have realised in some dim measure the pain of treading this path and the despair that inevitably comes to the man who, as Mrs. Besant puts it, "seems to have wearied of the Law of Duty; and has not yet seen the heart of the Law of Sacrifice."

Concerning this "dark night of the soul," Mrs. Besant eloquently exclaims: "Fear not, O trembling soul, when the moment of utmost isolation cometh. Fear not to lose touch with the transitory, ere thou findest touch with the Eternal. Listen to those who have felt the same isolation, but who have passed beyond, who have found the seeming void to be a veritable fulness; hear them proclaiming the Law of Life, upon which thou hast now to enter: 'He that loveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life shall find it unto Life Eternal.' . . . .

"None but those who have felt it may know the horror of that great emptiness, where the world of form has vanished, but where the life of the Spirit is not yet felt. But there is no other way between the life in form and the life in Spirit. There between them stretches the gulf which must be crossed; and, strange as it may seem, it is in the moment of uttermost isolation, when the man is thrown back into himself, and there is nothing around him but the silent void, it is then that from out that nothingness of being the Eternal Being arises; and he who dared to spring from the foothold of the temporal finds himself on the sure rock of the Eternal.

"Such is the experience of all those who in the past have reached the spiritual life."

There is much else to notice in these stirring lectures, but space does not permit; nevertheless we cannot refrain from concluding with a fine prayer, quoted by Mrs. Besant:

"Send down yet again Thy flames to burn out everything that obstructs the vision, all dross that is mixed with the pure gold; burn Thou, O Radiant One, till we come out from the fire as pure and refined gold, whence all impurities have vanished."

G. R. S. M.

A New View of Ancient Indian History

Buddhist India. By T. W. Rhys Davids, LL.D., Ph.D. (London : T. Fisher Unwin ; 1903. Price 5*s*.)

The last volume of the series "The Story of the Nations," is a distinctly novel and vigorous piece of work. Professor Rhys Davids is of opinion that the Brâhmin priestly point of view of ancient Indian story, which was found in exclusive possession of the field when Europeans entered India, has now had sufficient homage paid to it, and that it is high time for Western Orientalists to search out the actual historical facts of the case for themselves. The best corrective to exclusive Brâhmanical representations, to all that handing on of ancient tradition in the form of a special priestly view, which is traditionally held to be the only legitimate historical view of ancient India, Professor Rhys Davids finds in the Buddhist ancient writings and chronicles, and he claims for his revolutionary work the distinction of being the first attempt to describe ancient India, during the period of Buddhist ascendancy (*i.e.*, from about 500 B.C. to 400 A.D.), "from the point of view, not so much of the brahmin, as of the rajput."

Our veteran Pâliist is quite aware that by conservatives his daring innovation will be vigorously anathematised ; why should any attention be paid to what the heretics of Buddhists have to say, when the matter has been so excellently set forth by such familiar authorities as Manu and the Great Bhârata !

To those who hold such sentiments he replies that he is not the first guilty one. "People who found coins and inscriptions have not been deterred from considering them seriously because they fitted very badly with the brahmin theories of caste and history. The matter has gone too far, these theories have been already too much shaken, for anyone to hesitate before using every available evidence. The evidence here collected, a good deal of it for the first time, is necessarily imperfect ; but it seems often to be so suggestive, to throw so much light on points hitherto dark, or even unsuspected, that the trouble of collecting it is, so far at least, fairly justified. Any words, however, are, I am afraid, of little avail against such sentiments. Wherever they exist the inevitable tendency is to dispute the evidence, and to turn a deaf ear to the conclusions. And there is, perhaps, after all, but one course open, and that is to declare war, always with the deepest respect for those who hold them, against such views. The views are wrong. They are not compatible with historical

methods, and the next generation will see them, and the writings that are, unconsciously, perhaps, animated by them, forgotten."

It is, of course, a matter of no surprise for the practised student of history to learn that the traditional view must be modified before the modern critical method, even though that traditional view should be as strongly fenced round as it is in Brâhmanical literature; but lest Professor Rhys Davids should be misunderstood by some of our readers owing to the difficulty of accurately summarising his position in a sentence, we will let him speak for himself in two paragraphs (pp. 158-160) where he gives the pith of his argument.

"This rapid sketch of the general history of language and literature in India is enough to show that there also, precisely as in Europe, a dominant factor in the story is the contest between the temporal and spiritual powers. Guelph and Ghibelin, priest and noble, rajput and brahmin, these are the contending forces. From India we have had hitherto only that version of the long war, of its causes and its consequences, which has been preserved by the priestly faction. They make out that they were throughout the leading party. Perhaps so. But it is well to consider also the other side; and not to forget the gravity of the error we should commit if we should happen, in reliance on the priestly books, to antedate, by about a thousand years, the victory of the priests; to suppose, in other words, that the condition of things was the same at the beginning of the struggle as it was at the end.

"It is difficult to avoid being misunderstood. So I would repeat that the priests were always there, were always militant, were always a power. Many of them were learned. A few of them, seldom the learned ones, were wealthy. All of them, even those neither learned nor wealthy, had a distinct prestige. There was never wanting among them a minority distinguished, and rightly distinguished, for earnestness or for intellectual power, or for both. This minority contributed largely to the influence of forward movements both in philosophy and in ethics. Certain members of it were famous as leaders, not only in the brahmin schools, but also among the Wanderers. Even among the Jains and Buddhists a minority of the most influential men were brahmins. But it is a question of degree. Their own later books persistently exaggerate, misstate, above all (that most successful method of *suggestio falsi*) omit the other side. They have thus given a completely distorted view of Indian society; and of the place, in it, of the priests. They were not the only learned, or

the only intellectual men, any more than they were the only wealthy ones. The religion and customs recorded in their books were not, at any period, the sole religion, or the only customs, of the many peoples of India. The intellectual movement before the rise of Buddhism was in large measure a lay movement, not a priestly one. During the subsequent centuries, down to the Christian era, and beyond it, the priests were left high and dry by the vigorous current of the national aims and hopes. Even later than that how different is the colouring of the picture drawn by the Chinese pilgrims from that of the priestly artists. And we shall continue to have but a blurred and confused idea of Indian history unless, and until, the priestly views are checked and supplemented throughout by a just and proportionate use of the other view now open to research."

It would be too long to follow our historian along the very numerous new traces which his long familiarity with Pâli literature has enabled him to discover; it is all throughout exceedingly interesting and instructive, and though we are always willing to break a lance with our author over his too great contempt for "animism" (as though a man had to apologise for so low down a notion as the belief in a soul!), and his cavalier treatment of the pre-Buddhistic Upaniṣhads, we are his most cordial well-wishers in his search for truer values in appraising traditional history. Myth, mysticism, and mystery are mainly psychic and psychological, whereas history in its strictest sense is purely physical. The spiritual content of Indian literature, all that superabundant treasure of soul-history, is an element that must be as strictly kept apart from history proper, as we keep apart the spiritual and moral contents of the Bible from the purely physical problem of the "historicity" of its narratives. On purely objective grounds, therefore, we cordially recommend this well-printed and well-illustrated volume to all who are anxious to obtain a better comprehension of some of the primary values of Indian history and literature. It is a valuable piece of work, and the "Rajput" view of Indian tradition put forward by Dr. Rhys Davids marks a new departure in what has hitherto been one of the most difficult subjects of historical study, and especially deserves the closest attention of those who are so deeply interested in India as members of the Theosophical Society.

G. R. S. M.

CUMONT'S "MYSTERIES OF MITHRA" IN ENGLISH

The Mysteries of Mithra. By Franz Cumont. Translated from the Second Revised French Edition by Thomas J. McCormack. (London: Kegan Paul; 1903. Price 6*s.* 6*d.* net.)

IT is a useful thing to have put the pith of Cumont's monumental work into English. It is of course not for the student that this has been done, but for the general reader, who is not distressed by an absence of notes and dissertations, and texts, and the rest of the *apparatus* so dear to the heart of the critic and historian. It is, however, just this careful marshalling of material which has made Cumont's work so justly famous. In his second volume (which, however, was published first) our laborious Ghent professor had gathered together and reproduced every scrap of evidence, monument, inscription, or text so far procurable; so that whether his treatment of this material be finally accepted in all its details or not, the first-hand worker will ever owe him a deep debt of gratitude for setting forth all the evidence extant in fair array within two covers. This is a most excellent example; if only this could be done for all similar subjects, how much more easy would be the task of the general scholar of the comparative science of religion, and how much saner would be his appreciation of values. For instance, how readily is much of the chaff of the encyclopædic nonsense which has been written on the first philosophers of Greece separated out, when one sees objectively before one the very small collection of authentic fragments of these ancient worthies.

But to return to the translation of the body of the text of Cumont's introduction and essay; Mr. McCormack has done his work well, and seeing the ever-growing general interest in such subjects his translation will doubtless have as many readers as Cumont's original, which is incomparably by far the best work which has ever appeared on the greatest rival of Christianity in the Græco-Roman world. It is true that we are still in ignorance, and probably shall ever remain in ignorance objectively, of the precise forms of initiation and the innermost doctrines of the Mithraic adepts; but there is sufficient evidence from which to reconstruct much of great interest and many of the general dogmas.

Of what deep interest this fascinating subject is to Theosophical students of Christian origins and of the evolution of Christian dogmatics may be seen from the following summary of Cumont, a

statement of fact all the more important when we remember that Mithraicism developed in the Empire side by side with the religion of the Christ, and that for long the victory hung in the balance.

"The struggle between the two rival religions was the more stubborn as their characters were the more alike. The adepts of both formed secret conventicles, closely united, the members of which gave themselves the name of 'Brothers.' The rites which they practised offered numerous analogies. The sectaries of the Persian god, like the Christians, purified themselves by baptism; received, by a species of confirmation, the power necessary to combat the spirits of evil; and expected from a Lord's Supper salvation of body and soul. Like the latter they also held Sunday sacred, and celebrated the birth of the Sun on the 25th of December, the same day on which Christmas has been celebrated, since the fourth century at least. They both preached a categorical system of ethics, regarded asceticism as meritorious, and counted among their principal virtues abstinence and continence, renunciation and self-control. Their conceptions of the world and of the destiny of man were similar. They both admitted the existence of a Heaven inhabited by beatified ones, situate in the upper regions, and of a Hell peopled by demons, situate in the bowels of the earth. They both placed a Flood at the beginning of history; they both assigned as the source of their traditions a primitive revelation; they both, finally, believed in the immortality of the soul, in a last judgment, and in a final conflagration of the universe.

"We have seen that the theology of the Mysteries made of Mithra a 'mediator' equivalent to the Alexandrian Logos. Like him, Christ also was a μέσιτης, an intermediary between his celestial father and men, and like him he also was one of a trinity. These resemblances were certainly not the only ones that pagan exegesis established between the two religions, and the figure of the tauroctonous god reluctantly immolating his victim that he might create and save the human race, was certainly compared to the picture of the redeemer sacrificing his own person for the salvation of the world. . . .

"The resemblances between the two hostile churches were so striking as to impress even the minds of antiquity. From the third century, the Greek philosophers were wont to draw parallels between the Persian Mysteries and Christianity which were evidently entirely in favour of the former. The Apologists also dwelt on the analogies between the two religions, and explained them as a Satanic travesty of the holiest rites of their religion. If the polemical works of the

Mithraists had been preserved, we should doubtless have heard the same accusation hurled back upon their Christian adversaries.

"We cannot presume to unravel to-day a question which divided contemporaries and which doubtless for ever remains insoluble. We are too imperfectly acquainted with the dogmas and liturgies of Roman Mazdaism, as well as with the development of primitive Christianity, to say definitely what mutual influences were operative in their simultaneous evolution. But be this as it may, resemblances do not necessarily suppose an imitation. Many correspondences between the Mithraic doctrine and the Catholic faith are explicable by their common Oriental origin. Nevertheless, certain ideas and certain ceremonies must necessarily have passed from the one cult to the other; but in the majority of cases we rather suspect this transference than clearly perceive it."

As to why mainly Christianity triumphed, Cumont is of opinion that Mithraicism was too exclusively a masculine religion, the religion of the soldier, and also too tolerant of the traditional forms of paganism; Christianity, on the contrary, admitted women to a share in the mysteries of the faith, and declared war on every form of tradition but the Jewish. It was, therefore, according to Cumont, a survival of the fittest. Christianity undoubtedly survived, but why it survived in the forms in which it has hitherto survived, is one of the greatest mysteries of the age, and so far no one has rightly read the riddle.

But we must close this notice in fear lest we should be tempted to run off into a thousand and one interesting considerations concerning the tradition of Mazdaism in the West; it is, moreover, not the least service that Cumont has rendered, that he has rescued the tradition of the great religion of the Iranian race from the danger of being entirely monopolised by the study of its Zendic form, and we most cordially recommend the perusal of this remarkable monument of patient research to our Parsee brethren, so that they may become acquainted with a potent form of their ancestral faith which, for all we know, may, when critically treated, be shown to have preserved as authentic a doctrine as that which has come down to them in the Avestan and Pehlavi texts.

G. R. S. M.

SCHURÉ'S "VIE DE JÉSUS"

Jesus the Last Great Initiate. By Edouard Schuré. Translated by F. Rothwell, B.A. (London: Wellby; 1903. Price 2*s.* net.)

IT is somewhat difficult to make a critical notice of Schuré's graceful sketch, now excellently rendered into English by Mr. Rothwell, and this mainly because it is written from what is now familiar to us as the theosophical standpoint. The general point of view is our own, and therefore our readers will peruse this small volume with great pleasure and interest; but when we come to appreciate the value of the work in detail we are somewhat at a loss, for though it would be a simple matter to raise a number of difficult questions on what M. Schuré puts forward as the historical setting of the mysterious life of Jesus, we have no means of checking the details of his view of the inner life of the Master.

Take, for instance, the following passage from the chapter on "The Transfiguration," where our author writes: "But what had Jesus himself seen and passed through during that night which preceded the most decisive act of his prophetic career? A gradual effacing of earthly things, beneath the ardour of prayer, a rapturous ascent from sphere to sphere, he seemed by degrees to be returning along the depths of his consciousness into some previous existence, an altogether spiritual and divine one. Far in the distance were suns, worlds, earths, vortices of suffering incarnations; now he was conscious of one homogeneous atmosphere, one fluid substance, one intelligent light. Within this radiance legions of celestial beings form a moving vault, a firmament of ethereal bodies, white as snow, whence beam forth gentle flashes of light. On the shining cloud where he was standing six men in priestly robes, and mighty of stature, raise aloft, with joined hands, a dazzling Chalice. These are the six Messiahs who have already appeared on earth; the seventh is himself, and this Cup signifies the Sacrifice he must undergo, by incarnating himself on earth in his turn. Beneath the cloud is heard the roar of thunder; there yawns a black abyss; the circle of generations, the pit of life and death, the terrestrial hell. The Sons of God with suppliant gesture raise the Cup, the very firmament of heaven is silent, as Jesus, in token of assent, extends his arms in the form of a cross as though he wished to embrace the whole universe. Then the Sons of God bow down their faces to the

earth, a band of female angels, with outspread wings and downcast eyes, carry off the incandescent Chalice towards the vault of light. The *hosanna* resounds, with ineffably melodious strains, throughout the heavens. . . . But he, without even listening to it, plunges into the pit. . . . ."

This is finely conceived; yet who but those who either had seen such things in the inner past of Jesus or had been told of them directly by him could say that this did indeed take place as it is stated with all its details? It is a picture beautifully imagined, an appeal to the religious emotions; but to those who question "Is it true in fact and deed?"—there is no answer, not even a hint from M. Schuré of how he comes to make his statement. It is, if we may say so, modern apocalyptic, and this when it stands alone is as little amenable to criticism as ancient apocalyptic; criticism can only play its part when apocalyptic scribes flagrantly contradict one another, and so far M. Schuré, in boldly penning what purport to be the most intimate details in the life of the Master, stands alone in what we cannot but call this daring.

G. R. S. M.

Dr. Carus on Christian Origins

The Age of Christ: A Brief Review of the Conditions under which Christianity Originated. By Dr. Paul Carus. (London: Kegan Paul; 1903. Price 10*d*.)

This little book is a brief *exposé* of the historical problems involved in Dr. Carus' recent story *The Crown of Thorns*, which unfortunately we have not seen. The main burden of this prolific and versatile writer's essay is "that Christianity appeared in the Græco-Roman world as the *pleroma* or fulfilment of the times. There were several other religious movements then rife more or less similar to Christianity, but Christianity remained victorious; and it will become more and more evident that the final outcome of the struggle was not an accident but proceeded according to the law of the survival of the fittest."

This thesis our author is to work out systematically in a large work now in preparation to be called *Pleroma;* meantime the pamphlet before us is a brief summary of some of the mooted points in question. The points touched on are that the title Jesus Nazaræus signifies that Jesus was a Nazir, or a member of one of the Nazir

communities, of which many existed in his day, and not an Essene; that the term "Saviour" is a Gentile expression and has no true equivalent in Hebrew; that crucifixion possessed a mystical and symbolical significance to the Gentiles; that the eucharistic sacrament was the spiritualisation of the echo of the primitive religious rites of a mystic god-eating; that the "resurrection" testimony was of the nature of "vision" and not based on physical fact.

G. R. S. M.

Texts in Verse

Thoughts from the First Three Gospels. By Herbert Gaussen, M.A. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.)

It is, we believe, established by modern criticism that a good deal of that portion of Scripture known as the Gospels is not what we have so long imagined it to be, yet we fear matters cannot truthfully be considered as improved by Mr. Gaussen's effort to render prose into verse. Perhaps even with regard to this last definition of his work we should explain that we use it because we take the will for the deed, since such lines as these cannot by the furthest extension of the term be called poetic:

No man would put new wine inside
Old wineskins; he would first
Take care new wineskins to provide,
For wineskins old would burst.

Or

A grain of mustard seed when sown
In size is very small,
But it is among herbs when grown
The greatest of them all.

In the lines beginning:

Saviour in Jordan's river
Baptised in lowly love, . .

we have a better specimen of Mr. Gaussen's work. We do not ignore the devotional spirit which pervades the volume, but we would advise the writer to mature his faculty before he produces another book, or, better still, we would counsel him to direct his energies to some channel more obviously his than that of versifying.

E. L.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, August. In "Old Diary Leaves," Col. Olcott details the excitement caused by Mr. Judge's semi-private Circular making the most outrageous charges against Mrs. Besant and others; and confesses that, even now, he "finds it very hard to see all this turpitude uncovered without losing that judicial impartiality which should be my guide." Meanwhile, Mrs. Besant was making a triumphal progress on her Australian and New Zealand tour. Next follows Mr. Leadbeater's important Chicago lecture on the "Rationale of Telepathy and Mind Cure"; a story entitled "The Martyrs," by Michael Wood; Miss Kofel's "Theosophical Gleanings from Non-theosophical Fields" is concluded; Miss McQueen enforces the much-needed lesson that we must learn more and more to identify ourselves with the changeless Life instead of the ever-shifting Forms in which it is embodied; whilst under the title "A Study in Mediæval Mysticism," W. A. Mayers begins an account of the well-known *Imitation of Christ*. The number closes with the continuation of Miss Grewe's "Light on the Path," and C. E. Anklesaria's "Birth of Zoroaster."

In an account, quoted from the *Adelaide Evening Journal*, of an interview with Sandow, the celebrated athlete, there is a passage which should be studied by all who take an interest in the subjection of the body to the mind. He says: "In time you can exercise yourself whilst you are writing or talking or sitting still. That is done by will power. I can exercise every muscle in my body whilst I am sitting talking to you. . . . You see I can contract my muscles like lightning without moving a limb of my body. That is a sign that the nerve between the muscle and the brain is strong and well-developed. . . You must use your *mind*, and do the exercise gradually." To one who has not yet found this out for himself, these few words should be a revelation.

Prasnottara, August. In this number Ananda Rao gives an episode in the life of the great Maharatha leader Maharaja Shivaji, to bring out distinctly "the fact that the great Sages and Yogis in India are not engaged simply in selfishly thinking of their own spiritual advancement, but deem it their duty to make themselves useful to humanity in various ways. In all their humility and unselfishness they are ever ready to render themselves channels through which the mighty Divine Forces are constantly working for the Evolution of the Human Race on its onward path of Progress and Civilisation." The state-

ment is true, and very beautifully expressed; yet there needs a caution. There is, in truth, no *possibility* of the Sages and Yogis of whom the writer speaks, "selfishly" thinking or doing anything; but this unselfishness does not mean that they are bound to put all their life into merely helping Humanity. Each of them lives his own life—a life whose objects and methods are far beyond our conception—as much greater than anything our merely human world can furnish as they are greater than we are. That now and then one of us may succeed in touching the hem of Their garment and (like the woman in the gospel) find therein the healing of our plague, does not bring Them down to our level; it is only that when touched virtue *must* flow out of Them. To speak, even of Their unselfishness, is to take a liberty. Miss Edger continues her well-timed study of the Parsee religion; the second of Mrs. Besant's very important lectures on Mr. Myers' book makes us still more anxious to have the work complete; and Miss Arundale continues her paper on the "Conception of Soul." The Activities of the Section seem to be going on satisfactorily in spite of the summer heat, and the friends of the C.H. College will be glad to hear that it has obtained affiliation to the B.A. standard.

Theosophic Gleaner, August, opens with a Notice to Subscribers that the accounts show a large deficit and a plea for more subscribers. We heartily wish the appeal full success. After a fourth of Mr. Sutcliffe's "Short Studies in *The Secret Doctrine*," Narrain Rai Varma offers to break "A Lance for La Belle France." He declares that "with the single exception of India—both Ancient and Modern—France may well be called the land of the acutest thinkers, and of the most graceful writers." Well, why not? I've nothing against it. Among the other contents of an interesting number is a very curious account from Burma of what purports to be the reincarnation of a District Superintendent of Police who was murdered by dacoits about ten years ago in a Burman boy of four who seems, from the account, to have a full remembrance of his previous life. Surely such a case should not be left as a mere newspaper report—it must be worth a serious enquiry.

Lotus Journal, September, gives its readers notes of an address to the Lodge by Mrs. Hooper, No. III. of Mr. Worsdell's "Science Talks," Notes of an unpublished Lodge lecture by Mrs. Besant on the "Development of the Spiritual Life," and other useful and agreeable papers, ending with the continuation of Miss Mallet's "Outlines of Theosophy."

The Vâhan, September. The questions discussed in the "Enquirer" are, as to the need for us to pass through all experiences; the distinction between the Subjective and Objective Minds (the phrase would have made my old Professor of Metaphysics use strong language!); the "law in our members warring against the law of our minds"; and a valuable explanation from G. R. S. M. as to what Mr. Mead meant in his Convention address about the child stage of incarnation. In the absence of any authoritative decision, one can only say that it is an interesting speculation—"he that can receive it, let him receive it!"

Revue Théosophique, August, contains, in addition to translations from Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant, and the continuation of Dr. Pascal's "Law of Destiny," an interesting and touching account of the funeral of the late regretted M. Charles Blech, senr., in which many members of the French Society took part. In M. Courmes' words, they did so, not because, besides being a great man, he had been merely an ordinary good Theosophist, but because he had shown himself a most efficient helper of the cause, at Paris and throughout France, by the intelligent, devoted, and constant support, both material and moral, which he had given to the movement ever since he entered its ranks.

M. Courmes continues: "It was in 1898: the writings of Dr. Pascal and my own personal exertions had prepared the ground—and ruined our health; the elements of success were appearing here and there, but not yet brought into a focus. We needed a starting point, a tangible basis; and this was given us by the family Blech, of Paris, when its respected head, together with three of his children, dedicated his social position, his eminence as a great manufacturer, his prestige as a patriot who, after the loss of his native country Alsace, had personally and severely suffered for the sake of France, his connections, and, in short, his whole devotion to the progress of the theosophical movement; and this with a delicacy of feeling and a true sense of brotherhood which seemed to make him feel the debtor of those who claimed his assistance." Happy the man who leaves such a testimony behind him; and happy, too, the Section which enjoys the devotion of his children to take his place when he has passed onwards! The addresses of Dr. Pascal and M. L. Revel at the tomb are worthy of the occasion. Every English member of the Society joins in homage to his memory.

Theosophia, August. We congratulate our Dutch friends that an Editorial in this number ventures to head itself "Summer." Here in

England it would be a bad joke; almost as misplaced as the "Harvest Festivals" which some of our Churches and Chapels advertise, in a season which has given us neither Summer nor Harvest. Apparently Holland has been more fortunate. The literary contents of the number, besides translations, are a paper on "Theosophy in Home Life," by M. E. Deutschbein-Logeman, suggested by Mrs. Bell's paper with the same title, and a pleasant letter from Dr. J. J. Hallo giving his experiences of the last London Convention and his adventures about the country. We are inclined to agree with his criticism that we are not quite warm enough—too English, as our foreign friends would doubtless say. Another noticeable remark is that the wide distances between our country Lodges make it impossible for us to have anyone who could take such a place as the late Mevrouw Meuleman in Holland, that we cannot have the *family* feeling which in these countries makes the attraction of the Lodges. He does full justice to the energy and devotion of our English members, but his criticisms are well worth meditating over.

Théosophie, September. Our little Antwerp contemporary continues to furnish pleasant and instructive reading. The most serious portion is the report of M. Kohlen's lecture on Public Morality, on which much yet remains to be said, but not here.

Dev Vâhan, August, continues the examination of Leadbeater's "The Other Side of Death," rightly concluding that the difficulties of the doctrine of our meeting after death will yet furnish much matter for discussion. The *Theosophist*, the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW and the *Vâhan* are laid under contribution as usual, and translations from Sinnett's "Animal Kingdom" and Mrs. Besant's *Dharma* fill up the remaining space.

We have also to acknowledge the *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine; Theosophy in Australasia; South African Theosophist; Theosophic Messenger; Sophia; Theosofisch Maandblad;* and of other periodicals *Modern Astrology; Mind; La Nuova Parola; Theosophischer Wegweiser; Dharma; Light; The Message of Life; Psychotherapeutic Journal; Animal's Friend.*

A. A. W.

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THE

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WE offer our cordial congratulations and a hearty welcome to our new contemporary *Buddhism*. *Buddhism* is an illustrated quarterly review of some 200 quarto pages, excellently printed and illustrated, published at 1, Pagoda Road, Rangoon, under the auspices of the International Buddhist Society (Buddhasâsana Samâgama), and edited by Bhikkhu Ânanda Maitriya. The annual subscription is 10*s*. 6*d*., and the price per copy 3*s*.

"Buddhism"

The new quarterly is essentially an organ of propaganda designed to make known to the Western world and English-reading public the traditions of the sweet Good Law, preached some twenty-five long centuries ago by the Truly Enlightened One—the Way that led and leads those who walk steadfastly therein to the ceasing from sorrow and the consummation which He called Nibbâṇa. It goes without saying that no readers will scan the pages of *Buddhism* with greater interest than students of Theosophy, and this not because as a body we have any special tendency to Buddhism rather than to Brâhmanism or to Christianity, or to Zoroastrianism, but because we desire to learn from

all men who have a living faith in the tradition of any great teacher or teachers what they have to say for themselves about the fundamentals of that tradition.

* * *

Now it is a somewhat remarkable fact that it is not very easy for us in the West to learn what the living members of the great Eastern faiths have to say of their respective religions as solutions of the world problem. Language is a great difficulty, and even when this has been overcome, it is seldom that we come across a book by a born believer of these great traditions written from a point of view easily understandable by the *modern* Western mind. There are such books and most valuable they are, but they are rare. For the rest we have to depend mostly on the work of Occidental scholars who can see a religion only from outside; it is an object of study, mostly of criticism, rarely if ever the occasion of genuine inspiration. There is, however, another source of information, which is growing rapidly in volume. Westerns become converts to Buddhism, or some form of Hinduism, to Mohamadanism, to Bâbism, to Mazdaism. Converts, as we know, are not unfrequently far more enthusiastic than born believers; being Westerns, moreover, and therefore brought up in a propagandist environment, they are active and strenuous to justify and expound the new faith that is in them. The editor of *Buddhism* is a convert, and has chosen the name Ânanda Maitriya doubtless to denote the comfort and happiness that the teaching of the Good Law has brought to him, and the love and compassion that urge him to share with all the spiritual goods he has drawn from the treasury of the Dhamma.

"Converts"

* * *

At least half the first number of *Buddhism* is written by the graceful pen of this indefatigable Bhikkhu. In this first number he tells us, and tells us very ably, his conviction—he of course says it is *the* Buddhist tradition—with regard to the fundamentals of the faith. This is, it goes without saying, exceedingly interesting, for in it we have the view of Buddhism which has appealed not only to a thinking Western mind but also to the heart of a lover

The Women of Burma

of his fellows. We shall therefore devote a few paragraphs to considering some of the main statements made by Mr. Bennett. But before doing so we would call attention to the pleasant poem by Sir Edwin Arnold on the Golden Temple—Shwe Dagon—saddened, however, by the piteous lines:

> Needs must I therefore listen, though I lie
> Stricken and blind and sorrowful.

And from the rest of the contents we would specially select a thoughtful and learned article by Mrs. Rhys Davids on "Buddhist Ethics," and a paper, or rather story, by Mrs. M. M. Hla Oung on "The Women of Burma," which is of great interest as showing what a Burmese woman thinks of the status of women in that sunny land, and of the comfort of her religion—a faith that makes no distinction between the sexes even in the priesthood. It is a simple story far removed from the infinitely subtle complexities of modern Western life; a life strenuous in some ways, but naturally all unsuited to the "Sturm und Drang"—the clash and turmoil of battle in which we—souls born into Western bodies—are fated to work out our task for the great building of the future.

* * *

"The Faith of the Future"

With regard to the main contributor, the editor, we must remember in the first place that Ânanda Maitriya writes from the standpoint not only of an enthusiastic convert, but with the conviction that "Buddhism stands unrivalled, nay, unapproached, amongst the great Religions of to-day," and that it will be the "faith of the future." Ânanda Maitriya bases this conviction mainly upon what he considers to be the agreement of the fundamental position of Buddhism with that of Modern Science. This Science, he says, has "rightly" concluded that "those beliefs which aforetime constituted the Religions of the West have, in their fundamental doctrine of creation—whether creation of these worlds or of our human souls—no foundation save in the imagination of their promulgators." And he continues:

> When the underlying deduction of Science, that the Universe consists of Phenomena, the resultant of the action of definite Laws, and that all talk of a Noumenon behind such Phenomena is but a vain echo of early animistic

beliefs, but an expression of our own ignorance, comes home in its tremendous fulness to the minds of the Peoples of the West, then in proportion to the acceptance of that great generalisation, there will be, there can be, no more adhesion to any form of religious Belief which maintains the existence of a Supreme Noumenon behind all Phenomena, a Lawgiver behind these Laws, of a Hand whereby these worlds are made.

* * *

THE only form of religious belief that will stand this onslaught, in the opinion of Ânanda M., is the form of Buddhism he claims to be the right doctrine. We are always delighted to see a man state his position clearly and without any equivocation. Here is the fundamental position of our editor in a nutshell.

No Noumenon behind Phenomena

"There is no Noumenon behind Phenomena."

This is of course the absolutism of not-knowableness; here there is no question of agnosticism, in the sense of a philosophical not-knowing, but of a positive denial. There is here no philosophic doubt, no holding the mind in suspense.

"There is no Noumenon behind Phenomena."

We do not of course suppose that Ânanda M. has used the metaphors "Lawgiver" and "Hand" otherwise than as simple figures of speech, for we are not here discussing the normal ignorance of the unlearned, or the naïve anthropomorphism of the uninstructed. Though we do not *know* what "Noumenon" really is, yet we have some *idea* of its meaning; we have occasionally read a little philosophy. "Noumenon," put it as vaguely as you will, stands for "reality," whatever we severally may mean by real.

Now surely Ânanda Maitriya is not going to start his propaganda of the Good Law and of "Right Views" by challenging all comers to a hollow logomachy. Why cannot he take Noumenon as synonymous with God, or the Good, or the Self, or Brahman, or Nibbâṇa, and sympathise with his brethren of other faiths in their striving after the Real instead of trying to show how Nibbâṇa is none of these things, but ever so much better.

* * *

WHERE Ânanda M. makes his preliminary error is in thinking that this is scientific; that he has on his side Modern Science,

Sectarianism

and therefore the thin edge of the wedge, as he imagines, wherewith to split to pieces the rock of ignorance upon which all religions except *his* Buddhism are founded. Modern Science has proved no negation of the kind and with every year is growing wiser and more humble. We are rapidly convalescing from the fit of braggadocia of some twenty years back. Ânanda M. is out of touch with the signs of the times in things scientific in the West.

Now the general impression created by a man who argues against a Noumenon behind Phenomena, is that there is nothing behind phenomena; whereas the positive side of the tradition of the Buddha is that there *is* Nibbâṇa. Were it not for this *positive* element of doctrine, there would be no goal for the striver, no basis of ethic for the men of sorrow. It is the mark of sectarianism and not of Buddhism—if by Buddhism we are to understand the teaching of a true Master of Wisdom—to say that Nibbâṇa is not Brahman; to refuse, as does Ânanda M., to use the Sanskrit term Nirvâṇa, when the *Gîtâ* in speaking of Brahma-Nirvâṇa denotes one and the same Reality as that denoted by the vernacular Nibbâṇa. Has Ânanda M. never heard of a Jîvanmukta? These distinctions of terms, these quarrels as to superiority of attainment in knowing, are the dangerous playthings of pupils and not the serious and saving business of Masters. What difference, may we ask, is there between "self-analysing reflection," which is the method of winning towards the Reality of Nibbâṇa, and Âtmânâtmaviveka, "the discrimination between the self and not-self," which is one of the methods of attaining to the Reality of Brahman?

* * *

The *Bête Noire* "Animism"

And this brings us to the *bête noire* of Ânanda M., who in this eagerly follows after Professor Rhys Davids in using a term which is not only discourteous and uncharitable, when applied to high beliefs, to over-beliefs, but deliberately false when applied to the tenets of philosophical Brâhmanism, of whatever school, with regard to the reality called the Âtman, or to any form of truly theosophical thought. "Animism" is a term used by anthropologists and folk-lorists for the crude notions and superstitious

suppositions of "primitive men." To apply this term to the beliefs and the strenuous mental analysis and spiritual disciplining of sages and philosophers is an insult. It is just because we students of comparative Theosophy believe that the Buddha was in truth and fact a Master of Wisdom, that we refuse to believe that He insisted on any narrow dogmatism about fundamentals which are beyond the possibility of any but a Master's knowing. Even when we meet with such sayings as that which directs us even with regard to the utmost limits of consciousness to declare: "This is not Mine; this am I not; this is not my Self" —it is not to be supposed that this was taught by the Buddha to prove that there was *no* "I," no "Self"; but rather to encourage His Bhikkhus to ever greater and greater efforts to realise the true "I," the true "Self"—the Noumenon of noumena—as it really is, and to transcend not only the most transcendent phenomena of "I"-ness or "Self-hood," but even the noumena of these phenomena. *This* Noumenon is not "an immeasurable clergyman in a white tie," or a material soul hidden in a body as a needle in a bundle of hay.

* * *

We are better than our Creeds

AGAIN, is it not absurd to characterise the belief in the Self as "animism," when Buddhism has ever taught the existence of "gods"—of disembodied entities? Why, in the very magazine before us, we have what is practically an apologia by Ânanda M. for the Burman's belief in Nats!

What again about the Buddhist notions of hell? What indeed about the whole scheme of Punarjanmam, or Palingenesis (if you object to the term reincarnation as "animistic"), and of the Siddhi or psychic power of remembering such past births? What remembers? Analyse it all away to distraction if you please; splutter over "animism" if it suits you; but practically if we are nothing but a "concatenation," a "nexus," a "continuum" *only in appearance;* what *is* the good of it all? Why any Good Law? Why love for the brethren? Why peace unto all beings? We are bold to say that if this negative trend of thought is carried too far it becomes an insult to the reason of things; if really carried out to its logical conclusion it would dry

up the fount of ethical endeavour. But, thank the Divine Economy, we are better than our creeds. In the West we have many pure and simple Annihilationists slaving for the good of the race; proving daily by their acts that they are greater than their opinions, giving the lie by their positive lives to the negation of their intellect.

* * *

ANOTHER *bête noire* of Ânanda M.'s is esotericism, in this following enthusiastically after the late Professor Max Müller. Here again we ask the question what *is* "esotericism"? Are we content to fight over words solely? There are two kinds of "esotericism" —an artificial and a natural. Artificial esotericism is dependent on the principle of withholding knowledge which in the judgment of the possessor it is not wise to hand on. Of this principle we may approve or disapprove according to our knowledge and experience of human nature. It is an open question; and all we *know* is that the withholding of knowledge is generally deeply resented by the modern Western world, which *believes* that no knowledge of any real good to the world can be held back by a true lover of his fellows. And here we are met with the saying of the Buddha: "I have preached the Truth without making any distinction between esoteric and exoteric doctrine: for in respect of the Truth, Ânanda, the Tathâgata has no such thing as the closed fist of a teacher who keeps some things back." On the other hand it is handed on of another Master of Wisdom that He taught the people in parables, but to His disciples He explained these dark sayings apart.

"Esotericism"

* * *

Now for students of comparative Theosophy, who are not compelled to follow one tradition only, but who gladly accept the great saying of the Buddha that they are to receive nothing but that to which their reason gives assent, as one of the boundaries of the Good Path, these contradictory traditions are not necessarily mutually exclusive. They have first to enquire: Were these things said and done by the Buddha and by the Christ respectively? And if so, were they intended for their times only, or for all time? In fact they have to make up their minds here and now, whether they

"Esoteric Buddhism"

approve or disapprove of the principle of esotericism? Here there is no question of approving what has been proved by experience to be the dangers and imperfections of many known "esoteric" methods; it is simply a question for each of us: Is it wise to say all to every one? Ânanda M. says: Yes. Nay further, he says that the Buddha laid this down as an infallible rule. The answer to this is: What is the good of trying to explain the calculus to a Board School infant? The truth is that not only a wise teacher but ordinary common-sense tells us that there is a *natural* esotericism. And why a Buddhist who is studying the problem of the nature of ignorance should object so furiously to the term, we cannot for the life of us imagine, except that a certain famous book was (in our opinion unfortunately) called *Esoteric Buddhism*.

* * *

SINCE then we have had books entitled *Esoteric Brâhmanism* and *Esoteric Christianity*. Of course those who disapprove of the opinions of the writers of these books can turn round and say: What you say is not Buddhism, nor Brâhmanism, nor Christianity. And the answer to this is, presumably: Quite so; for we are talking about the ever-present truths which the great teachers imparted, but which in the forms of the traditions which have come down to us are now in many ways greatly altered from the original teaching. We believe from our own studies in comparative Theosophy, and from our own teaching, that we see in the obscurity of the traditions traces of what we consider to be the great truths of general religion, philosophy and science, and this point of view we call "esoteric." We are sorry if the word is ill-chosen; but after all, when all is said and done, we believe that the Buddha, and Kṛishṇa, and the Christ had really much to teach, and did teach much, that is not recorded of them. It is a pity that the very imperfect records of these great teachers are dwelt upon more than the truths they came to teach; that the men have been regarded as the originators of the Truth, rather than the Truth of the men. In brief, we believe in the "inner voice," in a "natural esotericism," and we admit that

The Man or The Truth

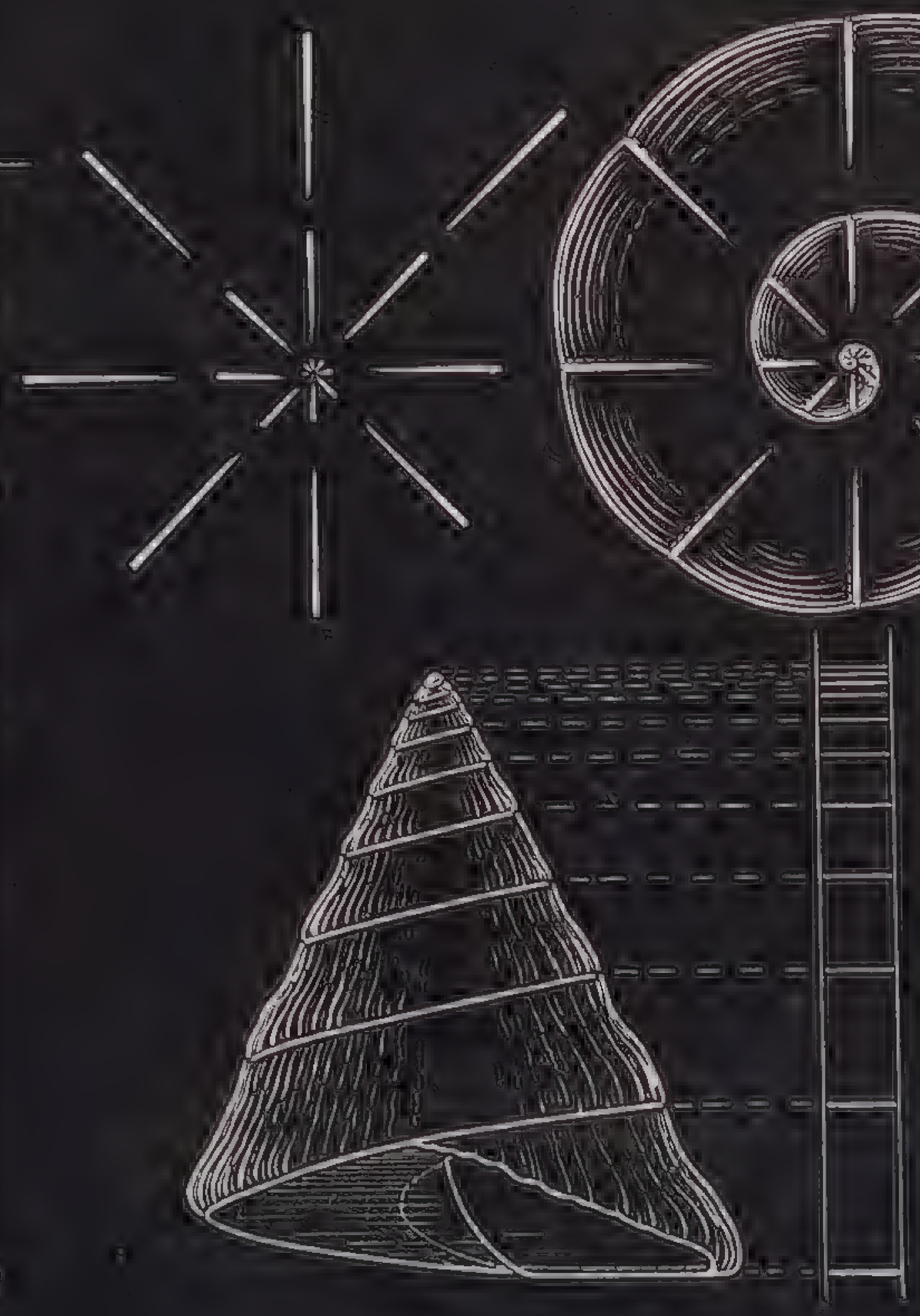
(CONTINUED UNDER "FLOTSAM AND JETSAM," p. 276)

Carbon

Tubings.

Irrational Dispersion.





Habit of Cystopteris fragilis (Brittle Bladder-Fern.)

SOUND, THE BUILDER

(CONTINUED FROM p. 168)

IN the previous article we dealt with an analysis of the vibrations of sound-producing bodies and of sound itself as an audible effect. The resulting spaced number-scale, whether taken from vibrating segments or from the "spectrum" of a note and its harmonics, presents certain essential features which we find clearly reproduced in the spectra of the chemical elements. If audible sound is a replica, in a certain sense, of the primordial Sound, the three "series" traced in the spectra of the chemical atoms may well be taken as evidencing the work of the triple Sound that fashioned them and that furnished their indwelling life. We seem to be dealing with something more than a merely apologetic analogy.

The involution of life into matter and the "creation" of the latter, plane after plane, have been described by reference to the tanmâtras and tattvas of the ancient science,* and it is possible to picture to the mind something of the principle that governs the successive aggregations of smaller units into larger, and of these larger into units larger still, and so on. In the reverse direction, the physical atom is described as comprising the substance and the life of the astral atoms, within which are, correspondingly, the matter and the life of the next finer atoms, within which again are the still higher, and so on up to the Sound-vibrations of Âkâsha which originated the entire movement. With this in mind, "fluted" spectra shew an interesting appearance. Some elements (and many of the stars) shew spectra whose lines are curiously grouped into beautiful "flutings," and those of Carbon are reproduced in the accompanying plate—unfortunately, of necessity, in plain white. This complex of

* *Evolution of Life and Form*, p. 127.

vibrations represents the "life" of a Carbon atom. Viewed as a whole it consists of five groups of flutings (Orange-Yellow; Green; Blue; Indigo; Violet; in upward order) and these are spaced, as groups, "harmonically." Each group-unit, however, consists of a well-marked series of flutings disposed as a light-note with its harmonics, and all five are involved in the Carbon atom. But, further still, each individual fluting in each group is itself a finely-graduated series of lines, with *its* individual "fundamental" and *its* harmonics subtly shading off into invisibility. Carbon plays a curious leading part in organic life, seemingly acting as a principal channel for the organising forces of the second life-wave; and this adds to the interest of tracing the Sound-principle expressed in the exquisitely-shaded flutings, which themselves are aggregated into harmonic groups, which again are disposed Sound-wise in the building up of a chemical Carbon atom. In this Carbon spectrum we have the triple Sound, singing a five-fold Chord, which is as complex in its wealth of subtle overtones as it is exquisite in its symmetry, and in these respects it curiously symbolises the triple Life pervading the five planes of our manifested system.

In one form or another we have traced signs of the Sound that built our chemical atoms, and now we can turn to such evidence as spectra afford of the characteristic "notes" of various simple and compound bodies. This evidence is to be found in the "irrationality" of prismatic spectra, obtained by passing light *through* the substances to be examined. If a beam of white light is passed through a prism of, say, glass, it emerges from the opposite face of the prism broken up, or sifted out, into the familiar Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo and Violet of the spectrum. But these colours are not given equal space in the spectrum so produced; they are more or less huddled together at the Red end and more or less stretched out at the Violet end, and this constitutes the "irrational dispersion" of prismatic spectra. Leaving out of account the few substances which yield quite anomalous spectra with the above colour-order more or less inverted, etc., etc., we may take this irrational dispersion to be typically represented by our illustration, wherein the horizontal lines mark the centre of each colour-space and the crowding of

the R., O. and Y. is contrasted with the undue spreading of the B., I. and V. Two different degrees of this irrationality are illustrated and we see that their spacing accords with that of our Note with its harmonics; they may be likened to two notes of the same pitch but of different quality—*i.e.*, involving different harmonic-series. No two substances disperse the light in precisely the same way; but each substance has its characteristic dispersion, whether we test prisms of glass of different density, or natural crystals, or gases or liquids or solutions in thin prism-shaped glass "bottles," or flakes of metal so thin as to be translucent. Each has, as it were, its own kind of note. *Why* this should be so is a sufficiently complicated question* involving consideration of the lengths of these various light-waves, the size of the molecules of the substances in question, the vibrations of these molecules and their possible effect upon the ether, etc., etc. The gist of the matter is that these various dispersions follow, in some way or other, from the molecular constitution of these different substances. No two are constituted alike and no two disperse light alike. Each has a characteristic something in its constitution or its "life" or its build, or make-up, which accounts for the harmonic spacing of its particular dispersion. And as all disperse after the fashion that we have called a "Sound-spectrum," *i.e.*, duplicating a fundamental Note and its harmonics, all must be built sound-wise, compound substances and chemical atoms alike. Sound not only moulds the forms but gives the life within them, adapting each to the other. Hence as Mendelejeff's Groups stand for typical chemical and other properties in orderly progression, so do salts derived from each Group present typical crystalline forms of progressive angular variation. And Mendelejeff brought all these physical and chemical *qualities* down to a number-system as "periodic functions" of the atomic weights. Truly, Sound, Light and Number lie at the root of all.

Accepting these harmonic spacings as indicative of the nature of audible sound, we may find this sound-principle exhibited in the structure and proportions of many familiar objects. On the basis of the ancient science it has been explained that

* Reference to the appendix to Lecture II. in Sylvanus P. Thompson's *Light Visible and Invisible* may be useful.

certain stages are successively reached in the building of the higher forms of matter. For instance, a given measure of the moulding energy which first appears as Âkâsha, the Sound, describes or outlines the plan of the newly-arising Form, thus giving the basic lines upon which the Form is to be built. This having been determined, there follows a filling-in of the "mould" so given; the details are completed, the boundaries are filled in to the appointed shape, and the Sound has wrought another Form—another "note" of its triumphant Harmony. As this is said to take place in each instance around definite centres or vortices of active energy, it is interesting to essay the arrangement of a series of these graduated spacings around a common centre. Such an arrangement is shewn in the next illustration on the plate, wherein we involve radially or vortically around a given centre a series of graduated lengths or rods. Our "harmonics," thus disposed, present the curious "star" here drawn; and this may be taken to give the basic lines, the "mould," of a Form that is to be. The next stage is to complete certain details, to fill in the boundaries, and the appointed shape is then shewn in the familiar shell-form following. The various shapes of such shells obviously follow from the *quality* of the Sound that builds them; from other harmonics would arise a different form. The segments of the spiral boundary naturally produce a second series of graduated distances which are dependent on the first. And in the conical shell next pictured we see a third series of harmonics arising from the elevation of its whorls. The three "series" of such a shell counterpart the three "series" of an atom. Three "notes" go to the building of atom and shell alike, and the colour-Life of the one and the music-Form of the other proclaim the triple Sound in each.

Passing from inorganic life and shell-shapes we may refer to the next illustration shewing the habit of the Brittle Bladder Fern (*Cystopteris fragilis*) as a type of the "harmonics" met with on every side in the region of botany. To the right we see the spacings of the pairs of leaflets, scaled as from the straightened frond; this is the "series" of our frond, considered as a whole, which could obviously be represented by an appropriate number-formula. But each separate leaflet is also built sound-wise and

would, on examination, shew its individual "note"; and, further still, each serrated subdivision of every leaflet pipes *its* tinier note anew. We are but recapitulating, in this "spectrum" of a fern, the particulars noticed in the flutings of an atom. The light-spectrum of Carbon shews all lines parallel, and if we similarly parallel the harmonics of our fern they make very satisfactory groups of "Carbon flutings." The harmonics of the lower pair of leaflets, each of which must express the harmonics of its serrated subdivisions, are here worked out by way of making the idea clear. We see the Sound in-wrought to every detail, and then involved upon itself again and again for the building of the larger and more complex Form.

Our shells and our fern are but typical examples of what is constantly met with in nature's works. The shells of molluscs present but a small selection of the wondrous sound-shapes revealed by the microscope among the *Foraminifera*—shell-forms of a varied and delicate beauty surpassing all imagination. These spirals and spacings appear again in the disposition of buds and leaves in plant-life, and their geometric arrangements are classified by the botanist under appropriate number-series. The imbricated scales of fir-cones—or of reptiles, or fishes—are spiralled and graduated much as are shells. Yet all these sound-forms follow from the disposition of the cells of which they are built, and the building is Sound-wise in the organic world as we find it in metal or liquid or glass or in the atoms which give foundation for them all.

G. DYNE.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

BY oneself evil is done; by oneself one suffers; by oneself evil is left undone; by oneself one is purified. Purity and impurity belong to oneself, no one can purify another.—DHAMMA PADA.

JACOB BÖHME THE THEOSOPHER

In view of the present tendency among some of our fellow-labourers to revert to the older methods of Spiritualism, it may be well for us to readjust the balance of our disturbed minds by studying afresh the writings of the earlier Theosophers.

Foremost among these stands Jacob Böhme, or Behmen, as most of his English editors, and notably his distinguished disciple, William Law, prefer to write his name. A small volume republished in 1901, edited by Bernard Holland, contains besides the *Dialogues of the Supersensual Life*, under which title the book appears, some "Select Sentences" from Böhme's *Regeneration* and *Christ's Testaments*, also an admirable Preface by the Editor, giving a sketch of Jacob's life and a few judicious words as to his general teaching. For as Mr. Holland says, "the greater part of Behmen's works could not be recommended save to those who had the time and power to plunge into that deep sea in search of the many noble pearls which it contains."

The late Mrs. Penny, herself an able and devoted expositor of Böhme, once told the present writer that though she had been studying him for five-and-thirty years, she had by no means sounded all the depths of that well of knowledge. Next to Mrs. Penny's books, now rare, comes a work by Dr. Franz Hartmann, containing a Life and a digest of Böhme's writings. Of course a real student will prefer to tackle Böhme at first hand, but he will find him a hard nut to crack. The German is rather archaic, and the early English translations equally so, though this cannot be said of the paraphrase by William Law, who is the source of most of the English books on Böhme. The keynote of Böhme's teaching may be said to be Regeneration, or the calling forth into active life of the Divine seed dormant in man, in contra-distinction to the natural forces which sprout only too prolifically

at the contact of "the world, the flesh and the devil." This, it may be said, is the aim and end of all religions. True; but is it not also apparent that in our complex civilisation (so-called) the many side-issues which enlist our ambition, our vanity and our selfishness, the one thing needful is lost sight of, and the good seed choked by thorns and briars and beef and beer?

Each new expositor therefore of this vital truth, by presenting it perchance in some light not perceived by us before, is a real benefactor to the human race, and as Western Theosophers are few and far between, it is perhaps no superfluous advice that we should pay some heed to those we have. If only for the comparison of methods, the study is an interesting one and well within the "objects" of the Theosophical Society.

The form of the chief part of this little book is very simple, that of a dialogue between a disciple and his master. There are three of these dialogues, and a fourth between a "poor Soul that had wandered out of Paradise" and come into the Kingdom of this world, and the devil. In this latter discourse is shown the difference between mere sensuous knowledge which leads astray and into every kind of illusion, and the knowledge of this Christ, which leads to Divine Light. This difference is often a very subtle one. Many imagine when they are dealing with supersensual forces, that these forces are necessarily divine, when they are far more often demoniac. This is the error of the ordinary Spiritualist, and now seems to be advocated by some Theosophists. A little more and mediumship will again become rife amongst us.

Saint-Martin, another great Theosopher, constantly warns the enquirer into occult matters to beware of mediumship, and surely sufficient evidence is now forthcoming to convince the tyro of the fact of psychic survival without incurring the dangers incident on re-proving the proved for himself. In certain cases experiments may be advantageous, but such a course cannot be indiscriminately recommended. Madame Blavatsky frequently raised the voice of warning against it, as much in the interest of the mediums as of the enquirers. But to return to our study of higher things.

Böhme teaches, in common with all great masters of the

spiritual life, that man's great enemy is his lower will, which must be laid down or given up before the Higher Will of God can work in his heart. When this becomes sovereign in him, then man will rule as by right over all Nature, but not if he *begins* on the outer plane, for this will bring him on to the level of outward nature. The more he cultivates his lower will-power, the more will he become a danger to himself and to his fellow-men. Instead of letting the "ape and tiger die," the ape and tiger will in time become rampant, especially the tiger. In the words of Böhme, "if thou wilt be like All Things thou must forsake all things; thou must not extend thy will to possess that for thine own, or as thine own, which is *Something*, whatever that Something be. For as soon as even thou takest *Something* into thy desire, and receivest it into thee for thine own, or in propriety, then this very *Something* (of what nature soever it is) is the *same* with thyself; and this worketh with thee in thy will, and thou art thence bound to protect it and take care of it, even as of thy own being. But if thou dost receive *no thing* into thy desire then thou art free from all things, and rulest over all things at once, as a Prince of God. . . . Which when thou shalt, with Grace, have attained to, then with thy Body thou art in the World, as in the properties of outward Nature; and with thy Reason under the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; but with thy *Will* thou walkest in heaven, and art at the end from whence all creatures are proceeded forth, and *to* which they return again."

Pondering on these teachings, written some three centuries ago, one is led to reflect whether, in spite of all the aids to learning, cheap printing, free libraries, and higher criticism, we are one single step forwarder than in the days of old. Must we not still lament with Wordsworth, who wrote early in the last century, "plain living and high thinking are no more"? Perhaps the want of plain living is the cause of our lack of high thinking. The excessive complexity of modern life wellnigh precludes all possibility of sustained study, except perhaps in the realm of science, where specialising is an acknowledged necessity if excellence is to be attained. The race for wealth, the lust of having whatever we see our neighbours have, the desire to know a little of everything, without knowing everything of something,

the fear of singularity, are all antagonistic to that greater simplification of life which is the necessary condition of a place of peace.

Only in the monastic life, now, as of old, is this to be found. One who should now lead the life of an anchorite would be accounted mad. And yet—why should it seem strange or impossible? It can only be because there is no unity of thought or ideas, no common ground on which men will agree to meet. Even in the broad field of philanthropy, or of the education of the young, each has his own scheme, denunciatory of every other. The Catholic Church has the greatest variety in unity, besides being the most comprehensive of bodies. But even there much is excluded which, to some, it seems most desirable to include; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that more is included than some would wish to subscribe to. It is the eternal balancing between less or more—the lower will against the higher; and the question as to what is higher, and who is to decide it—the old question, in fact, of authority *versus* private judgment. Only when we begin to sight the pinnacles where lies the eternal snow, are we glad to lay down our puny judgment and to call for a heavenly guide. The silence of the upper air is oppressive; we reach out our hands for help, and say to Him whom we have trusted—in Dante's words—"*Tu Duca, tu Signore tu Maestro.*"

Many of us are driven to be hermits. But the trail of the serpent of modern civilisation is over even the hermitage. We cannot escape from it altogether. But we need not despair. Böhme says that man always possesses the faculty of return or regeneration through submission to and union with God. What that means each one must find out for himself, even if the search continue all through life. Sainthood is not achieved in a day. The nearest road to it is Love. "*Dilige, et fac quod vis.*" Love and then do what you will, said the great Augustine.

If this be an age of degeneration, as some writers assure us, it must also be the precursor to one of regeneration, since the process of inbreathing and outbreathing is always going on. The divine nature in man came out from God and must return to Him, and the more helps we can get from those who have deeply

meditated on this mystery, the sooner we shall reach our goal. And all the great Masters teach this one truth, that our own hearts have the key of Life and Death, that Reason is the lesser light, is, as Böhme puts it, "a mere Beholder of the wonders of happiness, or forms of misery, which the right or wrong working of the Heart" brings about. "*Mali mores sunt mali amores*"; again we quote from St. Augustine, whose own experience was the secret of his profound knowledge of the human heart.

E. KISLINGBURY.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS

(CONTINUED FROM p. 118)

BUT are we not wandering from the path laid out for this discussion? Does that path lead, indeed, from the hospital to kâma-loka? If we are considering the results of sin on the physical plane, where shall we fix the limits of our survey? In other words, what are the confines of that physical plane? We have become familiar, not only as Theosophical students, but from current scientific literature, with large extensions which have been made in recent years to the domain of natural science, extensions which are too familiar now to need that I should dwell upon them. The new words, expressive of new conceptions, in scientific discussions, and the words and conceptions, equally new to the Western World, which the Theosophical movement has brought into such general use, in the literature and journalism of the day, bear evidence that those about us who are doing any thinking, whether in the laboratory of the scientist, in the library of the student, or in the busy life of the man of affairs who has not forgotten the duty and practice of thought (and there are many such)—that all these have stretched their conception of the physical plane of existence to include departments or planes of nature far more subtle and remote than those open to the observation of the unthinking mass of men. For those who

have thus accustomed themselves, in interrogating nature, to look beyond that which is immediately present before them, it will not be difficult to accept the Theosophical view as to what may be regarded, for the purpose of this discussion, as the physical plane of nature, since wherever matter exists in form adapted to give expression to kârmic results, we may fairly say that we have to do with the material result of kârmic causes. Karma does not operate upon the superior levels of existence, where there is no "matter" to give expression thereto. But the astral plane does furnish abundant material for putting forth into expression kârmic results, which may frequently be regarded as secondary causes; and so intimately is the astral plane of life related to that which is commonly called the physical plane, that it would appear that the operations of karma are as the threads which the shuttle carries from one side of the loom to the other, in this case binding together what are, in a sense, opposite or complementary phases of life, the physical and astral planes, into a firm web of continuous existence. With this natural, indeed necessary, extension of our field, we will endeavour to form some idea of the possibilities of affecting Karma therein, in the manner suggested by the "Lord's Prayer."

I made brief reference heretofore to the use of the human organism as a "resonator—to receive, multiply and send forth again into the world inharmonious vibrations, disturbing to its peace." It may be useful to dwell upon this thought more fully, because of the great practical importance of the operations referred to, and of the direct relation we establish with the physical and astral planes, upon which we seek to point out our modifying influence upon karma.

First of all I beg to call attention to the operation of a resonator, strictly upon the physical plane. Those who are not familiar with this interesting phenomenon should give heed thereto as furnishing a clue by which one can interpret operations on the astral plane closely resembling these. All tones produced by musical instruments are largely the result of using resonators of some form; the most familiar, perhaps and most easily examined is the violin. The catgut string stretched from one fixed point to another and set in vibration in the usual manner would produce

very little tone provided the fixed points were strictly non-resonant or not attached or related to some resonant substance. The art of the violin maker is shown in constructing a form of highly resonant materials to which the strings are attached, and to which the vibrations set up in the strings by the passage of the bow across them are communicated. The more full and perfect this communication is, the more completely the whole body of the violin, front, back and sides, takes up the initial vibrations and from all its broad surfaces sends forth the magnified tones, in volumes which at first appear quite disproportionate to the initial impacts. The sounding-board and related constructions of the pianoforte have the same purpose. Separated from their resonant connections the strings of the piano would give forth tones poor indeed. Even the harp, one of the oldest forms of musical instruments, depends upon the resonant frame which supports the strings, for nearly all its volume of tone. The organ, which presents in its construction the greatest variety of effects, does not produce these varied and beautiful tones without making use of secondary causes. The vibrating column of air is the primary cause in each pipe within the organ-case, but that vibrating column depends for its effect largely upon its enclosing case, of metal or wood, and varied in form as required by the special effect sought to be produced.

Man is more nearly comparable to the organ than to any other musical instrument, on account of the great variety of tones he is capable of producing in the astral atmosphere, if I may push the simile so far. There is, however, something more here than a mere simile, or analogy; we have good reason to believe that the operation of the laws of vibration on the astral plane of nature is fairly comparable with the operation of the same laws as we see them in the case of the violin, the pianoforte, and best of all in the case of the organ. For the foundation of this belief we must go to personal experience; the appeal must be made there, whence each one will receive his own answer; but one may be allowed to point out, in a general way, the relation to the laws of vibration of certain phenomena quite commonly experienced, but not so commonly understood.

An angry word or look passes from one to another; what

follows? Again, the appeal must be to experience, for I do not wish to put forward a theory in the air, but to consider with each one who may give these words attention, what follows, in our own experience, after we have received the word or look of anger or contempt? I feel sure that I answer for the great majority of humanity when I say that we generally think about the matter —sometimes philosophically, but more often, much more often, quite otherwise. The note of anger is quickly taken up by the chords which are attuned thereto, which vibrate in unison with that note, so that it is communicated by sympathy and extends far and wide through the astral body, until a profound disturbance too often results, which is reflected in an angry countenance, a flushed face, perhaps some bitter words, and surely hard and bitter thoughts. Yes! thoughts—thought-forms, actual and material potencies rushing out into the astral atmosphere, seeking some place in which to lodge anger and hatred, to waken in some other instrument those same tones, to carry disharmony out into a world already heavily burdened with disharmonies, to throw a little more of the weight of blind passion and impotent wrath upon the weary and heavy-laden ones around us.

But whom shall I blame for all this, for I am the one who suffered this trespass? I did not originate it. He, my enemy, did this thing. He fastened this insult or disgrace upon me, and I did . . . nothing. Let the blame rest upon him and let him reckon with karma for all the consequences. This is generally what most people conclude. If, however, I have correctly interpreted the meaning of Jesus' teaching in this connection, his first words to those who came to him were that they should forgive such a trespass. Now what does the word forgive mean? Here it is not possible to refer back to originals. We do not know, and, apart from occult sources of information, will probably never know, what the words originally used were. When we find the Gospels they are in Greek, and we may be almost absolutely sure that the discourses of Jesus were not spoken in that language. From the Greek we have again another translation into English, and the word "forgive" appears, a very old English word with an undoubted meaning. I must, accordingly, take the words of the revised version as I find them, and seek for the meaning of

this word first of all, if I would seek to reconcile it with karma. Happily the word is not an obscure one, nor is it one of doubtful interpretation. I question if any English dictionary would show an important variation from the generally accepted signification of the verb "to forgive," which is "to pardon, to overlook or remit, as an offence or debt." If there is anything of which we may be tolerably sure in the use of our native tongue, it is that "to forgive" does not mean to declare that an offence or debt has been expiated or paid, and that the offender or debtor is therefore discharged from any further liability on that account. When the criminal has served the term for which he has been sent to prison, and the same law which locked him up now lets him out, this action of discharge from further penalty can by no possible stretch in the use of the English language be called an act of forgiveness.

Can I then pardon, overlook or remit this trespass which has been committed against me, in such wise that my act extends to and includes the kârmic consequences of it? If I can at once forgive the act of trespass and nullify its power to bear fruit as evil karma attaching to the actor, I have, it seems to me, accomplished something noteworthy, as affecting the karma of the race; and if one could spend his life in that attitude towards all the trespasses, great and small, committed against him, one could, I think, make a noticeable impression upon so much of humanity as might have been brought into our immediate environment. Illustration may be carried too far, but in this matter of the action of vibratory thought-forms upon the astral plane, I am convinced that there is no such inherent difference between the laws of nature upon the various planes of manifestation as will forbid us to seek in those laws, as we see them in operation around us, hints and suggestions of their behaviour upon the next plane, so closely related to and, indeed, interwoven with this one.

Let us now go to the piano and note these pedals, commonly called loud and soft, and consider for a moment their mode of operation. Above the wires are a series of mufflers or dampers, normally resting upon the wires. When a note is struck upon the keyboard, we have two quite different actions: (1) the

hammer rises from below and strikes the wires, and (2) the corresponding muffler or damper is raised, to permit those wires only which have been struck to vibrate freely. When the finger is raised from the key, the damper descends and again rests upon the wires and the vibration is stopped. If the foot is placed upon the loud pedal, the whole line of dampers is raised from their position, leaving all the wires free to vibrate, and when a note or chord is then struck upon the keyboard, and the corresponding vibrations are set up, not only do the wires directly affected sound, but they arouse sympathetic vibrations in all the wires which are attuned to the same or a related pitch, thus greatly increasing the volume of sound produced. On the other hand, the soft pedal acts in a reverse manner preventing any but a very partial vibratory response to the blow of the hammer.

Now let us suppose that some clever mechanic contrives an arrangement so perfect in its operation, that absolutely all vibratory response by the wire to the blow of the hammer is checked, no tone whatever would result, and we can indulge our fancy to the point of imagining that even the blow of the hammer should be noiseless. I can conceive that it might be possible so to rule and govern the chords within the human breast that they should refuse absolutely to respond to the impacts of the trespasses of their fellow-beings, and should refuse absolutely to receive the vibrations, directed against them, of anger, jealousy, hate, of all the ignoble passions, thus refusing to permit them to awaken within the precincts of one's own citadel and holy place the sounds of selfishness, passion, cruelty and desolation.

This could not be accomplished by any isolation of one's self possible in human society, or desirable if possible, but by keeping those chords within, attuned to quite a different pitch. I believe this to be clearly within the possibility of achievement by means of earnest and persistent effort, and that it would become, for many persons at any rate, a much easier task if the conditions were fairly well grasped by the understanding and made familiar by frequent dwelling upon them. When one clearly recognises how very practical a matter this is, how it becomes a question whether one's inner life is to be open to every chance or intentional attack upon its peace, or whether

one can at once defend one's own citadel and knock the intruding foe promptly on the head, cutting short his evil career then and there, it becomes anything but a visionary speculation.

The English-speaking people are distinguished for their practicability. For mysticism they do not seem so well adapted as some other races; but they have the gift of seeing clearly the practical advantages or disadvantages of any proposal, and I am confident that when the possibility of the exercise of control, at least to a degree, over the forces making for the reverse of righteousness in the world, is made known, and presented in a simple and practical way, with copious illustration from other operations of nature, men in our own and kindred lands will be quick to see the advantages of such a course of action. Respecting a matter of such wide application as this, we must endeavour to think not only with our own faculties, but with the minds of those around us, and I believe that a large majority of our own and kindred peoples need that a clearly defined and not too complex plan of operation be presented to them in such a way as to command their favourable consideration, before they will consent to make any serious efforts for the amelioration of existing conditions for themselves and for humanity at large.

The Christian world has listened for many centuries to the words of the great teacher, "Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you: that ye may be the sons of your Father which is in heaven, for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust"; but for the great majority, I may perhaps say for all but relatively a very few, this was and has remained a hard saying, and the Christian world, I mean of course the generally so-called Christian world, has not been distinguished for any peculiar excellence in the direction of the forgiveness of the trespasses which man continues to inflict upon his fellow-men. The Catholic Church has unremittingly taught the nations of Southern Europe the "Pater Noster," but we gather that in those regions the right, one may even say the duty, of private revenge for wrongs committed is the generally accepted conviction of the mass of the people. It would seem possible to find the reason, or at least a reason, for the continuing influence

of this conviction upon the conduct of men who in those lands as well as our own daily repeat the Lord's Prayer.

It would appear from our brief examination of the subject that there was and is a real distinction between the forgiveness of trespasses, including the general attitude toward offences of all kinds inculcated by Jesus, and on the other hand the higher stages of progress in spiritual development, of which also we have clear intimations in other portions of his discourses. But when the Catholic organisation took possession of the religious consciousness of the early Church, we see that a sweeping change was made in the application of both divisions of this early teaching. The forgiveness of a brother's trespass was not regarded by the Catholic Church as an act of beneficence, directed to that brother's welfare and acting upon the evil force which he had put in motion, to the end that that force should be neutralised, the evil overcome by good, and the offender's evil karma by so much lifted from his future; but, quite contrarily, the act of forgiveness was held to be a transaction with the Church for one's own benefit, to the end that the one offering the forgiveness was enabled to claim the various "indulgences," remission of his own evil karma which had accrued, and of which the justice of God demanded the expiation by means of physical suffering in this life or in purgatory. It is true that these indulgences were often claimed for the benefit of others, more particularly for souls in purgatory, but the fact remains that the indulgence was based not upon the act of forgiveness but upon the so-called treasury of the Church, the superabundant merits of Jesus and the Saints, a deposit in trust, upon which the hierarchy could draw their drafts, as they do to this day. We can, however, trace the possible origin of the theory and practice of indulgences by referring back to some more or less general conviction in the earliest Church that man can by acts of forgiveness effect results in the general direction indicated in this discussion.

It will be observed that this substitution of an artificial interpretation of the doctrine of the forgiveness of trespasses operated in the same manner as did the similar perversion of the original doctrine of the at-one-ment, for which was substituted the orthodox doctrine of the atonement. The two doctrines, in

their perverted form, while their nominal acceptance was compelled by the Church, seem never to have had that influence upon conduct which would have resulted from a natural, wholesome and sincere conviction of their truth. We may say that however much the Christian world has been imposed upon by the Church, in this and other ways, yet it has been saved from complete subjection to priestly authority by the saving grace of common-sense. The Sicilian is a most devout Catholic, but that has nothing whatever to do with his relations with the Mafia.

I know of no one direction in which Theosophy can be of more practical use in the world than in spreading abroad information, in intelligible and acceptable form, as to the physical basis upon which rest the convictions now widely prevalent as to the value of thought-power in affecting the physical and astral results of offences which man commits against his neighbour. The lands are full of one form or another of what is called "new-thought," some varieties of which are especially prominent. Everywhere about us are minds eager to receive illumination, and can we blame them if we observe that much that passes for illumination, but which is certainly of a very doubtful order, is gladly received.

The highest intelligence may well strain its capacities to the utmost in its endeavour to grasp the full sweep of the Ancient Wisdom, without reaching a full answer to all of the questions which come thronging in, as plane after plane of existence is shadowed forth, too often for our bewilderment; but it is obvious that these higher problems can only be solved satisfactorily by the development and use of the higher faculties of the truth-seeker. The less ambitious or less developed intelligences, which constitute the great bulk of humanity of the grades immediately surrounding us, are neither competent to tread those paths nor desirous; and yet they stand in need, in great need, of a rule of life which shall give them an intelligible reason, intelligible to the understanding which they possess, for putting daily into practical operation the many teachings of Jesus which point to the obliteration of the false personality so far as it receives, dwells upon, magnifies and sends out again the myriad vibrations of what we call evil.

Having dwelt upon them elsewhere I will not now refer to the passages in the synoptical gospels which bear the construction which I have put upon them, and seem to me to bear that construction only; nor will I re-state that feature of the argument which is, perhaps, of the profoundest interest, the fact that the forgiveness of sins upon the kârmic planes and the modification of karma are, apparently, *a human activity*, a power and privilege appertaining to each and every one of us. When no longer regarded as an ecclesiastical possession, this power of forgiveness takes on a new interest, and when full belief in his capacity for this beneficence is part of every man's daily consciousness, the evil karma of the world will be greatly modified.

In a so brief discussion, I have confined it to a consideration of the offences committed by others, not forgetting that the "Pater Noster" says "and forgive us *our trespasses*, as we forgive those who trespass against us." I am not prepared to offer any suggestions as to the exact way in which the changed conditions which a man may effect in the karma of those around him, react upon himself and modify his own personal karma; and yet by an act quite as much, I hope, of scientific common-sense as of faith, I fully believe that such a reaction must take place. May I, in the regrettable absence of any personal intuitions or revelations, be permitted to turn to the old Catholic doctrine of the "treasury of the Church," out of which demands for the temporal punishment of offences could be met? May we not believe that this doctrine, so available for the Church as a source of power, was built up by the Church Fathers of the period of organisation and centralisation out of the materials furnished by an earlier teaching to the effect that it was possible for men to "lay up" for themselves "treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal"? That every human being could by a life of loving beneficence and forgiveness establish what we may without irreverence call a credit with the Lords of Karma, sufficient to cancel the running indebtedness which, not being perfect, they were daily incurring? May we not believe that something of this sort is true? That a life spent in earnest effort to lighten "the heavy karma of the world"

will not miss some share in the sweeter influences thus made to prevail? We are told that "the labourer is worthy of his hire."

It is to the humble-minded and not very learned men and women, first and most of all, that the beauty and great power for good of forgiveness, pure forgiveness free of any thought or after-thought of self, should be taught. Their theory of life must be a simple one, comprised in a few plain propositions, easily understanded of the people; and what simpler or more efficient power for uplifting the toilers of the world than the power of love —love applied and made efficient, not dwelling apart from human affairs as a mere sentiment? He who forgives sins in the manner herein considered will and can do it only by the power of disinterested love, for no other power can so control the conditions within himself as to make the desired outward action possible. That this action is practicable for each and every one, those of us who have reached middle life can surely testify, for which of us has lived so poor a life that into it has not come one moment when

> Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
> Smote the chord of self, that trembling, passed in music out of sight?

I would that this knowledge of the power of love to forgive sins and to blot out the karma attaching thereto might be the possession of these simple ones of whom I have spoken, for the reason that so little more than this is needed to fill their lives. Contemplating those simple lives, with the burdens and sorrows resting upon them, one must be hard of heart indeed not to be moved by compassion and to seek in some degree to lighten their darkness. We may well believe that this one truth alone, which the Theosophist can intelligently put before them, would greatly help the conditions of the poor. Possibly such as these might for a time not require instruction in more complex truths. As a certain one of our own poets has said:

So many gods! So many creeds!
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs!

HORACE L. CONGDON.

CREATOR AND CREATION*

[A Letter] of Hermes the Thrice-Greatest

Unto Asclepius good health of soul !†

1. Since in thy absence my son Tat desired to learn the nature of the things that are, and would not yield to me to hold it over,‡ as [natural to] a younger son fresh come to gnosis of the [teachings] on each single point,—I was compelled to tell [him] more, in order that with greater ease he might pursue their contemplation. I would, then, choosing out the chiefest heads of what was said, send them in brief to thee, explaining them more mystic-ly,§ as unto one of greater age and nature's knower.

2. If all things manifest have been and are being made, and made things are not made by their own selves but by another; [if] made things are the *many*,—nay more, are *all* things manifest, and all things different and not alike; and things that are being made are being made by other [than themselves];—there is some one who makes these things; and He cannot be made, but is more ancient than the things that can. For things that can be made, I say, are made by other [than themselves]; but of the things that owe their being to their being made, it is impossible that anything should be more

* See in the last two numbers "The Over-Mind" and "The Mind to Hermes," and also the series of translations and essays which appeared in this Review from December, 1898, to January, 1900.

† *εὖ φρονεῖν*. I do not know the exact meaning of this expression. Everard translates "to be truly wise"; Parthey, "recte sapere"; Ménard, "sagesse"; Chambers, "to be rightly wise." I would suggest that *εὖ φρονεῖν* was the form used among these disciples of the inner way for the usual *χαίρειν*. Instead of wishing one another happiness, they wished each other wisdom, good thought, right thinking, good health of soul.

‡ Sci., till thy return.

§ That is to say, more fully and profoundly, as to one more advanced in the mystic science.

ancient than them all, save only that which is not able to be
3. made. But He is both supreme, and one, and only truly wise in all, as having naught more ancient [than Himself]. For He doth rule o'er both the number, size and difference of things that are being made, and o'er the continuity of their making [too], and o'er its energy. Again, things makeable are seeable; but He cannot be seen. For for this cause He maketh,—that He may not be able to be seen. He, therefore, ever maketh; and therefore can He ne'er be seen. To comprehend Him thus is meet; and comprehending, [it is meet] to marvel; and marvelling, to count oneself as blessed, as having learnt to know one's own true sire.

4. For what is sweeter than one's Father dear? Who, then, is He; and how shall we become acquaint with Him? Is it not right to dedicate to Him alone the name of God, or that of Maker, or that of Father, or even [all] the three;—God for His power, and Maker for His energy, and Father for His good? For that [His] power doth differ from the things which He doth make; [His] energy consisteth in the making of all things. Wherefore we ought to put away verbosity and foolish talk, and understand these two—the made and maker. For that of them there is no
5. middle [term]; there is no third. Wherefore in all that thou conceivest, in all thou hearest, these two recall to mind; and think all things are they, reckoning as doubtful naught, nor of the things above, nor of the things below, neither of things divine, nor things that suffer change or things that are in obscuration.* For all things are [these]

* *τῶν ἐν μυχῷ.* I do not know what is the exact meaning of this expression. Everard translates "things that are in darkness or secret"; Parthey, "quæ sunt in abdito"; Ménard, "dans les profondeurs"; Chambers, "those in secrecy." I suggest that the technical term *μυχός*, signifying generally a shut-in or locked-up place (*conclave*, as Damascius translates it), is to be referred, along the line of Platonic and Pythagorean tradition, to Pherecydes. Porphyry (*De Antro Nymph.*, c. 31) tells us that the synonyms "*μυχοί* (chambers?), recesses (or pits), caverns, doors, gates" were used by Pherecydes as symbolical expressions to signify "the *geneses* and *apogeneses* of souls," whatever these terms may mean exactly. The "birth" and "decease" of a soul, in this connection, presumably mean its coming into the world of genesis out of the womb of the World-soul, and its reception back again into the bosom of the great Mother. If this be so, our text would seem to indicate that things are in two states,— in a state of change (that is in the active condition), and again in a passive condition, in the state which Indian philosophers call *laya* or *pralaya*. See for the *μυχοί* of Pherecydes Sturz's *Pherecydis Fragmenta*, pp. 43 *ff.* (Leipzig; 1824).

twain, maker and made, and it's impossible that one should be without the other; for neither is it possible that "maker" should exist without the "made," nor "made" without the "maker," for each of them is one and the same thing. Wherefore it's no more possible for one from other to be parted, than self from self.

6. Now if the maker is naught else but that which makes alone, simple, uncompound, it needs must do this [making] to itself,—to which the making of its maker is "its being made."* And as to all that's being made,—it cannot be [so made] by being made by self; but it must needs be made by being made by other. Without the "maker" "made" is neither made nor is; for that the one without the other doth lose its proper nature by deprivation of that other. If, then, all things have been admitted to be two,—the that which is being made and that which makes,—[yet] are they one in union,—the that which leadeth and the that which followeth. The making God is that which leadeth; the that which is being made, whate'er it be, the that which followeth.

7. And do not thou be chary of things made because of their variety, from fear of attribution of a low estate and lack of glory unto God. For that His glory's one,—the making of all things; and this is as it were God's body,—the creation. But by the maker's self naught is there thought or bad or base. These things are passions which accompany the making process, as rust doth brass and filth doth body; but neither doth the brass-smith make the rust, nor the begetters of the body filth, nor God [make] evil. It is continuance in the state of being made that makes them lose, as though it were, their bloom; and it's because of this God hath made change, as though it were the making clean again of genesis.

8. Is it, then, possible for one and the same painter man to make both heaven, and gods, and earth, and sea, and men, and all the animals, and lifeless things, and yet impossible for God to make all things? What monstrous lack of understanding; what want of knowledge as to

* γένεσις.

God! For such the strangest lot of all do suffer; for though they say they worship piously and sing the praise of God, yet by their not ascribing unto Him the making of all things, they know not God, and, added unto this not-knowing, they're guilty even of the worst impiety to Him—passion to Him attributing, or arrogance, or impotency, ignorance, or jealousy. For if He doth not make all things, from arrogance He doth not make, or not being able, or as not knowing, or as being jealous,—which is impiety [to think].

9. One passion hath God only—Good; and He who's Good, is neither arrogant, nor impotent, nor [yet] the other things. For this is God—the Good, which hath all power of making all. And all that can be made is made by God,—that is, by [Him who is] the Good and who can make all things. But would'st thou learn how He doth make,

10. and how things made are made, thou may'st do so. Behold a very fair and most resemblant image—a farmer casting seed into the ground, here wheat, there barley, and there [again] some other of the seeds! Behold one and the same man planting vine, and apple, and [all] other trees! In just the self-same way doth God sow immortality in heaven, and change on earth, and life and motion in the universe.* These are not many, but few and easy to be numbered; for four in all are they—God and His making—in which are all that are.

Notes

Although this little treatise is one of great beauty, it must be confessed that the way in which the writer in § 7 extricates himself from the dilemma he has created by postulating God as both the Good and the All, is at best but a pleasant device. It is true he states that he has explained these things more mystically to "Asclepius" than to "Tat." But it is to be supposed that there was a still more mystic teaching, in which the "problem of evil" was squarely faced, but which was reserved for a higher degree of instruction, when the initiate had reached such a grade

* *Lit.*, in the all.

of self-illumination that the revelation of this highest mystery would be fraught with no danger, owing to the perfect purification of the inner nature—a degree from which there was no falling back, no more "going out." This stage is presumably the attainment of that sublime spiritual state which is free from the necessity of fate or genesis, in which there is "nothing more to learn" of this world-process, the summit of the Gnosis, which the Buddhist philosophers call Nirvâṇa.

G. R. S. MEAD.

KARMA AS A SPECTRE

KARMA, that comprehensive Sanscrit word that we have taken into our vocabulary in its oriental form, because our own English language is not rich enough to translate it, that concise full-bodied term that holds in itself such depth of meaning that the brain sometimes halts and surrenders before it, has unfortunately taken many in a grip almost as inflexible as that of the Arab word "Kismet."

"My Karma!" they say, amid sighs and groans, as they bend to let the dread thing pass over them. Karma is to these a spectre whose gaunt form lurks in covert ways to seize upon them unexpectedly and torture soul and body in a malign clutch, and whose inexorable character pre-denies any diversion of purpose. But let us boldly face Karma and see what it is.

Karma, broadly speaking, is a term that represents sowing and reaping, past, present and future; one reaps past Karma in the present and sows future Karma in the present. And the harvest is a harvest of thoughts, feelings and actions. This is the simplest way of defining Karma and one that will serve the present purpose in full. Extending over these three planes, thought—the mental plane, feeling—the astral plane, and action—the physical plane, Karma has such a wide range that even though it be playing the part of a spectre on one plane, it may simultaneously be appearing as a compensating angel on another.

We must try to realise that we are really living on three planes at once, not functioning consciously—few are yet at that point—but, nevertheless, while functioning normally on the physical plane, giving a great deal of time to oblivion of the physical plane in emotional thinking—which is being on the astral plane, or lost in studious thought—which is being on the mental plane; wherever consciousness is, there the man is. It is seldom that Karma takes the phase of a spectre on the three planes at once. Now if this fact were only grasped more clearly we would not feel ourselves slaves to Karma, culprits under a tyrant, but free men able to vacate, as it were, the field pounced upon by the spectre and go off at will to other fields, go perhaps to the field where smiles the compensating angel.

By vacating the field I do not mean that we are to run away from duty, on any plane. We most certainly should stay and work out the debt to the law on whatever plane it may fall, but man, the higher consciousness, is free to rise where he will, and like the all-penetrating ether, cannot be held by any material barricade. Consciousness may rise serenely to the buddhic plane where love and peace are unaffected by lower conditions, while the lower form faithfully accomplishes its work on lower planes.

The harvest of Karma has been sown by ourselves, and whether sown ignorantly or knowingly we must do the reaping. And it is this reaping that frightens and dismays, for men say: "We do not know what we have sown in the past, we do not remember"; and they tremble before the awful possibilities and cringe under the heavy actualities of the self-sown harvests.

Man, the free spirit, the spark of divinity, frightened by the spectre of his past, forgets that he is a creature of light, that he has wings with which to raise himself above harassments, whether of thought, feeling or action, forgets that he, the divine, is slave to nothing above or below, that he is invincible, imperishable, light of light, master over the illusion of circumstances. To quote *The Voice of the Silence*, "Alas, alas, that all men should possess Âlaya, be one with the Great Soul, and that possessing it, Âlaya should so little avail them."

Truly, there is escape from everything, from every sting and

torture, from every heavy burden. Man, the spirit, is not bound! Man, the spark of life eternal, is above past, present and future, is above all detail of existence! He, ever, anywhere, at any time, is all life, all love, all intelligence. He can rise above thought, for he is all thought, he can rise above feeling, for he is all feeling, he can rise above action, for he is all action. All is accomplished in him, and therefore all is peace in him.

This is the thought to grasp and hold and carry with us as we work our way through the maze of illusion woven by the lower self: "I, consciousness, here, now, have all that I want or need, for I am all."

If we could only realise the force of this thought we should have an open sesame to every closed door, and no spectre Karma would have any power over us. And the first step towards the gaining of this is faith, faith to repeat it, to try to effect it, to believe it, feel it, be it, to carry it like an inextinguishable light above all turmoil, outer or inner, and keep our eyes fixed upon it, knowing that this light cannot go out, and that as long as we see it we are it. And quickly upon this faith that we are it, will come knowledge that we are it, for the response of spirit to spirit is at once and plentiful. And swift upon knowledge will come power, power to believe, to know and to be. Then what will matter the turmoil, the clearing away of the débris of our past? Patience will accomplish all. The higher self, taking the lower self in a firm grasp, will guide it out of disorder, as a tender mother guides a wayward child, lovingly, patiently, unerringly. This is a promise and a fact, what we need is more faith.

To go back to the spectre Karma, one important thought in regard to it is, that to tremble before it and emphasise its weight is to show ingratitude, for it is evident that we would suffer doubly under the same circumstances if the teaching in regard to Karma had never been placed before us and we were wrestling in doubt and ignorance as to the cause of suffering. To possess a knowledge as to the cause of suffering is a blessing so great, that if we only stop to think of life without that knowledge we are quickly brought to a sense of humility and thankfulness.

Now let us make a practical analysis of a given case of

Karma and demonstrate the assertion that Karma as a spectre rarely appears on the three planes at once. The case which I will cite is authentic, which increases its value as evidence.

A lady of refinement, broken in physical health, was so reduced in circumstances that she had to live in a cheap lodging house. The house was so old and poorly kept that it was permeated by offensive odours, overrun by vermin and frequented by inmates whose "auras" were far from purifying. It was not an infrequent occurrence for the inmate of the room directly over hers to spend the night in *delirium tremens*, breaking the furniture and pounding the floor and walls in a way that suggested his probable appearance below, which appearance was further suggested by the fact that his bedroom window at no great height overlooked the balcony on which her window opened. Broken in health, unable to procure employment, on the verge of starvation and with this gross environment, Karma, relative to her state of evolution, could hardly appear more maleficent. And yet loving influences from helpers on the higher planes made themselves felt, recognised faces of guardian friends appeared in visions at night, and while Karma seemed to hold a demon-like grip over material circumstances, sleeping hours revealed a different state of affairs.

Now the point of the story is simply this. Helpers were there, loving, capable helpers, giving spiritual aid, sustaining the higher nature through the lower ordeal, filling in with gold, as it were, every little chink that might be filled without interfering with Karma, and helpers, no doubt, instrumental in the help that came on the physical plane. In this case, memory registered some of the transactions on super-physical planes and proved that concourse with pure and powerful souls was the compensating angel aspect on one plane while the spectre Karma dominated the lower.

From these proofs we are justified in the inference that helpers are at hand in every case. That though the physical brain may not register what takes place, we are all positively guarded, guided and instructed, and that it lies with us to profit by or discard the help given. And the way to profit by it is firmly to grasp the belief that it is given, to hold on by faith to this belief, and to insist upon a receptive brain through all events, as far as

strength of will is able to maintain it. And this receptive brain is far easier to maintain than may at first appear, for we make difficulties by non-comprehension. Non-resistance is the key-note to a receptive brain, flexibility, elasticity are other words for giving a clearer meaning.

We all know the peace that follows giving in after struggling to maintain a false position, for in great or small degree we have all had experience in this way; we know the blessed relaxation that succeeds the adjustment of strained relations with friends; we can recall exactly the sensation in the brain; and that state of the brain is a state of non-resistance, a state of receptivity. That is the state that we are to learn to maintain habitually, a continued giving in to higher influences. That state is the true interpretation of Vairâgya, the "indifference" that we are counselled to cultivate, and that is as far removed from callous indifference as the sweet out-breathing of a rose is from the repelling chill of a frosty wind.

But this state of non-resistance does not imply non-resistance to misdoers, non-resistance to circumstances. We may be called upon to make a very firm resistance to people and to things in order to maintain what appeals to us as right; but if the inner state of non-resistance to the higher influences of love, peace and wisdom is maintained, the outer resistance will be no more trying than resistance to a sweep of wind or an out-going tide. It is really very easy to cultivate this giving-in attitude of the brain. It can be done instantly, under any circumstances, and is really the easiest possible thing to do. An energetic mental resistance is ten times as hard to maintain and ten times as ineffective. We take pains to gather thought up into a hard knot and keep it focussed at a steady point, when we take a stand in active affairs, and exhaustion follows reaction, while if we would simply innerly give in to love, peace and wisdom, the same outward stand would cost us scarcely anything.

If we would only cultivate the habit of looking for the compensating angel, we should not crawl and quiver so much in the presence of the spectre Karma. But the tendency is to fix the gaze upon it, to see the rough, disturbing factor, and overlook the subtile pacifying comforter. Disagreeable Karma would lose half

its weight if we only had the habit of giving our first attention to picking out the wholesome grains from the harvest that has come in. But we don't do this. We see evil much more quickly than good, because we are afraid of it. We look at the harvest of weeds and thorns and stamp its ugliness upon our brains, while the rarest flowers and choicest grains lie scarcely noticed in the midst, and we cry "hurt" like children after the pain of a blow is over, and pay little attention to those who try to soothe and heal us.

Now suppose that Karma on the physical plane subjects us to deprivation, to disagreeable surroundings, to unattractive companions, can we not turn to the astral plane and find the compensating angel? Our emotions need not be subject to torment unless we allow it; the astral man may vibrate to an entirely different atmosphere, may roam contented in fair places, at peace with loved ones. To realise that we are anywhere with anyone on any plane is to be there, and we all know that thought and feeling can be so entirely abstracted from physical surroundings that reality for us is not at the location of the physical body. We often come back from this subtle realisation to a sense of unreality in surrounding objects, and if we would only maintain this impression and cling to what we were lost in as reality, we would be free, not bound.

One of the best examples that I know of is the psychic condition of a happy lover whose consciousness is always with his beloved; who, lifted into this subtle state of consciousness, is happy anywhere, among all men. Remember it has been said "Love is of God, and he who loves is of God and knows God." Commonplace as the example may seem to be, it holds within itself a mighty truth, for the nearer we come to the great truths the simpler they appear. The all-absorbing love of the lover of one becomes in the wider sweep the love for all seen as one, and the intensity of joy in one will be later the intensity of joy in all as one.

But, again, I do not counsel a selfish running away from duty, from those who need us, only a saving of surplus energy from lower things. We must remember, too, that magnetic influences are forceful just as well as other forms of physical

energy, and that if the inner man is happy those magnetic waves pass out and encompass all things within their circuit, influencing them to become like themselves. We are often surprised at our power of calm, of goodwill, at moments of outward disturbance, and we too often give ourselves credit for self-control and charity, when if we could only look with the subtle sight, we would see the faces and hear the voices of loving and more advanced friends whose strength is sustaining us. The compensating angel is always to be found, and oftentimes it wears the familiar guise of one whom we know on the physical plane.

If Karma the spectre appears on the astral plane and we suffer through our emotions, we may look either on the physical plane or the mental plane for the compensating angel. We may go one way or the other, transfer consciousness to either plane. And if we try to do this, if instead of adding a surplus of emotional suffering to the kârmic debt of suffering that must be paid, we deliberately analyse the case, mark the "for" and "against," and take advantage of the "fors," we will be surprised to find how many things are in our favour. It is a good thing to sit down with paper and pencil and check off advantages and disadvantages; make an inventory of what we have in our favour on the physical plane and what on the mental plane. The result will be surprising and will go a long way toward lessening the severity of the emotional Karma.

This is a good plan, because otherwise we overlook precious compensations and pay a double debt of sorrow. We cannot tell just what the measure of kârmic debt is, and we are justified in reducing suffering as much as possible; what clings to us in spite of our efforts will probably be measure in full. There is no better escape valve for emotional suffering than to turn one's attention at once to another who is suffering, and that other is always near at hand. One can get so well into the habit of this that he will do it automatically, and find that his first impulse after an emotional eruption is to go to some fellow-creature and lift his burden.

As a rule, men divert their sorrows more quickly than women. It is a masculine characteristic to set intellect to work in another direction; woman, being more emotional, is apt to

brood upon her sorrow and carry it with a feeling of dutiful necessity.

How often do we go through charming physical surroundings with a sad inappreciation of them because of an emotional burden lying heavy on the heart. It would be so much wiser to ask: "Has the sun ceased to shine?" If not, then, "neither must the sun of my heart cease to shine." We have a duty to some small world of our own, just as has the sun to its great world, and that is to shine. And we who know the influence and wide range of human magnetism fail doubly if we do not think of effect upon others as well as upon ourselves.

One may perhaps find it less easy to transfer consciousness to the mental plane than to the physical; the majority will find it so, but that depends largely upon individual tendency. Not long ago, a prominent writer stated that any sorrow could be forgotten in an hour by absorbing interest in a book. For him, that was probably true, and fortunately so, but to less well-trained minds such a statement appears as a cold-blooded untruth. However, that exemplifies a way of escape to the mental plane.

It has been told that the young wife of a Brâhman, at her husband's death, turned her attention to mathematics and became one of the greatest mathematicians that the world has ever known.

Some of our greatest poets have culled their master-pieces from the most crushing sorrows of their lives. That which is written with the heart's blood appeals to other hearts and lives, for it bears the stamp of truth. Those who can wield the pen find that their sorrows pass when they have been put upon paper; an escape valve to nervous force has been opened and tranquillity supervenes. One of the reproaches made to George Sand was that she put the love tragedies of friends connected with herself into her books; but who knows how much of her own sufferings went in also?

Write with thy heart's blood, when 'tis writ,
  None will gainsay the truth;
Write boldly, say the thing that is,
  Life's stamp will bear thee out,
So none shall doubt thee.

Let us turn our sorrows into poems, into stories, into sermons, into lectures, if we can, and so ease our souls. Other souls will profit by them; men will read with pleasure what we have written with pain, for that pain and pleasure are one sensation is evident when we see happy people deliberately choosing to read of sorrows and to sing songs of death and disappointment.

It is seldom that the lesson of the pain is not clear to us as we write. Sorrow, anger, passion shake us by their currents; they are all varying forms of one force. We can escape from one or the other in the same way, to the degree permitted by astral Karma, and we must try to escape by worthy ways to other planes, for force may be better utilised than in over-paying astral debts. We do not, unnecessarily, resign our bodies to blood-sapping insects, and no more must we resign our souls to vitality-sapping elementals. Then let us go open-eyed into other planes in search of the compensating angel and, if our vision is not always clear enough to see it, we may perhaps feel its presence; but always we shall be helped on one plane or another, whether we know or not.

But how shall we escape from the spectre Karma on the mental plane? There are so many ways that they crowd together like one luminous, musical thought. There are all the esthetic arts to turn to; there are poetry, music, painting, sculpture. If one is not able to practise them, he may read, hear, see these things, and if circumstances shut him out from this, he may go direct to nature, where the artist in any line goes for his inspiration. He may find the compensating angel in having facilities for this kind of escape. He may open up his soul to a noble emotion and put himself at the feet of an ideal, although his mental environment may be repugnant to his normal consciousness. Many a mother finds the compensating angel in her child, for truly, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings shall come forth strength. A vast throng of babes have played the part of white-robed angels and saviours in the tragedies of mind, and, if they have been instruments in so high a service, let us poetically forget that in our "manuals" they are classified as "animal."

Mental Karma may pin us where we hear low thoughts, or where we are in intimate relations with people physically and

morally clean but of inferior mental ability. We may be shut out by Karma from conscious intercourse with minds of our own calibre and repine in loneliness in the midst of uncongenial companions. It may be our Karma to hear revered ones slandered and our holiest conceptions ridiculed, and we writhe under this form of the spectre more than under any other. Mental Karma may place us under one of intellect inferior to our own, where we will be obliged to refrain from exercising higher ability and follow instructions. If one has evolved faculties, mental Karma may subject him to the trying ordeal of knowing the hidden thoughts and conditions of other minds, and, where these are relative to oneself, Karma is a spectre often hard to face. We don't think enough of this when we carelessly let our thoughts slip out begrimed toward those whose faculties we know to be evolved; if we did we might avoid many an unnecessary mental pang to the devoted ones in advanced ranks, who though willing to bear are yet sensitive human organisms.

Sometimes Karma as a spectre does appear on the three planes at once, that is as far as consciousness is able to register. A man stricken by bodily illness, deserted by one whom he holds dear, and subjected to coarse mental environment, might serve as an example of one in the grip of a threefold Karma. But we must remember that Karma begins and ends in the lower mind, for the higher mind, the intellect that is part of the Divine Trinity, is not affected by change. It is part of the unmanifested and is always free, pure and powerful. Karma comes into effect with manifestation and Divine Man is above the manifested universe. The Divine Ego shines always above the lower self, as does the sun above the clouds, and just as one may stand upon a high mountain in the light of the sun and watch a storm below, so one may stand in the light of his Higher Self while the lower self is in the grip of disturbing forces.

And it is easy to rise to the Higher Self if we would only believe it so. I do not say that it is easy to hold firmly to the Higher Self, for that only comes as a result of habit, but it is easy to give in, to be non-resistant to the Higher Self, to relax the brain and give in at once, again and again and again, until one gets in the habit of giving in. It is only habit that needs to be acquired

and all habits are acquired by small repetitions. One's consciousness may be carried away from the non-resisting attitude, and be whirled in the lower whirl time after time, but at any moment it may relax and slip out into the Higher Self if it only will.

The Higher Self is so near that one need but let himself go freely to be in it, and if he will only remember to let consciousness go from time to time, he will soon find the gaps between the times shortening and a continuous habit gradually sustaining him. We must rid ourselves of the idea of distance and take refuge in the Higher Self as a child takes refuge in the arms of its mother. The Higher Self is all life, all love, all intelligence, and if we try to realise it as that trinity we shall not make the mistake of lapsing into unguided passivity but only into a healthful, intelligent peace, always present, if we will but relax and glide into it.

Our spectre Karma is only a spectre. It may accost us in hideous form, envelope us in a malign atmosphere, but it has no power over the Divine Man in us, and we may walk through it as one walks through forms of mist, powerful to disperse, purify and govern if we have but faith in ourselves, in the divinity in us.

It is no evidence of lack of sensitiveness to get the best of every circumstance, to get, as it were, on the top side of everything, and we do this invariably by holding to the highest in us. Outwardly, we may look like the vanquished, but inwardly we shall be conquerors of power. There is strength to be won from every trial and we must try to get the enduring essence of good out of every experience. The soft side of things for us must be the spiritual side, and that side is nearer to us than any other ; we have only to give in to it and it is with us, to relax in it and we are at rest.

Let us then bear in mind that the worst that Karma can do is to hedge us in by trying and bewildering circumstances on one plane or another, but that it cannot bind the Immortal Thinker in us. If one is strong enough, he may scatter the illusive barricade and shake himself free on any plane, for the only power that the lower may have over the higher is that of illusion, never of reality. The strong soul is bound to find a way of escape, and though its lower vehicles may be bruised in the effort, the im-

mortal power will have been asserted and the knowledge of this will stamp itself on memory to awaken again in presence of another kârmic crisis.

The spectre Karma is only a masquerading player in our lives and his tawdry garments cannot deceive the True Man dwelling in us. Like little children, our lower selves may fear and fret in face of him, but as loving parents calm and reassure the little ones, so our Higher Selves are ever able to dispel the illusion of circumstances if we will but listen and obey.

In the light of the Higher Self we look back over past experiences, as men look back over the troubles of childhood, and recognise the power making for our growth and progress under trials that loomed up as spectres at the time. And little by little we realise that every trial is but the forcing onward of the lower self by the Higher and that it is the child-like clinging and rebellion of the lower self that causes the fear, the doubt, the agony. And little by little we come to understand that we never stand alone, that while the unrecognised spectre of our past darkens the way before us, the loving arms of invisible helpers hold us steadily, leading us forward, encouraging us to pass fearlessly through the illusion that to their clearer sight has no power of harm.

It is well to believe in oneself, to go forward with the courage of self-confidence, but always, we may rest assured, we go forward —as do self-reliant little children—secretly watched and guarded by more advanced ones, whose trials were once as ours, and whose footprints marked the same road that we are treading now.

ANNIE C. MCQUEEN.

ACCORDINGLY, O Monks, as respects all Form . . . all Sensation . . . all Perception . . . all Tendencies . . . all Consciousness whatsoever; past, present or future, subjective or objective, gross or subtle, mean or exalted, far or near; the correct view in the light of the Highest Wisdom is as follows:—"This is not Mine; this am I not; this is not my Self."—MAHÂ VAGGA.

WILL, DESIRE, AND EMOTION

(CONTINUED FROM p. 152)

THE BIRTH OF EMOTION

EMOTION is not a simple or primary state of consciousness, but is a compound made up by the interaction of two of the aspects of the Self, Desire and Intellect. The play of Intellect on Desire gives birth to Emotion; it is the child of both, and shows some of the characteristics of its father, Intellect, as well as of its mother, Desire.

In the developed condition Emotion seems so different from Desire that their fundamental identity is somewhat veiled; but we can see this identity either by tracing the development of a desire into an emotion, or by studying both side by side, and finding that both have the same characteristics, the same divisions, that the one is, in fact, an elaborated form of the other, the elaboration being due to the presence in the later of a number of intellectual elements absent from, or less markedly prominent in, the earlier.

Let us trace the development of a desire into an emotion in one of the commonest of human relations, the relation of sex. Here is desire in one of its simplest forms; desire for food, desire for sexual union, are the two fundamental desires of all living things—desire for food to maintain life, desire for sexual union to increase life. In both the sense of "moreness" is experienced, or, otherwise stated, pleasure is felt. The desire for food remains a desire; the food is appropriated, assimilated, loses its separate identity, becomes part of the "Me." There is no continued relation between the eater and the food which gives scope for the elaboration of an emotion. It is otherwise in the sex-relation, which tends to become more and more permanent with the evolution of the individuality.

Two savages are drawn towards each other by the attraction of sex, a passion to possess the other arises in each, each desires the other. The desire is as simple as the desire for food. But it cannot be satisfied to the same extent, for neither can wholly appropriate and assimilate the other; each to some extent maintains his or her separate identity, and each only partially becomes the "Me" of the other. There is indeed an extension of the "Me," but it is by way of inclusion and not by way of self-identification. The presence of this persisting barrier is necessary for the transformation of a desire into an emotion. This makes possible the attachment of memory and anticipation to the same object, and not to another object similar in kind—as in the case of food. A continuing desire for union with the same object becomes an emotion, thoughts thus mingling with the primary desire to possess. The barrier which keeps the mutually attracted objects as two not one, which prevents their fusion, while it seems to frustrate really immortalises; were it swept away, desire and emotion alike would vanish, and the Twain-become-One must then seek another external object for the further self-expansion of pleasure.

To return to our savages, desire-united. The woman falls sick, and ceases, for the time, to be an object of sex-gratification. But the man remembers past, and anticipates future, delight, and a feeling of sympathy with her suffering, of compassion for her weakness, arises within him. The persisting attraction towards her, due to memory and anticipation, changes desire into emotion, passion into love, and sympathy and compassion are its earliest manifestations. These, in turn, will lead to his sacrificing himself to her, waking to nurse her when he would sleep, exerting himself for her when he would rest. These spontaneous moods of the love-emotion in him will later solidify into virtues, *i.e.*, will become permanent moods in his character, showing themselves in response to the calls of human need to all persons with whom he comes into contact, whether they attract him or not. We shall see later that virtues are simply permanent moods of right emotion.

Before, however, dealing with the relation of ethics and emotion, we must further realise the fundamental identity of Desire

and Emotion by noting their characteristics and divisions. As this is done, we shall find that emotions do not form a mere jungle, but that all spring from one root, dividing into two main stems, each of these again subdividing into branches, on which grow the leaves of virtues and of vices. This fruitful idea, making possible a science of the emotions, and hence an intelligible and rational system of ethics, is due to an Indian author, Bhagavân Dâs, who has for the first time introduced order into this hitherto confused region of consciousness. Students of psychology will find in his *Science of the Emotions* a lucid treatise, setting forth this scheme, which reduces the chaos of the emotions into a cosmos, and shapes therein an ordered morality. The broad lines of exposition followed here are drawn from that work, to which readers are referred for fuller details.

We have seen that Desire has two main expressions: desire to attract, in order to possess, or again to come into contact with, any object which has previously afforded pleasure; desire to repel, in order to drive far away, or to avoid contact with, any object which has previously inflicted pain. We have seen that Attraction and Repulsion are the two forms of Desire, swaying the Self.

Emotion, being Desire infused with Intellect, inevitably shows the same division into two. The Emotion which is of the nature of Attraction, attracting objects to each other by pleasure, the integrating energy in the universe, is called Love. The Emotion which is of the nature of Repulsion, driving objects apart from each other by pain, the disintegrating energy in the universe, is called Hate. These are the two stems from the root of Desire, and all the branches of the emotions may be traced back to one of these twain.

Hence the identity of the characteristics of Desire and Emotion; Love seeks to draw to itself the attractive object, or to go after it, in order to unite with it, to possess, or be possessed by, it. It binds by pleasure, by happiness, as Desire binds. Its ties are indeed more lasting, more complicated, are composed of more numerous and more delicate threads interwoven into greater complexity, but the essence of Desire-Attraction, the binding of two objects together, is the essence of Emotion-Attraction, of

Love. And so also does Hate seek to drive away from itself the repellent object, or to flee from it, in order to be apart from it, to repulse, or be repulsed by, it. It separates by pain, by unhappiness. And thus the essence of Desire-Repulsion, the driving apart of two objects, is the essence of Emotion-Repulsion, of Hate. Love and Hate are the elaborated and thought-infused forms of the simple Desires to possess and to shun.

The Play of Emotion in the Family

Man has been described as "a social animal"—the biological way of saying that he develops best in contact with, not in isolation from, his fellows. His distinctively intellectual characteristics need, for their evolution, a social medium, and his keenest pleasures —and hence necessarily his keenest pains—arise in his relations with others of his own species. They alone can evoke from him the responses on which his further growth depends. All evolution, all the calling out of latent powers, is in response to stimuli from without, and, when the human stage is reached, the most poignant and effective stimuli can only come from contacts with human beings.

Sex-attraction is the first social bond, and the children born to the husband and wife form, with them, the first social unit, the family. The prolonged helplessness and dependence of the human infant give time for the physical passion of parentage to ripen into the emotion of maternal and paternal love, and thus give stability to the family, while the family itself forms a field in which the various emotions inevitably play. Herein are first established definite and permanent relations between human beings, and on the harmony of these relations, on the benefits bestowed by these relations on each member of the family, does the happiness of each depend.

We can advantageously study the play of Emotion in the family, since here we have a comparatively simple social unit, which yet affords a picture in miniature of society at large. We can find here the origin and evolution of virtues and vices, and see the meaning and object of morality.

We have already seen how sex-passion evolves, under stress

of circumstances, into the emotion of love, and how this love shows itself as tenderness and compassion when the wife, instead of being the equal mate, becomes helpless and dependent, in the temporary physical inferiority caused, say, by child-bearing. Similarly, should sickness or accident reduce the husband to the temporary physical inferiority, tenderness and compassion will flow out to him from the wife. But these manifestations of love cannot be shown by the stronger without evoking from the weaker answering love-manifestations; these in the condition of weakness will have as their natural characteristics trust, confidence, gratitude, all equally love-emotions coloured by weakness and dependence. In the relation of parents to children and of children to parents, where physical superiority and inferiority are far more strongly marked and persist for a considerable period of time, these love-emotions will be continually manifested on both sides. Tenderness, compassion, protection, will be constantly shown by the parents to the children, and trust, confidence, gratitude, will be the constant answer of the children. Variations in the expression of the love-emotion will be caused by variety of circumstances, which will call out generosity, forgiveness, patience, etc., on the part of the parents, and obedience, dutifulness, serviceableness, etc., on the part of the children. Taking these two classes of love-emotions, we see that the common essence in the one class is benevolence, and in the other reverence; the first is love looking downwards on those weaker, inferior to itself, the other love looking upwards on those stronger, superior to itself. And we can then generalise and say: Love looking downwards is Benevolence; Love looking upwards is Reverence; and these are the several common characteristics of Love from superiors to inferiors, and Love from inferiors to superiors universally.

The normal relations between husband and wife, and those between brothers and sisters, afford us the field for studying the manifestations of love between equals. We see love showing itself as mutual tenderness and mutual trustfulness, as consideration, respect, and desire to please, as quick insight into and endeavour to fulfil the wishes of the other, as magnanimity, forbearance. The elements present in the love-emotions of superior

to inferior are found here, but mutuality is impressed on all of them. So we may say that the common characteristic of Love between equals is Desire for Mutual Help.

Thus we have Benevolence, Desire for Mutual Help and Reverence as the three main divisions of the Love-Emotion, and under these all love-emotions may be classified. For all human relations are summed up under the three classes: the relations of superiors to inferiors, of equals to equals, of inferiors to superiors.

A similar study of the Hate-Emotion in the family will yield us similar fruits. Where there is hate between husband and wife, the temporary superior will show harshness, cruelty, oppression to the temporary inferior, and these will be answered by the inferior with hate-manifestations characteristic of weakness, such as vindictiveness, fear, and treachery. These will be even more apparent in the relations between parents and children, when both are dominated by the Hate-Emotion, since the disparity is here greater, and tyranny breeds a whole crop of evil emotions, deceit, servility, cowardice, while the child is helpless, and disobedience, revolt and revenge as it grows older. Here again we seek a common characteristic, and find that Hate looking downwards is Pride, and looking upwards is Fear.

Similarly, Hate between equals will show itself in anger, combativeness, disrespect, violence, aggressiveness, jealousy, insolence, etc.; all the emotions which repel man from man when they stand as rivals, face to face, not hand in hand. The common characteristic of Hate between equals will thus be Mutual Injury. And the three main characteristics of the Hate-Emotion are Pride, Desire for Mutual Injury, and Fear.

Love is characterised in all its manifestations by Sympathy, Self-Sacrifice, the desire to give; these are its essential factors, whether as Benevolence, as Desire for Mutual Help, as Reverence. For all these directly serve Attraction, bring about union, are of the very nature of Love. Hence Love is of the Spirit; for sympathy is the feeling for another as one would feel for oneself; self-sacrifice is the recognition of the claim of the other, as oneself; giving is the condition of spiritual life. Thus Love is seen to belong to the Spirit, to the life-side of the universe.

Hate, on the other hand, is characterised in all its manifestations by Antipathy, Self-Aggrandisement, the desire to take; these are its essential factors, whether as Pride, Desire for Mutual Injury, or Fear. All these directly serve Repulsion, driving one apart from another. Hence, Hate is of Matter, emphasises manifoldness and differences, is essentially separateness, belongs to the form-side of the universe.

We have thus far dealt with the play of Emotion in the family, because the family serves as a miniature of society. Society is only the integration of numerous family units, but the absence of the blood-tie between these units, the absence of recognised common interests and common objects, makes it necessary to find some bond which will supply the place of the natural bonds in the family. The family units in a Society appear on the surface as rivals, rather than as brothers and sisters; hence the Hate-Emotion is more likely to rise than the Love-Emotion, and it is necessary to find some way of maintaining harmony; this is done by the transmutation of Love-Emotions into virtues.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE KING OF THE FOOLS

THERE was once a tributary king who held his power under the sovereign sway of that great legendary ruler of whom I have so often told. This king, though he was a tributary monarch and held office under one greater than himself, was yet a very strong man and a mighty soldier. He extended his rule greatly; he conquered province after province and drew them under his sway, till he acquired a great territory within the limits of the wide continents governed by the High King. The men who owned the rule of the tributary monarch were very diverse; he ruled them justly, but severely, after the fashion in which he governed the race from which he sprang, the kingship of which he inherited from his father. He was a man of stern temper, rigid mind,

great purity of life, and stainless honour; the counsellors who surrounded him were like unto him, for those who were not like minded were swiftly dismissed.

It was the custom of the race that son should succeed father on the throne; sometimes the offices of ruler and high priest were combined, but more commonly the second son of the king became chief priest. The second son of this tributary king of whom I tell, was like unto his father in temper of mind; he was less a soldier than a priest, nevertheless he shared the king's rigid disposition, strong will, and high soberness of life. Now these qualities were apparently lacking in the heir apparent; so that many men, especially the chief councillor, a man of great gifts, who was the special friend of the younger prince, wished that he, rather than the older, might succeed to the throne at the death of the king. But this might not be, save for very grave cause, while the elder lived; and should he die, his young son, a child but two years old, would follow him.

The heir was a young man of comely person, genial temper, and gracious bearing; but he was thought to be idle, pleasure-loving, and, it was whispered, lax of life. Those by whom he was surrounded were of manners very different from the courtiers of his father, who were the noblest, proudest, and most virtuous of the land. The prince loved beauty; he was a patron of the arts; he loved travel; he desired to know concerning the men of other nations, and their ways of living and thinking; these were matters of no moment to his father, who troubled himself only about what concerned him; those with whom he concerned himself he caused, as far as possible, to live and think as he saw fit they should do. The prince neglected the established methods of worship and went after strange gods; he loved luxurious living, ease, mirth, delicate food, and good wine. He sought the witty, rather than the pious; he went among the people as one of themselves; he was free of speech and careless; and in all these ways he gave much offence to his father, who asked him sternly the reason of his idle behaviour. The prince replied he had nothing to do save to be idle; therefore he sought to do it as comfortably and advantageously to himself as possible.

Hearing this the king frowned, but after he had reflected

awhile he smiled; partly because the prince was smiling at him and partly because he thought his son's conduct was due to the fiery energy of a strong soul; for such natures often give cause for disapproval in their youth, because of the surging within them of a great and ungoverned force they are unable to understand. The king, therefore, hoping great things of his heir, sent him to be viceroy of a country which had been recently conquered, consisting of many provinces and different races.

There the prince drew around him men of very diverse kinds, both just and unjust; very patient with them was he, very courteous and kindly; but he did not force the people along the path traced for them by the king his father; who after awhile sent messengers to him, saying he disapproved of his rule, and of many of the men who surrounded him, and were by him established in offices of state. The prince answered that he did not question his father's greater wisdom, but he could not mould himself thereto; wherefore he was recalled in disgrace, and peacefully returned to his former life of idleness and gaiety.

Two years later the king died, and his son ascended the throne amidst the acclamations of the people, and the hidden fears of the councillors of the late king. The new ruler could not be said to neglect his duties, but his rule was very different from that of his father. Moreover his outward habits remained unchanged, and gave offence to many. He was thirty years old when he became king; his young son was six years of age; his wife, a princess of violent and turbulent temper, had fallen into bad health; her physicians believed her life to be drawing to a close, and on her death it was likely that difficulties would ensue with the land of her birth, which was governed by her brother. A great cause of disquiet to the high priest, and to the chief councillor, lay in the fact that the king appeared to look with no great disfavour upon those who were careless, over-luxurious, and profligate; these he drew around him, and attached to his person; people began to whisper that birds and beasts flock together after their kind, and the same law holds good in the world of men.

The king seemed to be quite unconscious of the offence he gave; he went among his courtiers, gracious and sunny of bear-

ing alike to the virtuous and the vicious; it was impossible to say which of the twain he preferred. The virtuous and industrious, who were well aware of their excellent parts and high deserts, were greatly offended; for a prince, said they, who greeted with equal courtesy a pious priest, a learned professor, a distinguished statesman, and a man who spent his days in sloth and his nights at the gaming table, was a ruler who displayed a serious lack of moral discrimination. It never occurred to them that a man could perceive inwardly more than he revealed outwardly; for no sooner did these people perceive aught, than they instantly made a great stir, and proclaimed it, and judged it after their kind; and thereupon they set up a standard of action in accordance with their own natures and inclinations, and strove to make all others guide themselves thereby; and if they failed they held them to be unworthy and inferior persons. This was especially the case with the chief councillor, the friend of the high priest, who judged the king very severely.

"He is incapable," said he, "of understanding my meaning and purposes; our aims and standards differ."

And he spoke in such a manner that all perceived the king's spiritual and mental condition to be in a parlous case. One thing however was noted concerning the new ruler which was not ill; the newly conquered peoples, hitherto held by force, began to be held by liking for their king; they began to see in him not a great dominant force, but a persuasive and cohesive influence. They perceived him as one struggling and ofttimes defeated, like themselves; thus the humanity of the king rather than his power touched them, and the divers provinces began to be welded into a huge nation; till the statesmen said among themselves that the kingdom was too great for so small a king.

One summer night the king wandered in the palace gardens after a feast. He was alone; he had dismissed his attendants; the night was hot, and the king was tired, for he had been sitting in council all day. He went down a quiet walk fenced by clipped hedges of pungent smelling evergreens; statues gleamed here and there through the dusky leafage; at the end of the walk was a fountain, its basin full of water-lilies, and fringed with water-

grasses; stone benches were set around it, backed by the walls of the sweet smelling hedges. The moon was bright, and at the fountain's verge the king saw a man who was stooping to drink; as he drew near this man heard him, and sprang up. The king saw a certain notorious thief, who, a year before, had been sentenced for theft, and was newly released from prison. When he saw the king he would have fled, but the king raised his hand, and cried softly and persuasively:

"I pray you! I pray you! Do not go. Under the sun I am your king. Under the moon I am your suppliant and your host. I wish for knowledge."

The man stood still in very surprise at this greeting. The king sat down at the fountain verge; and the man, at his bidding, sat on a bench hard by. The king dashed water from the fountain on his brow, and he said:

"Truth to tell I have unwittingly drunk more wine than enough, and my brain is dull and heavy. This was great folly in me; but I hold that you, who are yourself not overwise in certain matters, will know how to forgive me. Give me knowledge. Why do you live as you do? For I remember that you might have lived an upright life among your sober and honest kindred."

The thief laid certain sentiments before the king befitting the royal ears; the king sighed gently, and he said:

"Alas! Alas! I, a sinner, hoped for knowledge from a fellow-sinner; but lo! you are too high and noble of precept for me to follow you."

Then the thief, who was a young man of good wit, laughed, and forgot he talked with the king; and he began, wherefore he knew not, to wish he were an honest man, and fitter to hold converse with his ruler, who sat smiling in the moonlight on the fountain verge; he unfolded the fact that he did indeed marvel at himself, and wish at times, though not always, that his life were otherwise; but he said he found the only honest work he could do was dull, and the life he led was much more interesting; for, said he: "The work to which I was set in my youth was very hard, ill-paid and monotonous toil; and I was ambitious of ease and excitement. By the life I lead my wits are sharpened and I am better paid."

"Herein," said the king, "lies a great scandal and a shame to me; that any man in my realm should find theft more profitable and pleasing than honest work. I am greatly in your debt for having shown me this; and I shall strive to remedy the matter."

Thus they sat together and talked for some time; at last the thief took courage and asked the king plainly how it befell that he would talk thus to such as he.

"For," he said, "as I talk with you I perceive that you, the king, do not hold me in such scorn as those of meaner condition do."

"There may herein be many reasons," said the king. "Firstly, I have neither need nor temptation to steal; secondly, I can afford to lose if you should rob me."

"I shall not rob you," said the thief, with indignation.

The king smiled:

"Forgive me," he said. "I have been unwittingly discourteous. I beg your pardon. Let me go on with what I was saying. Thirdly, being of an uncovetous, unambitious nature it is likely that under any circumstances this sin would be far from me, wherefore I hate it less, because I need not fear its power upon me. Fourthly, I am not yet convinced as to the relative sinfulness of sins."

"I do not think I understand you," said the thief.

"Thus it is," said the king. "You are a thief. I in times past have drunken too freely; indeed I should have done well to have drunk less to-night. One of my chiefest courtiers, a man no longer young, leads a very profligate life. Yet another is good-humoured, easy, pleasant—and selfish; no men save those who are cursed to live with him think him to be a sinner at all. Among my councillors is a man highly esteemed, but he has a very sour temper, and is a grievous curse to his family; and there is yet another who never fails to impute evil intent to those whom he doth not like or with whom he doth not agree. Three hours this day I spent in undoing the mischief he wrought, and the unwitting deceit he practised. I had rather he took my purse, or for that matter, my crown."

The thief nodded, and expressed much sympathy with the king.

"Now these two councillors hold themselves above the profligate and the drunken; and the profligate and drunken hold themselves—the Gods know why!—above the thief. I freely own to you I do not understand the grades of sin. I marvel whether the profligate and the thief who struggle with their sins and fail, are not less sinful than the ill-tempered man who struggles not at all, or very little; and if all three struggle and do not conquer, I wonder whether they stand not level in the eyes of the clear seeing."

The thief listened with attention.

"Freely I admit," pursued the king, "that these be all sins, alike foolish and mischievous, and we who practise them are sinners; but which of us is the worst, I do not know. Since my own sins are frequently not altogether unpleasing to me, I regard them more leniently than I do yours; but herein is neither right reason nor justice."

"Among my fellows," said the thief, much interested, "there are some who do not grieve for their sins at all; nor, I think, perceive them to be sin, unless they be taken by the guardians of the city, and haled to prison and punished."

"I believe," replied the king, "that these are dull scholars, but simple men; and by no means so evil as you and I."

"This I think too," answered the thief, "but I am glad I am less stupid than they, though more sinful."

"Truly," said the king. "You are perhaps right, in so far that you have shorter school-days ahead of you than they. These men of whom you speak take my gold, and their injury to me is seen by the dullest; wherefore I, and others, strive to make plain to them their sin and swiftly they learn their ill-doing. But this my councillor, of whom I spoke, a man highly esteemed and held in honour, hath by his evil temper and harshness darkened and made bitter the lives of his wife and his young son, and on the heart and brain of the boy he hath wrought an injury that will not fade with years. But since his injury to them is little seen, no man strives to make plain to him his ill-doing, though it is greater in its consequences than that of the thieves, thy fellows. Therefore he will learn slowly; he will do much harm, and reap most bitter fruit, because his sin is subtler, and works in subtler realms; namely

in his soul and the souls of his son and his wife, who wax, the one harder and bitterer, and the other more fearful and timid, day by day. Surely this man is as sinful as thou art; yet my father and I have honoured him openly, while we have punished thee; and men who would pass thee in scorn, seek for his notice and favour. Who shall answer me as to the degrees of sin?"

The king mused, and drew his hand slowly through the water; he had spoken very earnestly; the thief gazed at him like one held and drawn despite himself.

"I have asked myself what is the place and function of the fool," pursued the king, "whereby I mean the sinner who sees and knows his sin and cannot leave it. For I take it that we sinners are all great and pitiful fools."

The thief seemed to dissent; thought awhile, and nodded:

"It is so," he said. "I had not perceived it till now."

"What place then have we?" said the king. "Thou and I? I have weighed the matter, and sought the place and function of folly, sin and ignorance; it seems to me that our place and office is to be slain in fitting time and place. *In fitting time and place,* I said—not before."

The thief feared, as well he might, till the king looked at him and smiled. Now the king's smile was of such a nature that neither man, woman, child, nor beast beholding it could fear.

Only the splashing of the fountain was heard and the leap of a gold fish in the basin. The thief slid from the bench to his knees, and he kissed the hand of the king; then he said:

"When you perceive the fit hour will you tell me?"

"It will also be my own hour," replied the king.

The next day the sage and virtuous were scandalised and amazed by finding the king had admitted the most notorious robber of the city among the company of his soldiers, and had even taken him into the band of those who were specially attached to his person.

The thief was by no means a man worthy of respect, nevertheless he now refrained from dishonest dealing, and towards the king he showed great loyalty, and a reverence unshared by the more estimable. This was but natural; for the thief was neither

so keen to perceive, nor so greatly dismayed at other people's faults, as were those who were not thieves, but only selfish, dissolute, evil of thought, ill-tempered, jealous, slanderers, harsh in judgment, greedy, or practisers of other venial and innocent errors.

In the third year of the king's reign the queen consort died; and shortly afterwards the king, her brother, made war on his brother-in-law, thinking to gain the land and the guardianship of the little prince. He had hitherto refrained for his sister's sake, but now he sent a great army of men of evil knowledge to invade the country; for he knew his brother-in-law as a man easy tempered, idle, and luxurious, rather than a great leader and hardy soldier like the late king his father.

Now, as has been said, the king drew magnet-like the hearts of the least worthy of his people; the idlest and most profligate loved him and would follow him whithersoever he would lead them; therefore when, hearing of the march of the men of evil knowledge upon the land, he sent forth his summons for fighting men, these reckless, idle folk, gamblers, libertines, and pleasure lovers, sunk in sloth and luxury, flocked in and gathered to his standard with the tried and true soldiers, the lovers of their country.

Now, moreover, arose a state of affairs upon which the invading king had not reckoned; for he calculated upon a condition of anarchy and rebellion among the newly conquered peoples of the realm; but it came to pass that men who had sullenly borne the yoke of the conqueror, his father, and obeyed with treachery in their hearts, came in gladly and ranged themselves under the banner of the more genial and kindly son; so that all the defensive power of the land was gathered to one point to await the king's bidding.

Many, seeing his power with evil-doers, with rebels, and with men of alien race who were secret traitors, blamed him; for they said a king worthy and high and fit to rule would be loved by the good, and feared and hated by the evil and rebellious. Those who were weak in evil because they were also weak in good, were louder in blame than those who were weak in sin because mighty in righteousness,

While this great army was encamped without the city till the king should have held council with his chief captains, the high priest held a solemn service of prayer; thither went the king, the councillors, the great captains, and the noblest and most pious of the people. When the prayer and humiliation were ended the chief councillor wandered without the city to the great camp, and saw the idlest and most dissolute of the land, who had gathered at the king's bidding, shouting, singing, laughing, and drinking his health; and he saw with deep disgust and anger, that the king himself was going on foot among them, speaking to all, and drinking of their wine; he felt deep wrath that the king, fresh from that solemn service of intercession for the country and the host, should go lightly to and fro, and did not rebuke these men, nor exhort them to soberness in the face of a great national danger, nor bid them join with the rest in prayer.

The councillor left the camp and returned to his house alone; his heart cried within him:

"Cursed is the land that has such a ruler to lead its armies and sit upon its throne!"

The thing seemed to him the more grievous because the king held almost absolute power (subject always to the High King) and ruled in deed and not in name only. He climbed to his housetop and sat thereon in great gloom; he watched the stars, and the glare of the camp fires without the city. As he sat thus he became aware of a man of great stature, clad in the armour of a warrior, standing upon the housetop by his side. He was amazed, for there was no entrance save from the room below, the door whereof he had barred that he might give himself undisturbed to mournful forebodings. He sprang to his feet, crying:

"Who, and what manner of man art thou? Art thou a spirit, or a sorcerer, or man of evil knowledge?"

The stranger replied:

"No evil knowledge is mine; and I am a man even as thou art. I am the Regent appointed by the High King to rule this land in his name, until the young child be of age to sit upon his father's throne."

The councillor was glad, for the man's bearing was very noble; and he thought the weakness of the king had caused the High King to depose him, and set a Regent in his place. But he saw reproof in the Regent's eyes, and asked:

"How have I done amiss?"

The Regent said:

"Think not evil of thy ruler, thou who standest beside his throne and shouldst make strong his arm. If thy thought be true, thou shalt but increase the evil; and if false thou shalt make more hard thy own path; and thus in either case the paths of all men shall be made more hard to tread. This prince's work and his purposes are wholly unknown to thee. I come to show thee this man, and the high priest his brother, as they are. For it is said a man verily is as he desires to be; and he oftentimes seems to be that which he was in the days that are past. Thou thinkest this king is not a fit ruler, nor a worthy servant of the High King. O man of little wisdom! reflect on this; if the High King shall wait till he find among you a ruler for this people fit to know all his counsels, a worthy servant for a lord so great, the people shall go unruled and he unserved for ever. But the King casts his eyes on the greatness that shall be rather than on the littleness that is; and for this reason thou, even thou, standest among the councillors of this land. Of many weak and foolish ones, both of those who think themselves strong, and those who know themselves weak, the King chooses the man the nature of whose weakness and whose strength shall best serve the needs of the time. For the High King knows the needs of the past, the present, and the future. Behold! he seeth the whole, and dost thou judge the remnant? as well, O foolish man! judge the richness of a land by a few grains of sand clinging to the bare foot of a child who traversed it in the darkness. Guard thou thine own steps; make clean thine own heart! Leave thy ruler to answer to him to whom he giveth tribute of that which is committed to his charge."

The councillor was silent. The Regent said:

"Plants there be that grow and flourish in the heat and drought; while others love the shade and the plash and drip of rain. The first would perish should the rain test their strength,

and the second die of the rays borne by the first. Neither man nor plant may judge of alien struggles nor of alien needs. Canst thou measure the greatness of a sin whereto thou art not tempted? Or canst thou gauge a virtue which thou canst not practise?"

Upon the councillor fell a great shame and sense of his own slightness of mind and narrowness of heart. The Regent spake further and said:

"There was once a prophet at the High King's court, and he spake a prophecy before he passed to an unseen land; he said there should dwell in this country certain men of royal lineage who knew not of their high estate, but should stray far from the land of their birthright; and to them should come one disguised who should recall them to the knowledge of their royal birth and lead them on a path of great glory, whereon these wanderers should learn, every man, that his were the rights and powers that belong to the king, and may by no means be lost by him; and it is in my mind that the hour whereof he spake is at hand; and this your ruler he who shall, all unwittingly, fulfil the prophet's word."

The counsellor fixed his eyes in bewilderment upon the Regent of the King; as he did so he felt a change in his soul; a new consciousness dawned within him, which was at once like and unlike his own; he perceived his life to be blent with that of the royal high priest, his friend. He felt comparatively little change from the thoughts and motives he was wont to feel; he perceived and approved the excellent desires and worthy ambitions of the second son of the late king. They were even as the councillor's own aims; stronger and more unswerving, but the same. Moreover, they were such as might well have been expected from his conduct. The man as he was and as he seemed to be were much alike, though not precisely similar. There was little incongruity; he could not do all he would, but he did very little that he would not. Here and there he felt temptations assail him, but they were weak; the things wherein he erred were matters which he saw as objects of legitimate desire rather than as temptations; following them he was led into action which wrought evil he seldom perceived, or understood to be evil.

The Regent said gently :

"Wilt thou now know thy ruler as he is? Through me thou canst do so. Wilt thou know him as the High King knows him ; as he knows himself while he lives and moves among men ; and as men such as thou know him?"

As he spoke the councillor was amazed by the sudden sweep of a, till now, unexperienced power. He felt a great breadth of vision dawn upon him, of which he had never dreamed ; aspirations so mighty, longings so pure and glorious, desires so high and selfless that he lived in a world of the Gods. He became aware of a great and compassionate knowledge of men in their weakness and ignorance, their ill desires and childish cravings ; he felt the yearning of a great ruler over his people, a strong longing to serve and guide them according to their diverse needs and capacities, and an exceeding tenderness for their sufferings. This was the man as he was. On a sudden there dawned on him the knowledge of the man as he felt and knew himself in the world wherein he lived and breathed in daily life ; he felt and pitied a grievous burden of thwarted aspirations ; he felt the mighty flood of noble longing dash itself almost in vain against the wall of the past that ringed the present closely round, and fashioned a bitter bondage for the striving soul within ; and he saw the past fashion itself into a mask which veiled the present from those who stood by, and watched the man as he seemed. Thereupon he felt also a great compassion arise in him ; much sympathy and love for this fettered soul, honour for a greatness which was beyond and above his own, and therewith an unspeakable reverence for the inner hidden mystery of being which lies forever veiled within the sacred temple of the sinner's soul as in that of the saint. So smitten was he with awe of the great holiness of the spirit of the man that it was long before he realised he stood alone on the housetop beneath the starlit sky. He leaned on the parapet and looked at the stars, and over the sleeping city to the temple, where through the wide-flung doors he saw the light that burned upon the altar ; thence he looked towards the flickering fires of the camp where the men were shouting, laughing, and singing still ; and he perceived not clearly which of these three fires was the most holy and beloved in his eyes.

In the morning he went forth to the council chamber whither the great nobles, councillors and generals assembled to hear the royal will. The councillor came into the throne room, and there he saw the king seated, smiling and careless of bearing. The councillor bowed himself at the steps of the throne; as he bowed thus he did that which he had never done; for, unseen save by the king himself, he laid the hem of the royal robe humbly and tenderly to his lips. As he rose his eyes and his ruler's met; he saw tears were in those of the king.

Then the king rose, and standing on the steps below the great golden canopy of the throne of his fathers, spoke his will.

He bade the greatest, wisest and strongest, men of repute, great captains, and tried soldiers of the king his father, remain in the camp that ringed the capital round; but the idle and profligate, the luxurious, extravagant and careless young men of the wealthy and noble classes, the turbulent who had been a danger to the state, in short, the least worthy of all his subjects, he bade follow him; that, under his personal leadership, they might engage the enemy in battle. And the notorious thief, who was swift in action and quick of wit and eye, he sent forth as his chief scout to find the whereabouts of the invading force.

A great wave of wrath and rebellion swept the council; there was silence because no man could trust his speech. The king turned his eyes in mute appeal to the great councillor who commonly opposed him. The councillor, his eyes fixed on the ground, and in a voice less condemnatory and chill than of old, said:

"Will not his majesty, of his good pleasure, unfold to his servants his purpose in this matter? For this action of his majesty, if I may venture to speak my thought, is hard to be understood by those unhonoured by knowledge of the reasons which guide him."

The king's eyes were full of gratitude to the chief councillor; he spoke quietly and with a humility and patience such as was never known in the king his father; it sounded strangely from the lips of one clad in the royal robes, his brow girt with the crown, and in his hand the sceptre of his power.

"I know," he said, "that you, my best and noblest, have

not loved, because you do not honour me; but the baser sort have loved me, because their aims were less noble, and they could love where they did not honour; I have drawn them to me, so that the Throne is loved by them; for I have rejoiced as they rejoice, and sorrowed as they sorrow, and sinned and failed as they sin and fail; I have known what it is to repent; to strive once more after uttermost failure; and yet again to fail and do the thing I would not, even as they; and thus I have understood divers sorts of men, and they have understood me."

Silent still were the warriors and councillors of the king; they thought bitterly of their ruler as they stood in his presence with outward courtesy and humbleness of bearing. The king sighed; he paused awhile and knitted his brows; then he smiled patiently and spoke again.

"I see," he said, "you are angry with me. You think I wreck the country to honour those I favour. Behold! the lips of the dying speak truth; men hold sacred their words, and obey their lightest commands as the command of God. Those who oppose this great host must lose many lives; the loss must needs be heavy. A great day dawns for this land; the Regent of the High King shall come and strongly grasp the sceptre when it falls from my dead hand, and guide my young son to a higher path than that which I can tread. I desire, O my people, that the Regent of the King shall find our mightiest men, our noblest citizens, ready to do his bidding. But I, your king, and these my foolish followers, are fit for the work we take upon us this day; namely to die—fighting these men of evil knowledge. Life we have dishonoured by reason of our weakness and our folly; death we shall not dishonour, and herein we also shall serve the High King, our lord and master; and, dying, we shall remove from the country the danger with which our lives threatened it. When I came to rule you I knew I was not as my father was, nor was I a man of austere life, nor pious as my brother. But it was the law I should succeed, and I took on me this burden, less lightly than ye believed. I drew the weaker and more sinful to me, and wrought on them so that they will follow me on the way I purpose to tread; and willingly they will die, seeing that by death rather than life they may serve their king. Most gladly

would I have been such as ye could have honoured; but the past had power on me, and I failed. Therefore I fashioned of that past a power whereby I might draw to me these men, whose present is like unto it. I made them a willing weapon for my hand, and we will meet the men of evil knowledge and on us their strength shall spend itself. In a great battle shall we fight and fall; they shall ring us round, and we will slay them and be slain by them till all of us are dead; but we shall break their power and so destroy them that the remnant shall fly before the advancing hosts of the Regent of the King. So from our death shall victory spring. I have known since the day ye set me on the throne of my father I did but hold it for a little space for another who should come after me, wiser, stronger and purer than I. Since I might not hold the land by my strength, I held it by my weakness till my hour should strike."

Thus he ceased to speak, and the men who heard him knelt and kissed his feet and went out one by one; they went forth sadly, thinking of the many times they had reviled him. Only the councillor remained, to whom came clearer light, so that he saw awhile as the High King perceived whose will it was the king should sit awhile upon his father's throne.

This man knelt before the king and said:

"Suffer that I too die with thee."

The king smiled and shook his head; he said:

"Not so. We who have little to give, give as we may. It is not well when a man doth that which is not his to perform."

Thereat the councillor gazing on the king said:

"Not as subject to ruler, but as man to one grievously wronged, I speak: Forgive me!"

The king looked at him humbly and as one puzzled; he replied:

"I thank you. Think as little harshly of me as may be; for my faults which offended you were unwilling, and all that was in me to do, I did."

Thereat the councillor marvelled, perceiving how a man may be veiled and hidden from himself.

When the sun sloped towards the west, the thief returned and brought word where the enemy lay. At early dawn the king

and the great host of the foolish and sinful marched in silence over the ashes of the dead camp fires. For these men, having laughed and jested, eaten and drunk their fill, were now done for ever with laughter and jest, with food and wine; and the flare and glow of their camp fires had burnt themselves out and perished. Silently they went, save for the people's weeping, and the dry dust from the trampling of their feet hid them and their king.

On the third day there came to the city certain peasants bearing a dead man covered with a soldier's cloak, and bade the people bury him, as he desired, without the city gates; they brought news that the king's host was slain, and the remnant of the men of evil knowledge had fled before the Regent of the High King. Also they told how the thief was slain striving to save the life of his master, the king. And on the seventh day the Regent of the High King, with his host, entered the capital, surrounded by the noblest of the land, and on his right hand rode the high priest and the chief councillor. The people sang and rejoiced because an age of gold had dawned. But the Regent checked his horse beside a grave which was without the city, like a faithful sentry guarding the gates; upon it lay the sceptre of a king. The Regent lifted it; and from his helm he unbound the laurels of his power and glory and laid them on the grave of the man who offered to his people all he had, both of his weakness and of his strength.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THE seeds of our own punishment are sown at the same time we commit sin.—HESIOD.

REASON cannot show itself more reasonable than to leave reasoning on things above reason.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

CHRISTIANITY AND THEOSOPHY:

A Clerical Dialogue

Scene: The New Curate's Study
Persons: The Vicar (*A*), and his New Curate (*B*)

A. Well, Mr. B, I hope you have got nicely settled. I see you have got your books shelved.

B. Yes, but not quite arranged yet. I shall be glad when I can get back to them.

A. I daresay. You appear to have a good selection. Have you invested in any new books lately?

B. Just a few, Sir. Would you like to look round?

A. Thanks! . . . . . A rather unusual selection! "Theosophy!" "Ancient Wisdom!" Are you interested in Theosophy?

B. Well, somewhat; at least as an enquirer. One hears so much of it nowadays, you know.

A. I can't say I have, but what I have heard has been against it. I understand it is so opposed to religion, and to Christianity especially. Isn't that so?

B. Nothing of the sort, Sir, excuse me. That is quite a misapprehension.

A. Well, but that is the general impression amongst Christian people, I believe.

B. That may be so. I used to have the same impression myself, till I read and knew more; but it's a great mistake, Sir. Have you read any of its literature?

A. I can't say I have; but I have been told by those who have, that it is so.

B. That may have been the early attitude of some individual Theosophists. If so, it was certainly a mistake. But I don't see why it should have been, if I understand it aright. From

my own knowledge of it, and the express claim of some of its leaders, it should be the exact opposite.

A. Indeed! Do you mean to say it is a friend of religion, then?

B. Certainly I do. I am disposed to regard it as the greatest, truest friend and ally true religion has. It tends to substantiate its main position and teachings, to elucidate and confirm its chief doctrines.

A. In what way? Pray explain.

B. Well, you know, Sir, that during the last generation and still to-day, Materialism in thought and life has held a great sway, especially in the West. This is no doubt due largely to the busy commercial and worldly spirit of the age; but also to the rapid advance of Physical Science. And owing to that as well as to the advance of Criticism, there has been a great unsettlement of religious faith throughout Christendom; and Christianity, as well as Religion in general, has been on its defence against repeated assaults.

A. That is true. But what has Theosophy to do with it?

B. Well, Sir, in a word,—by intervening between the two combatants, Science and Theology. By Science of course we understand Physical Science; but Theology we believe is a Science too. Physical Science, as such, has exclusively to do with the outer material world; but Theology is essentially a *spiritual* Science, which has to do only with the inner and spiritual side of things, their life side. The one, in the hands of the materialists, is made a sufficient explanation of the universe; the other is, or should be, a spiritual explanation and interpretation of the material world itself, the interpretation of things which we have in the Bible, and in other sacred scriptures of the world. These two Sciences, the Physical or Materialistic, and the Spiritual, are therefore in direct opposition. And in the conflict, Theology, Biblical or Ecclesiastical Theology, has by no means remained unaffected. That is to say, the Bible, the great source of Western Theology, has been read and interpreted somewhat differently on all such matters.

A. But where does Theosophy come in to help?

B. I was going to say. By finding a common ground for

both. In the danger that seemed to threaten Theology, and with it all religion, Christianity included, it has intervened, claiming to have in its possession facts and truths which contradict or modify many of the theories and conclusions of Science; and which at the same time, by enlarging and spiritualising Theology, substantiate its main position and teachings. It is itself, in fact, a Science and a Theology in one, a Science deeply spiritual, and a Theology rational and scientific. Its system embraces both spheres, giving them larger meanings, putting them into their proper relationship, and so in reality providing a common ground of reconciliation and unity.

A. That is a great claim, and I should say a difficult task. If it can be done it will be a splendid achievement.

B. Yes; because it is so sorely, so urgently needed; and surely there *must* be some means by which it can be effected, some ground of reconciliation if one or the other is not wholly to go.

A. True; but you surprise me in what you say about Theosophy. I have always thought it had chiefly to do with magic, with occult phenomena, a kind of sorcery and jugglery, in fact.

B. Certainly not. That is the popular idea, the side that strikes the popular eye; and the side most evident, and which arrested most attention, on its first introduction. But what of that? Has not every great religious and spiritual movement been heralded and surrounded with similar phenomena? What about the miracles, the wonders of the Bible, of the times of Jesus and of early Christianity? And yet, no more than these are religion and Christianity, are other phenomena Theosophy. This is the side of the movement put forward and accounted of the least by Theosophists themselves. It is something far more than these things.

A. Yes, if what you say is true, and is what is implied by the name itself. I suppose it claims by this, to be a body of Divine Truth or Wisdom, a kind of philosophy?

B. Just so; and a complete philosophy of the universe, embracing every side and department of nature and life. As I have said, it is Science and Theology in one—Science spiritualised, deepened and filled out so as to absorb purely Physical Science,

becoming a Science of things and all things, profounder far and more comprehensive than that of the Materialist, taking account of remoter, unseen causes and forces, looking at all things, not from without, but from within; and at the same time Theology broadened out to include the Science not only of God, in the usual sense, in Himself, and as the Author of all things, but as in intimate relation thereto, immanent as well as transcendent, indeed as that very spiritual or life side of the world, the Substance, of whom it is a manifestation, if not the one Sum of all, the great "All in all." Instead of having a separate Science of God, of the world and of man, merge them into one, or broaden the first, Theology, into a Science that shall include the others, a Science of God as the one great Reality, the spiritual Origin and Destiny of all things and beings "of whom are all things," and "for whom are all things," and you have Theosophy. Science, one and comprehensive, becomes Philosophy, a spiritual philosophy of all things. Knowledge becomes Wisdom, and Wisdom Divine, the Wisdom of God, the Source and Sum of all Wisdom, Power and Bliss, and that is Theosophy, properly and adequately understood.

A. Well, that certainly puts it in a very different light, and makes it a subject worthy of enquiry and study at least, and I see you have made a study of it.

B. Yes, to some extent, for my own information and satisfaction. I have simply read up about it much as you or I would any other system of philosophy recommended as worthy of knowledge, from which something might be learnt. Various such systems, like those of Plato, Hegel, Kant, Spinoza, etc., are taught and studied in our Schools and Colleges, and even in our Divinity Halls. Whether as intellectual discipline, or moral training, or as bodies of useful truths, they are patronised and enforced. And here is one that claims and promises to embrace and supersede all, eclectic it may be, and thus unifying them all, but certainly more religious, spiritual and practical than any of them. And it seems to me we ought, and should do well at least to acquaint ourselves with its teachings and aims. We need not adopt it *in toto*, nor accept this or that teaching. That, neither the Society itself, nor any true Theosophist, requires.

Not blind faith, not reliance on any outside authority, but fair enquiry, personal investigation is all that is asked. Surely, like any other theory or philosophy of this world, of life, and of religion, it merits a fair and patient hearing.

A. Decidedly so; that would seem the duty, especially of all leaders of religious thought, of theologians and preachers, if such is its distinct character and aim.

B. That is all I contend should be the reception accorded to this latest comer into the field of religious and philosophic thought. As a philosophy it claims to be more comprehensive in its sweep than any; its insight more profound, and yet, withal, its tendency and aim pre-eminently spiritual; it therefore seeks to deepen or to replenish with fuller, richer spiritual meanings every form of religious and scientific faith. Such meanings we all know have been, and always tend, to a greater or less extent to be lost sight of, in both scientific and religious creeds, and the aim of Theosophy would seem to be to restore them to view; and I must say, it seems to me to succeed in a wonderful fashion, lighting up old creeds and doctrines with hints and suggestions, and furnishing the mind with a satisfactory rationale of them. But whilst it is thus essentially a philosophy, its temper, at least in some of its best and leading representatives, is intensely reverent and devout, and its attitude to religion itself, and to all forms of religious faith, not only tolerant, but respectful and sympathetic, and that is much more than you can say of some ethical and philosophical systems we, as Christians and clergy, are required to study in our schools and colleges.

A. I am glad to hear you say so. As a philosophy, then, it is not put in the place of religion, dispensing with its necessity, as is so often done?

B. No; it is rather religion made philosophical and rational, and so far necessitated and established. You must have religion before you can have a philosophy of it. Religion is undoubtedly a necessity to man, the religion of worship, reverence, devotion to God, as a condition of all spiritual advancement. That, it seems to me, is the great mistake that some Theosophists make, who come out of or hold themselves aloof from Churches and religion, as though it were not necessary, in some form or other, to

refine, uplift, and spiritualise mankind. Religion is the very poetry, and the noblest poetry of life, a poetry that, like all other that is true, is full of and founded on philosophy, on Truth. It is Truth vitalised, warmed, creative, Truth touched by devotion into living force, into inspiration to a life of service, glad and free, surely the noblest poem, the richest symbol and expression of Truth. Such a religion, like "a good poem, goes about the world offering itself to reasonable men, who read it with joy and carry it to their reasonable neighbours," to use the words of Emerson.

A. I quite agree with you as to the value and necessity of religion in general. But surely the religious spirit, or the spirit of religion, must assume some outward forms of creed and worship, and draw its devotees together for organised fellowship and instruction?

B. That is so; and I contend that Theosophy, rightly regarded as the essential Truth of religion and religions, is or should be most friendly thereto, and all true Theosophists not only devoutly religious in spirit, but, under some form or other, associated with others for mutual helpfulness and service.

A. Undoubtedly. But is that so?

B. I fear not in all cases. And yet the majority of them I should say are found in various religions, and there is no reason why all should not continue to belong to one or another, and be its most wise, spiritual and saintly members.

A. Does that apply to Christianity as much as any other religion?

B. Certainly, Sir, why not?

A. Because I had an idea that Theosophy was essentially an Oriental growth, largely Buddhistic, and that it depreciated and even assailed Christianity.

B. Nothing of the sort, Sir. That would not be true Theosophy which favours and respects one form of religion to the exclusion or even disparagement of another; but which recognises, appreciates, and embodies the essential truths of all forms. Its very idea and name belie that. There is a *Christian* Theosophy as much and as true as any other. All that is truth in Christianity, and in any other form of religion, Buddhism, Moham-

medanism, etc., *is* Theosophy, and must coincide, for Truth is *one*. None of us surely will deny the existence of a measure of Truth in any or all the great religions; nor that something of error has crept into them as they are held and taught by their respective Systems or Churches, and as they are popularised for, and understood by, the many. But errors, perversions, corruptions are one thing, and their substantial truth is another.

A. Then is there nothing distinctive and superior in Christianity? Some reason why you and I should be Christians rather than anything else?

B. Yes, there I am at issue with Theosophists generally. Personally, of course, I think there is, as probably many of other religions do of theirs, a something that fits it more to be the religion of mankind and of the future. But that need not prevent one fully appreciating all that is good and true in others; nor make a Theosophist, as such, assail Christianity any more than Buddhism; but only any errors, presumptions or perversions, real or supposed, of the Church or the Churches. That could only be done, if at all, in the earlier days of Theosophy, in misunderstanding or mistake. Christianity, as a system, embodying all essential religious truth, and in a mode better fitted for future universality, can afford to await, and will stand all possible assaults made upon anything but the imperfections and perversions of Churchianity.

A. Then one can be a Theosophist, and still be a Christian?

B. Most certainly, if a *true* Christian. A Christian Theosophist, I take it, simply means one who seeks a profounder and more spiritual understanding of his own religious doctrines, forms and mission; and who also seeks a personal realisation of that deeper, more real life which created and inspired them.

A. You distinguish between Christianity and Churchianity, then?

B. Yes, Sir! Churchianity, or the Christianity of the Church, *contains* the truth, and the Christianity of Christ *is* the truth.

A. I agree that the Church, as she is, is *not* all she might be in many ways, and perhaps in her teachings.

B. If so, then pure *Christ* Christianity, relieved of all

human accretions of error, mere accidentals, it is the aim of the Theosophist, and should be the aim of every Christian Theosophist, loyal only to Truth and to Christ, to discover, and at all costs restore. By a keen discernment of what is purely temporal and local in Christian *forms* of truth and worship, the result of a wise discriminating study of the New Testament and all other early Christian records, and of his own spiritual insight or intuition, the fruit of spiritual culture and experience, essential Christianity may one day clearly emerge, fair, symmetrical and complete, as permanent as it is old. And so Theosophy is and will prove to be the real and best friend of true Christianity and religion.

A. I hope it may be so. If that is really its honest aim and mission, it certainly merits a patient hearing and unbiassed study.

B. Well, that is all it asks. And it confidently waits for the results of all criticism and enquiry into Christian origins and scriptures, and for the growing spirituality of men, to substantiate its claims. At any rate it seems to me that as Christian ministers we ought to acquaint ourselves with it at first hand, be Theosophical Christians ourselves, free to reject what we cannot see our way to accept in the teachings of others, discover and form, if need be, our own Theosophy, ever comparing notes with one another, and with the Theosophists of other religions, holding to our own discoveries and convictions, until compelled to accept, if at all, the conclusions of others.

A. That seems a fair and proper attitude.

B. It is just the question of *attitude*, Sir, that I have been discussing. I am content if that is fair.

A. Well, if I thought I could derive the intellectual or spiritual profit from its study that you speak of, or any better understanding of our own Christianity, I would not hesitate to undertake its study.

B. That, Sir, is what I have found it myself; most suggestive and illuminative on all sorts of subjects, the world history, human nature and life, religion, and most helpful in my understanding of the Bible, and especially the New Testament. And whilst rejecting or suspending some of its tenets, till further proof should convince, it throws a valuable light on many a problem, points more clearly the inner and spiritual way of the

soul's progress to God ; and therefore I incline to regard it, at any rate in its complete and Christian form, as that body of truth, that Divine Wisdom, to which mankind must more and more approach and ultimately arrive, as he progresses in his investigations and conquest of every sphere of knowledge, and in his understanding of the Christian religion.

A. Well, I am glad to have had this conversation, and shall certainly have another chat with you about it soon.

CLERICUS.

MATRIMONY *versus* CELIBACY

THE American public seems to be greatly concerned of late over the question of matrimony, and celibacy is being roundly denounced by numerous good people who have the interests of humanity at heart, and think that destruction stares us in the face unless we speedily return to the "good old days" when women were only mothers, "great glad mothers, proud mothers of dozens, indeed twice ten." They look round at what seem to them signs of degeneracy, and attribute such conditions to the fact that a few men and women have developed the intelligence to realise that they were not created solely for breeding purposes.

That anyone can for a moment seriously consider the idea of the state controlling this matter by law, is too absurd and puerile to be believed of this most progressive nation on earth ; and yet, incredible as it seems, it is a fact. We actually have the legislature of New York considering a Bill to tax unmarried people ; and a Pennsylvania legislator has introduced a Bill proposing a ten dollar prize for each additional child born to mothers of from nine to fifteen children. Verily we are a brilliant people ! What an irresistible inducement it would be to the mother of nine, to continue the performance at ten dollars a head !

But, to be serious ; while we all know that none can live to

himself alone, and that each must bring his gift to the world, there are many who are better fitted to give something else than they are to give children ; and I think it a sign of progress that they have the wisdom to know it. The greatest gifts to the world, the master gifts that have made evolution possible and sent the world flying along the upward path, have not come from those whose ideal was merely to reproduce themselves. Reproduction is assuredly one of the holiest functions of life ; but it is not the *only* holy function, and it is not the most important for everyone. Just because it is holy, and very important, is no reason why all should attempt it ; but rather it is a sufficient reason why no one should be forced into it, by law or even by public opinion.

Teaching, for instance, is a divine work. It is as absolutely essential to the life of nations as is reproduction ; but no sane person would advise that for this reason all men and women should be teachers, whether or not they had the gift and the training for this great work. The fact that a woman is a woman does not by any means imply that she ought to be a mother. What a sad loss it would have been if some of the women we know, whose work has changed and bettered the lives of millions, had been bound up in the limited interests of their own children.

But it may be argued that all women who fail to perform their duty as mothers are not doing any great work of universal value ; that it is against the selfish woman who fritters away her life for her own pleasure, and the man who cares more for dissipation and luxury than for anything else in life, that the anathema is hurled. Very well, then ; but why not let well enough alone? Surely the woman whose highest ambition is to make a fashion-plate of herself, and the man who loves his ease and pleasure better than he does humanity, are *very poor material* from which to re-vitalise the race ; and the greatest good they can do the world is to die childless. It seems to me we have special cause to bless and commend them for this course. The world is already badly overstocked with this kind of people ; and when they cease to multiply, there is indeed hope.

Would it not be much more desirable, if it were possible, to

prevent ninety-nine out of every one hundred marriages? Think of the hordes of physically and mentally diseased, and spiritually dead people who diligently propagate their kind. Is it any wonder that thinking men and women have concluded that to work for such a change in social conditions as shall raise the quality, and make a decent life possible for those already born, is infinitely better than recklessly to dump into existence more thousands to wallow in the mire their predecessors have left?

However, there is no cause for alarm. Nature always adjusts her own affairs, if left alone. All our troubles come from trying to graft our petty little schemes upon her all-sufficient, self-executing purposes. It would be as reasonable to think we could produce Edisons by forcing all men to study electricity, as that we can produce the kind of parents the nation needs by forcing people to marry. Should the mother go to her work of building a form of life, and guiding its pilgrimage through a new world, with less ardour, love and singleness of purpose than the scientist goes to his work? What a spectacle it would be to enact a law compelling Edison to delve into the marvellous secrets of electricity! Is it his duty to study and invent? No, it is a living impulse, which he can never escape until he escapes life itself. Neither is it any woman's duty to be a mother unless the object involved appeals to her at least as strongly as the scientist's work appeals to him. When it does, rest assured no law will be needed to force her into motherhood.

After all, when we examine the situation more critically we may find that there are just as many *true* marriages as ever; and that the falling off is caused by the influences that have made for a broader, saner life for women, so that they are no longer forced to marry for a living—indeed, have found this the most unsatisfactory of all ways of making a living. Nor do they any longer marry, as many have in the past, to avoid being called an "old maid." In fact, that expression is never heard now from the lips of a well-bred person; and in another generation it will be as obsolete as its human origin now is. Woman has discovered that while wifehood and motherhood are sacred and beautiful, there are other things equally sacred and beautiful; that even in their highest perfection they are not all of life, by any means, and

that in some cases and under some circumstances they debar her from vastly more than they can give; that before her stretches a great ocean of life, bounded by no limits but her own consciousness, and her ability to *live* in the deepest, truest sense a life that is one with the immortal life of humanity, because she is free to sound its depths and rise to its sublimest heights.

For this reason we no longer see the pitiful spectacle of girls marrying "*anybody*, O Lord, anybody!" as the only alternative to eking out a purposeless existence as an unwelcome appendage in the home of another. And so the number of marriages has apparently decreased; but this is merely an illusion. The real marriages have not decreased, and never will. It is only the buying and selling that has decreased, and may it speedily reach the vanishing point.

This very fact, that women have taken the privileges naturally belonging to them as part of the human family, and which enable them to shape their own lives as they choose, with the same freedom that men exercise in this regard, has been deplored as a potent cause of the decline in the sale of marriage licenses. There is no question but that this is the principal cause. But I see nothing deplorable in it. It will never stand in the way of a true marriage. It will instead greatly facilitate such, because anything that widens the individual horizon tends to perfect every relation entered into.

When only those men and women marry who can supplement and aid each other in every way, because they are physically, mentally and spiritually harmonious, because they are travelling the same path, and see the same ideals beckoning them from out the future's portals, then indeed will their union shed a radiance over the world that will heal the ills of hatred; and saviours of men will be brought forth, instead of the soulless beings with puny bodies and feeble intellects who are born into the discordant homes created by the mismated couples whose lives have no normal relation to each other.

Over the carnage rose prophetic a voice,
Be not disheartened, affection shall solve the problems of freedom yet;
Those who love each other shall become invincible,
They shall yet make Columbia victorious.

ALICE G. HERRING.

THE SUNSET LAND

A Nature Story

It is a quaint old-fashioned little spot. They call it the "Rose Garden," but lilies grow there too—the tall Madonna lilies. They come up, some singly, some in clumps, behind the rose bushes, standing out in shining contrast against the trellis work, where the crimson rambler has wandered at will. The rambler has all the south and east side of the garden to itself, and is wonderfully proud of its gorgeous colour—how it bridles with self-conscious vanity, as it glances over at the sombre hedge of clipped yew, which bounds the north side. There is an opening here, and through the dark green arch you can see an avenue of Irish yews, whose sober tints seem but to enhance the brilliancy of this veritable sun trap. There is another exit to the west, through a rustic archway, which supports a perfect snowfall of white clematis. Honeysuckle, "traveller's joy," and the profuse hop have formed a hedge on either side, but the clematis has the archway to itself, and makes a truly graceful frame for the grand expanse of scenery beyond. For the garden is on a hill, and through this flower doorway one can see the vale below, with its river winding like a silver thread among the hay fields, and far, far away the eye rests on a range of mountains, blue and hazy in the mists of a summer's day.

The garden is full of life—life in its varying forms. The acacia tree in the centre waves her graceful foliage and laughs at the miniature fountain, who tries unceasingly to reach those green boughs, but he never succeeds, and tumbles back upon his rockery with a petulant splash. The whole air is filled with the life of the flowers, filled with their fragrant breath. And there is the bird life—hear the peaceful cooing of the wood pigeon from his shady resting-place, the twittering of the swallows, the occasional liquid note of the blackbird, and the distant "yaffle" of the

woodpecker! Hear, too, the busy hum of the insect life—the crickets chirp from the grass, happy in the very consciousness of being; the bees flit to and fro, joyous in their work of gathering sweetness; the butterflies dart full of gladness from place to place, for the sun is warm and bright, the roses are fragrant, and the world is very gay. And besides all this, there is yet another order of life—that of the nature spirits, those ethereal beings who dwell among the flowers, and woods, and in all beautiful places. People call them fairies, but very few believe in them, because they have never seen them, and it is only children and those who are still children at heart who are wise enough to believe in the things they cannot see. The majority of mankind seek to bind the whole great universe by their own petty horizons, and they live their little lives, and pass into Eternity no wiser than they were the day of their birth—nay less wise, for they think they know much, and that is always a backward step.

Most of the flowers are unconscious of this ethereal life about them; the fairies swing on their leaves or scatter their petals on the grass, but they think it is the wind, and the silvery laughter they take to be the ripple of a distant waterfall. But the Lily knows better, he who stands there in his pure untarnished beauty by the old grey sundial. He has never sought to explain what he cannot understand; he has passed long hours contemplating the deep blue dome of the sky, and lost in its infinitude he has forgotten the lesser things about him. Thus has he learnt much. There have been times even when glancing from above back to his own earth, the curtain has been raised for him, and he has looked on the world of nature spirits, beautiful, wonderful, and always happy.

The Rose does not understand him when he is in these moods, but she does not mind, for in all moods he is the grandest and loveliest being in all the world to her, and as long as she is near him nothing else matters in the least. She is a red rose, a deep, crimson red, and down in her heart there burns a flame—the flame of love.

The Lily loves her too, and therefore he tells her of the things that have come to him in the silences, of the beings he has seen. And she listens, understanding little. To her, the

material world about them, with its colours, its sounds and its scents, is very sweet, as long as he is there to share it with her. But he likes to talk of the other things, and so she lets him ramble on, for to see him happy is bliss.

The sun is setting. The snow-white archway of clematis frames a glorious picture. The silver river has changed to molten gold, and all the land is touched with golden red. The mountains, hazy no longer, stand out, a deep purple blue, against the crimson glory of the sky—and the crimson mingles with the gold, and the gold merges into violet, and the violet fades away into a tender turquoise.

The Lily sees it all, and the beauty takes him out of himself, and he is silent with an intense joy. But the Rose is sad. For her the sunset only means the close of a day, and she loves not the night, for, save when the moon shines, the darkness hides her Lily. At last she breaks the silence.

"Why do you love the sunset?"—she asks—"I like the sunrise best, for that is the dawn of a new day. But you are always happier at this hour. I do not understand it."

"You will understand some day, little Rose"—replies the Lily—"you will know then that the hour when our lives go forth into the great glory is more beautiful, more wonderful than the hour in which we came, when our lives first dawned on this little garden. My Rose, when that day comes will you go with me into the Sunset Land?"

"Where you go, I shall follow. But must we leave this garden?"

The Rose is startled; it has never occurred to her that they shall ever go away.

"Have I not told you about the beings I have seen, who are the spirits of the flowers?"—says the Lily—"and have you not understood that we and they are the same, only they are free and we are imprisoned? We shall be free as they some day, when our lives leave the flowers, whom they now sustain. People will then say we are dead. But we shall be more alive then than we ever were before. And we shall fly together into the great glory behind the hill, into the golden light of the Sunset Land."

But still the Rose does not understand. Surely this garden is a very happy place, she thinks. The known is, to her, better than the unknown.

* * * * *

"You beautiful Lily, you lovely Rose! Now which of you shall I take to cheer my sick sister? Which of you is the sweeter?"

The young girl bends over them, and the Rose, in an agony of terror at the thought of being parted from her love, holds her breath—but the Lily gives forth of his sweetest, and the air is filled with perfume. It is not that he loves less, but he has understood the meaning of sacrifice, even to the surrendering his heart's delight. And so he is taken.

"Do not fret, little Rose: it is not for long. I will come for you, and we shall go together into the Sunset Land."

These are his farewell words, ere the girl bears him away, and they pass through the dark archway into the avenue of yews. The sun still shines, the fountain dances, and all things in the garden go on as before; but to the Rose it seems as though night had come down—a night in which there is no moon, and which no dawn will disperse. . . . .

Some days have passed, and a change has come over the Rose. Her Lily is with her no longer, but she has his words, and dwelling upon them hours at a time, she has begun at last to understand. The garden world has no joys for her now, but she loses herself in the infinitude above, and in the silences she learns.

"When will he come and take me to the Sunset Land?"—she asks, and even as he longed for freedom and the golden glory, so does she.

By degrees her beauty fades, her petals are limp and some of them are shrivelled.

"Will he know me again?"—she wonders. And deep down in her heart Trust, the soul of Love, makes answer:

"Yes, he will know you, for you are his," and so she waits.

. . . .

Once more it is the sunset hour. Through the arch of

clematis she can see the glowing landscape, and the sky ablaze behind the western mountains.

Someone has entered the garden.

"So you, too, are dying," says the young girl, and at her touch the rosy petals fall to earth. They lie at her feet, a shrivelled handful; while up in the sick room a Lily droops his head and dies.

But through the snow-white arch two nature spirits are passing, free and happy, into the Golden Glory of the Sunset Land.

CECIL LYLBURN.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

(CONTINUED FROM p. 200)

when anything is written and published it is no longer "esoteric." Finally, if there is no tradition of esotericism in Buddhism, we should like to know how Ânanda Bhikkhu accounts for the three treatises which H. P. Blavatsky printed under the general title *The Voice of the Silence?* The late Professor Max Müller was unable to answer this question when challenged to do so; what has Ânanda Maitriya to say on the subject? Perhaps he had better settle the dispute of Hînayâna with Mahâyâna before he asserts that he alone is in possession of "Right Views."

* * *

BUT indeed we did not take up our pen to fight for a grudging esotericism or for an animistic self or for a despicable noumenon;

An Eirenicon

we desire peace with our brother and not a sword. We too love the Teacher of Nibbâṇa, even as we love the Bringer of the Good News and all Their Brethren the Sons of God. Let only Ânanda Bhikkhu be content to respect the way his brethren of other faiths describe *their* Summum Bonum and then he will have no cause to complain that unthinking critics call *his* Nibbâṇa annihilation. We are all striving for the One Desirable, even though one of the ways thereto be the making of desire to cease. The Faith of

the Future will be neither Buddhism, nor Brâhmanism, neither Mohammedanism, nor Judaism, nor Christianity, but a truly Catholic Realisation of the True Humanity, the idea of ideas, the model, type and exemplar of our god-hood, some small portion of the greatness of which, of the infinite variety of which, has been shown forth in the imperfect records of the doings and sayings of the world-teachers, world-rulers, and world-helpers. In so far as *Buddhism* may serve to make this divine universalism familiar to the world, it has our sympathy and thanks, our good-will and our love; for this, we believe, was the Dharma of the Tathâgata, this the Good Law that those who thus walk have ever taught.

* * *

The Cross in Pre-historic Greece

Of no little interest for the student of the comparative history of religion is the discovery announced by Mr. Arthur Evans in his remarkable report of the latest excavations at Knossos in Crete on the site of the "pre-historic" Minoan palace. This discovery is no less than the use of the cross as a religious emblem in the far-off days of "Mycenæan" Greece, and is set forth in *The Times*' report of September 16th of the proceedings of the recent meeting of the British Association, as follows:

The investigation of the cause of a slight depression in the pavement of a store-room immediately north-east of the east pillar room had led to a discovery of extraordinary interest. Beneath the pavement and a small superficial cist belonging to the latest palace period were found two spacious repositories of massive stonework containing, in addition to a store of early vases, a quantity of relics from a shrine. These had evidently been ransacked in search for precious metals at the time of reconstruction, but a whole series of objects in a kind of faïence like the so-called Egyptian "porcelain," but of native fabric, had been left therein. The chief of these was a figure of a snake goddess, about 14in. high, wearing a high tiara up which a serpent coiled, and holding out two others. Her girdle was formed by the twining snakes, and every feature of her flounced embroidered dress and bodice was reproduced in colour and relief. A finely-modelled figure of a votary of the same glazed material held out a snake, and parts of another were also preserved. The decorative fittings of the shrine included vases with floral designs, flowers and foliage in the round naturalistic imitations of nautiluses and cockles, rock-work, and other objects, all made of the same faïence. The central aniconic object of the cult, supplied in the formerly discovered shrine of the Double Axe, was here a marble cross of the Orthodox Greek

shape. The cross also occurred as the type of a series of seal-impressions, doubtless originally belonging to documents connected with the sanctuary found with the other relics.

In the discussion which followed, Professor Flinders Petrie observed that: "The most important discovery in Crete was, in his opinion, that the cross was used at such an early date for religious purposes, and that it had been carried into another and much later religion." But perhaps after all there is no need to express so much surprise about so plain a matter. The cross is one of the most primitive and simple of all emblems and symbols, and its discovery on the site of archaic Knossos proves—nothing we did not know before.

* * *

R. Catholicism and Spiritualism

In the July number of *The Dublin Review* there is a long article on "Modern Spiritualism: its History and Physical Phenomena." As was only to be expected, the reviewer concludes his summary quite orthodoxly; he writes:

As Catholics, we can consistently admit the possibility of preternatural signs or false miracles, offered in support of a false revelation. But leaving aside the feeling of something worse than irreverence and profanity, when Our Divine Redeemer is spoken of as the Great Occultist, it is only the very extravagance of unreason to class such exhibitions with the signs and miracles recorded in the simple Gospel narrative. The physical phenomena of Spiritualism, admittedly frivolous, when not vulgar and degrading, are exhibited in darkness or semi-darkness, often beneath tables screened from the surface to the floor [?], from within cabinets or behind curtains, and even under these and other conditions laid down by the medium, a failure has often to be condoned if he declares there is present some unfavourable or inharmonious influence. They have been rivalled, if not surpassed, by mere conjurers, and are as wide apart as is conceivable from the miracles of our Blessed Lord, worked without effort, openly in the light of day, in the midst of crowds of friends and enemies, endless in variety, stupendous in their effects, controlling by a single word the forces of nature, and in all their details and circumstances replete with instruction, shining revelations of God's wisdom and almighty powers, as well as of His compassion and love.

It is not necessary for us to remark on the absolute statements made by "D. R." concerning physical phenomena, it is enough to say that he follows Podmore absolutely; we can, thus,

only whisper softly to ourselves: "We wonder what a Podmore would have made of the greater miracles referred to?" Has "D. R.," moreover, ever read the *Gospel of the Infancy?* When, further, our author says that for millions of minds Spiritualism "has destroyed the last vestiges of faith in the chief doctrines of Christianity," we should prefer ourselves to say "in the dogmas of the Church, not in the teaching of Christ."

* * *

THAT, however, Mr. Podmore is not taken as an infallible guide by other R. Catholic writers may be seen from the fact that in the course of a review of Myers' *Human Personality*, by the Rev. G. Tyrrell, S.J., in *The Month* for October, the following paragraph occurs:

R. Catholicism and Telepathy

> Telepathy and telesthesia (with all respect to Mr. Podmore) are as undeniable as telegraphy; the subliminal, by whatever name we call it and however we represent it, must be reckoned with; apparitions of the dying and dead are as well authenticated as thousands of psychic phenomena which science accepts when she has a pigeon-hole ready for them; the illusions and impostures of witchcraft, palmistry and necromancy thrive on occasional facts that must be called preternat ural as long as scientific bigotry refuses to consider them and by enlarging its categories to bring them within the bounds of a more adequate schematisation of Nature. What does it all mean, except that Psychology is hardly yet born; that its old-world time-honoured categories and forms are altogether inadequate to contain the heaped-up matter with which new methods of enquiry and observation are feeding it to repletion; that the old bottles are bursting right and left, and that the cellar is ankle-deep in new wine.

* * *

IN a report of an article on "Korean Sympathies with Russia and the Russians," published in the Russian *Church Magazine*, from the pen of the Archimandrite Khrysanoff, Superior of the Russian Orthodox Mission in Korea, *The Times*' (October 13th) Odessa correspondent writes:

Korean Missions

> The Archimandrite states that Korea undoubtedly contains a number of "baptised" natives, though he confesses that in spite of most careful investigation and cross-examination these christianised Koreans "refuse to admit their membership of any Christian body." As an argument in support of his contention that many Koreans have been received into the Orthodox Church, he points to the frequency with which Christian names are met with in Korea, and declares that, though the Korean bearers of these names

stoutly deny having been baptised, there is no doubt that they received these names from their Russian employers simultaneously with the performance of the baptismal rite.

How edifying! No; I'm no Christian—says the Korean. Oh! but you've been baptised anyway—says the Archimandrite. I haven't—retorts the Korean. You're another—triumphantly declares the Archimandrite. You're down on the labour rôle as "Ivan," and *that* proves it. This looks perilously like "compassing sea and land"!

* * *

IN *The Monist* of last July (p. 628) is the review of an important work by Professor Ludwig Busse entitled *Geist und Korper, Seele und Leib*; from it we take the following

The "Soul"

pronouncement of the Professor as of special interest to students of Theosophy.

Only when the development of a group of cells assumes definite form, the psychic element appears; it does not come as a property or a product of matter, or the forces of matter, nor as a summation or interpretation of atoms, nor as their inner aspect; *it comes as something quite new*; it is conditioned by the formation of this world of bodies, but it cannot be explained from it.

It is "Heaven and Earth kissing each other," and what that *means* exhausts science and philosophy and religion. "He said: 'Increase and multiply.'" This applies to hypotheses as well as to other things; and no one can say the commandment has been disobeyed.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

DEUS EX MACHINÂ

New Conceptions in Science: With a Foreword on the Relations of Science and Progress. By Carl Snyder. (London: Harper Brothers; 1903. Price *7s. 6d.*)

NOTHING is of greater interest to students of Theosophy than to watch the rapid advance of physical science and therewith an entire revolution in many notions which were but lately held to be fundamental facts in physical nature.

Physical science in all its divisions is busily crossing the frontiers of the Borderland, and the ancient static view of matter is giving place in every direction to dynamic conceptions. In other words—though of course the mechanical physicist would strenuously deny this—science with every day is drawing nearer and nearer to what we term the "life-side" of things. It is of course impossible for any but a specialist in several branches of science accurately to follow the latest researches of the patient and laborious scrutinisers of nature's mysteries in their very delicate operations in the marvellously equipped laboratories of modern physical research; but it is very desirable that all who take a really intelligent interest in human affairs—and surely this ought to include every member of the Theosophical Society?—should have at least a general bowing acquaintance with the advanced positions of modern research into the nature of things physical.

Mr. Carl Snyder's *New Conceptions of Science* will admirably serve this purpose; it is clearly written and should be understandable even to the most profane of ordinarily intelligent laymen. In it we have the latest discoveries of this pre-eminent age of discovery passed in review, and share the enthusiasm of Mr. Snyder as triumph after triumph of human industry and ingenuity pass before our eyes.

Mr. Snyder is not only an enthusiast, he is an apostle preaching the (for him) only true Gospel of Humanity, Science with a capital S. It is hardly necessary to add that our author is a materialist of the mechanical school, and further to add that precisely on this account he can rejoice in the contemplation of his deity—the machine—with a keener joy than the philosopher who is haunted with the suspicion that there may after all be other views of the nature of things, as valid for humanity as the mechanical one.

That, however, the mechanical view is legitimate for one aspect of things as they are, is very true, as Mr. Snyder points out when he insists that this age does not differ from previous periods of human culture in the fact that men have now any better brains than in the past; it differs from them solely in the fact that by means of instruments and machines we have supplemented to an almost incredible extent our senses. These delicate instruments can register, weigh and analyse matter sometimes a million-fold more accurately than our normal senses; we respond to one octave of vibration only; our instruments respond to many octaves. Hence our enormous advance beyond the ancients in our knowledge of the composition and nature of the physical universe.

Mr. Snyder, unfortunately, nowhere throughout his work shows the slightest acquaintance with the enormous mass of facts of human experience which go to prove that man has in himself the means of registering the sensations of states of matter beyond the normal physical. Physical instruments alone, he says, register accurately; the senses are dull and clumsy and most inaccurate means of observation and with them alone no science worthy of the name can be built up. It may be so; it may be that the future is destined to invent instruments whereby even the psychic unseen world shall be made plain to all, even as the physical unseen is being made familiar to the schoolboy; but however far instruments may be perfected, it is allowable to believe that the mind of man will reign supreme above all instruments, and that in final analysis mind alone can know mind.

It is somewhat the mark of an illiberal, not to say unscientific, view contemptuously to condemn the recent careful researches into psychic phenomena as the "childish fancies of childish minds," as Mr. Snyder does with such self-satisfied assurance, and in this we cannot follow him; on his own ground, however, he is a very well-informed *cicerone* for those who have not sufficient training to digest and summarise the information for themselves, and we have therefore great pleasure in bringing his useful compilation before the notice of our readers. Copies can be procured from the Theosophical Publishing Society.

G. R. S. M.

A Book of Clear-seeing

The Light Invisible. By Robert Benson. (London: Isbister & Company, Ltd.; 1903. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

One of the most charming books which has passed through our hands for some time—is the unhesitating verdict of the reviewer on this volume of sketches by Mr. Benson. The stories are supposed to be told by an aged priest to the narrator. We do not say "supposed" in any sense with regard to the tales themselves, for, whoever told these visions, whoever wrote them down, spoke or wrote truth. They are sketches of things seen with the open spiritual vision of a fine nature, and the sketching is done with a skilled and sympathetic touch. Each story conveys a lesson, is pregnant with meaning, and no real student of Theosophy could read these pages without the keenest appreciation of their truth and message. The book contains no weird sensationalism, and there are no "high-falutin" imaginings, big with the personality of the would-be seer or idle dreamer, but the

brief records of flashes of vision vouchsafed to a humble-minded disciple of the Master Jesus, who profited by the lessons of life they were meant to teach him, and who found the same difficulty in expressing the inner realities in terms of the outer world as has beset the seers of all ages.

The Theosophist, perhaps more readily than the ordinary reader, will recognise the hall-mark of truth which the stories bear, for he will see in each an illustration of some one or other of the statements relating to the worlds invisible with which the more systematised writings of our own clear-seers have familiarised him. There are some fifteen sketches and so much that is good that it is not easy to select for special notice in the limited space at our disposal; besides tastes differ so greatly in these matters. But among those which struck us most, as illustrating facts of the unseen worlds, we should place the story of "The Watcher," which tells how, as a boy of eighteen, the seer, armed with his first gun, shot a thrush in pure wantonness and saw the gloating visage of some elemental creature watching the body of the slain songster—a sight which brought knowledge and repentance. The story of "The Bridge over the Stream" suggests explanation of some curious problems in karma and lifts the veil for a moment from that inner world where invisible helpers are at work doing the will of the Ruler of the World in fashions which seem strange indeed to our beclouded eyes. The seer, then old in years, is witness to what is called an accident. Some children on a bridge, a runaway horse, himself too far away and infirm to avail.

"Then this is what I saw. Somewhere behind him [the small boy in danger] over the parapet of the bridge there was a figure. I remember nothing about it except the face and hands. The face was, I think, the tenderest I have ever seen. The eyes were downcast, looking upon the boy's head with indescribable love, the lips were smiling. One hand was over the boy's eyes, the other against his shoulder behind. In a moment the memory of other stories I had heard came to my mind—and I gave a sob of relief that the boy was safe in such care. But as the iron hoofs and rocking wheels came up, the hand on the boy's shoulder suddenly pushed him to meet them; and yet those tender eyes and mouth never flinched, and the child took a step forward in front of the horse, and was beaten down without a cry. . . . . When the cloud of dust had passed, the little body lay quiet in the road, and the two girls were clinging to one another, screaming and sobbing, but there was nothing else.

I was as angry at first as an old man could be. I nearly (may He forgive me for it now) cursed God and died. But the memory of that tender face did its work. It was as the face of a mother who nurses her first-born child, as the face of a child who kisses a wounded creature, it was as I think the Father's Face itself must have been, which those angels always behold, as He looked down upon the Sacrifice of His only Son."

"In the Convent Chapel" and "Over the Gateway" are also stories with true and beautifully told lessons, while "The Blood Eagle," "The Traveller," and "Poena Damni," bring forward a more weird element, reminiscent of those days when the world was younger and the elemental forces less shut off from the race of men.

E. W

"THE MEDIATORS"

The Mediators. By Rosamund Temple (Mrs. Laurence Oliphant). (London: Offices of *Light*, 110, St. Martin's Lane; 1903. Price 3*s*. 6*d*. net.)

THIS book is one it is hard to speak of. Any book written by our author we must treat with respect. The daughter of Robert Dale Owen, who married Laurence Oliphant in his declining years in self-sacrificing devotion, to aid him in carrying out what he conceived to be his mission, and whose services were in actual fact but the devoted nursing of him in his brief last illness, is entitled to every consideration at our hands; and yet, what can we say of her work, but that we can make neither head nor tail of it? It is not even such a work as *Sympneumata*, where through all the curious modifications made in bringing the vision down to the physical plane it was impossible to doubt that a vision there *was* before the writer's spiritual sight, and that a true one. In the present case the words are English, the sentences duly constructed, and yet (it may be our stupidity which is in fault) we can trace nothing but word spinning. Mrs. Temple, like so many philosophers before her, has framed a system of the world out of words, and words only; and (again like them) is satisfied that the ingenious framework is the system of the Creator and all others mistaken. All we can do is to take off our hat, and leave her to enjoy it; we cannot undertake to criticise or even to summarise. We feel, in short, in turning over the pages, like our friend Echo in the last number of the REVIEW—as if we had got into

a new world—an "astral" world, where "things are not as they seem," though there are, as far as we can see, *no* "visions about." But we humbly acknowledge our unworthiness. May she find many who *can* understand her, for we are quite sure her meaning (if it could be got at) is good and self-sacrificing—even as herself.

A. A. W.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, September. "Old Diary Leaves" have only the continuation of the Judge affair. One passage of the President's speech at the Indian Convention, 1894, is of more than passing interest. The Colonel says: "Equally well known is it that persons, otherwise accounted sane, are liable to hallucinations which make them sometimes mistake their own fancies for spiritual revelations, and a vulgar earth-bound spirit for an exalted historical personage. At this moment, I have knowledge of at least seven different psychics in our Society who believe themselves to be in communication with the same Mahatmas and doing their work, who have each a knot of disciples or adherents about them, and whose supposed teachers give orders which conflict with each others'! I cannot impugn the good faith of any of these sensitives; while, on the other hand, I cannot see my way to accepting any of their mandates in the absence of satisfactory proof of their genuineness." Next come Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "Invisible Helpers"; Miss McQueen's "The Life Side," concluded from last month, which gives many valuable reflections on the change made in our ideas as to the state after death, persecution, war, and other evils by looking at them, not from the side of the physical form destroyed or injured, but from that of the indwelling life which passes on into higher forms in due progress of evolution undisturbed; Mrs. S. G. Currie translates a lecture by L. Revel entitled "Religious Traditions and Esoteric Traditions"; Miss Kofel discourses on "Recent Notes on Science and Theosophy," giving many illustrations from the latest scientific utterances to show how far science itself has moved from the materialistic point of view of H. P. B.'s time. W. A. Mayers concludes his highly appreciative study of the "Imitation of Christ," and an interesting number ends by an abstract of a lecture in Tamil given before the Madura Branch, by P. Narayana Iyer, on "How to study Upaniṣhads."

Prasnottara for September does credit to the new editor. It opens with a lecture by Hirendra Naṭh Ḍaṭta on "The Mystery of Creation,"

not less interesting for the wise warning in its first sentence that the audience were "not to expect an unfolding of the mystery underlying Creation." It is not for any of us to give *that!* Miss Edger continues her study of the Zoroastrian Gâthâs, and Mrs. Besant's lectures on Mr. Myers' book and Miss Arundale's paper on "The Conception of Soul" are also continued. A summary of Reviews and Magazines, somewhat in the style of our own, forms a regular feature of the magazine.

Theosophic Gleaner, September, in its editorial expresses a very legitimate exultation that it has lived to begin its thirteenth year. During its twelve years' life it has circulated much useful instruction, and we wish success to its appeal for more subscribers. J. J. Vimadalal gives some "Thoughts on Man"; G. E. Sutcliffe a paper on the "Fourth Dimension," founded on the habitual confusion of two dimensional space with an exceedingly thin slice of three dimensional space, which is the only thing we can really conceive—an error which vitiates all his conclusions. The other articles, original and selected, make up a good number.

The Dawn, for August, has many interesting and important articles. It Satischandra Mukerjee, M.A., B.L., would leave the question of the abstract desirableness of castes, and discuss the more practical point of the advisability or otherwise of keeping up the extravagant separation in every detail of daily life which caste is now supposed to entail, his study would be of real use. It is not likely that Hindus will agree to *abolish* castes, but they may perhaps be won to recognise the essential brotherhood of all their fellow countrymen more practically than at present they do.

Other Indian magazines not received.

The Vâhan, October, continues the subject of its own possible improvement with various letters, one a long and important one from the Editor of this REVIEW. In the "Enquirer" is a very valuable answer by B. K. to a question as to the result on our next lives of the continual but not entirely successful struggle against evil habits in this; whilst a question as to the lawfulness of using medicine to cure someone else's illness we may have, as the enquirer thinks, taken on ourselves is an illustration of the curious recrudescence of old Christian ideas which seems just now taking place amongst us. I should like to suggest to those who have any saving sense of humour to try to imagine the wretchedness of the unlucky man's life whose friends insisted on bearing his karma—vicariously suffering for him—"taking on

them his morbid bodily conditions and mental grief"! F. Nietzsche is quite right; all this means simply the enjoyment of their own superiority to the sufferer, and they would take care to let him feel it!

The Lotus Journal for October has a feast of good things; amongst the rest the beginning of an account of the Central Hindu College, by Prof. Arundale, and the notes of Mrs. Besant's "Development of the Spiritual Life," whilst Miss Ward gives some pretty illustrations of "Sound Pictures," and Miss Mallet continues her valuable "Outlines of Theosophy for our younger Readers."

Bulletin Théosophique, October, gives the programme for the coming season at the Paris Headquarters, newly opened; a list of lectures and receptions which speak of a numerous and enthusiastic staff of helpers, as well as of the devotion of the Secretary and his older companions. They have our best wishes; if they can win over Paris, they have the world!

Revue Théosophique, September, begins with a biographical article on Mrs. Besant, signed with the well-known initials A. B. C., and giving a reproduction of a very good portrait. In addition to translations we have a further portion of Dr. Pascal's "Law of Destiny," and an article on "Atlantis," by Mrs. Judson. Answers to questions are furnished by C. W. L.

Theosophia, September, has an important editorial on the work of the opening session. In addition to reproductions and translations from Mrs. Besant and Michael Wood, there is a long and serious study on the ever-recurring subject of "Karma and the Forgiveness of Sins," by Chr. J. Schuver, chiefly from the point of view of the R. Catholic Church.

Der Vâhan, October. The conclusion of the review of Leadbeater's *The Other Side of Death*, ventures to think children would be better left without even the Theosophical explanation of death, until their elders understand it better; and gives a delightful translation of the dialogue between the Enthusiastic Lady and the Medium into German cockney talk. Then follow the notices of *The Theosophist* and this Review, the questions from *The Vâhan*, and the continuations of Mr. Sinnett's "Animal Kingdom" and Mrs. Besant's *Dharma*.

Luzifer, for September, is an excellent number. The editor's paper on "Initiation and the Mysteries" we hope to see in English; the continuations of Mlle. v. Sivers' biography of Mrs. Besant, Herr Deinhard's review of Myers and Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden's "Ideal of Life" are all good. The most important part, to our mind, is the

notice of the German translation of Mr. Leadbeater's *Astral Plane*, in which the editor undertakes to fill what has been hitherto a serious gap in our literature, criticism as distinguished from mere panegyric.

Sophia, August, has a refreshing touch of life about it—something which is more than a mere piling up of dead articles to fill its pages, not to be defined but to be felt. From a numerous set of book reviews we find that Dr. Encausse's (Payus') *Occultism* does not find favour by reason of the curious partiality which makes him omit all mention of our own Society in his enumeration of the tiniest societies called or supposed to be "occult."

We have also *Teosofisk Tidskrift*, August to September; *South African Theosophist*, September, with some interesting specimens of Kaffir Lore, in which, as in so many such cases, Theosophy sees something not entirely "superstition;" *Theosophy in Australasia*, August in which there call for mention, a lively and interesting "Outlook" and a noticeable "Musing of a Jew (?) during a recent visit to Jerusalem"; the *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine* for September, in its literary contents cheerful enough but ending with the lugubrious summary "Donations received—Magazine Fund, Nil; Propaganda Fund, Nil; For Section Expenses Nil; for Miss Edger's travelling expenses, Nil; and the September number of the *Theosofisch Maandblad*, Semarang,

Also received: *Modern Astrology; Mind; La Nuova Parola; Theosophischer Wegweiser; Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; Light; The Conservator; Anglo-Russian.*

The Paradox of Pain, a Study in Spiritual Alchemy is a little book by F.T.S. (London: Elliot Stock & Son, 4½*d*.) whose previous work, *The Christian Life*, we have before noticed. In four chapters on "The Mystery of Pain," "The Eternal Law of Righteousness," "Through Pain to Peace," and "The End of Pain," the author has put together many considerations which will help his readers to take the troubles of life with intelligent comprehension instead of blind submission, and in time to rise above them, and to every effort of this kind we must wish God-speed.

The Law of Sacrifice, by our colleague, Mr. W. Scott Elliot, is the title of the last *Transaction* of the London Lodge, but comes to us too late for further notice this month.

W.

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THE

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

"Jesus saith"

CAN anything be more fascinating for the trained mind of the scholar of Christian beginnings than the soiled and battered scraps of papyrus which are year by year disinterred from their tombs in coffin or rubbish heap by the persistent industry of the real gold miners of the age? Who knows what scraps of priceless testimony are hidden away in these mines of buried witness from the past? Any day may bring to light not only a first-hand copy of the autograph of one of our canonical gospels—(the autograph itself would be beyond the dreams of avarice!)—but even the copy of a "source"! There is indeed no limit to possibilities in this direction—while probabilities are year by year becoming more and more definite. In other words, the whole study of Christian origins may at any moment be revolutionised by the unearthing of some scrap of evidence, that may seem of no particular importance to the uninitiated, but which in the hands of the specialist may become the powder of transmutation whereby the lead of much legend may be changed into the gold of hidden history. At the recent general meeting of the Egypt

Exploration Fund (see *Times'* report of November 14th), Dr. B. P. Grenfell, in giving an account of the recently renewed excavations at Oxyrhynchus of Dr. Hunt and himself, dwelt at some length on the two most precious scraps of theological fragments which had been unearthed this year. These fragments of papyrus are dated about the third century, and are therefore some 200 years older than our oldest codices of the Gospels.

* * *

More about the Newest-found "Sayings of Jesus"

THE first of these consisted of part of a collection of sayings of Jesus similar in style to the so-called Logia discovered by them in 1897. As in that papyrus, the separate sayings were introduced by the words "Jesus saith" and were for the most part new, though one of the uncanonical sayings was in part known to have occurred in the Gospel according to the Hebrews. The new sayings were not so well preserved as the previous ones, the ends of lines being lost throughout. They had, however, this advantage, that the introduction to the collection was given, stating that these were the sayings (Logoi) which Jesus spoke to Thomas and perhaps another disciple. The first saying was that one of which part was already known to have occurred in the Gospel according to the Hebrews, and it was one of the most remarkable of the uncanonical sayings ascribed to our Lord. It was as follows:—Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder; wondering he shall reach the kingdom (*i.e.*, the kingdom of Heaven), and when he reaches the kingdom he shall have rest." The kingdom of Heaven was also the subject of the second saying, which was much the longest and most important. The kernel of it was that most remarkable and profoundly mystical saying recorded by St. Luke alone of the Evangelists, "The kingdom of God is within you," but the saying in the papyrus appeared in quite different surroundings from those attributed to it by St. Luke and extended far into another region. Those sayings when they came to be published in June, 1904, in the fourth part of the "Oxyrhynchus Papyri" and as a separate pamphlet, would no doubt be widely discussed, and the opinions of critics were likely to be nearly as diverse as their views about the Logia discovered in 1897. But the new find brought several fresh features of importance into the controversy, owing (1) to the introduction connecting the sayings with St. Thomas, (2) the occurrence of a saying which was found in nearly or even precisely the same words in the Gospel according to the Hebrews, and (3) of another with its context. And if they were right in maintaining, as they did very strongly, that the coincidences between the new sayings and the Logia of 1897, both as regarded the date and provenance of the two papyri, the form of the separate sayings, each introduced by the words "Jesus saith," their relation to the canonical

Gospels, and the high quality of the new elements in them, were too close to be explained by any other hypothesis than that the two fragments were parts of different manuscripts of the same collection of sayings, the new find might go far to clear away much speculation concerning the nature and origin of the Logia of 1897, and to confine within comparatively narrow limits the road to a satisfactory solution. Stated briefly, they did not regard the sayings as extracts either from the Gospel according to the Hebrews, which seemed not to have possessed the Johannine characteristics which marked both series of sayings, or from the Gospel of Thomas, which, so far as could be judged from the scanty information concerning it, appeared to have been mainly a Gospel of the childhood; or from any other of the known uncanonical Gospels of the early second century. They preferred to regard the sayings as what they maintained the Logia of 1897 to be, and what the introduction to the new fragment stated them in so many words to be—namely, a collection of sayings as such, not dependent on the canonical Gospels, a collection which they now knew was traditionally connected with St. Thomas. While few critics had disputed the date, A.D. 140, which they considered the latest possible limit for the composition of the Logia of 1897, there had been much dispute about the earliest limit, some agreeing with them that the sayings probably went back to the first century, others, among whom Dr. Sanday was the most notable, maintaining that they were not earlier than A.D. 100, a view which naturally carried with it the rejection of the new elements as the product of second century speculation working upon the materials afforded by the canonical Gospels.

* * *

A Fragment of a New-found Gospel

ANOTHER third-century fragment found last winter came from a non-canonical gospel, parallel in form to the Synoptists. It contained, first, part of a discourse of our Lord which was closely related to certain passages in the Sermon on the Mount in St. Matthew and to parallels in St. Luke; and, secondly, part of a conversation between Christ and His disciples. This presented a striking resemblance to a well-known story recorded both in the Gospel according to the Egyptians and in the uncanonical gospel used side by side with the canonical gospels by the author of the Second Epistle of Clement, a Christian homily written in about the middle of the second century. It consisted of an answer to a question, which was put in the Gospel according to the Egyptians into the mouth of Salome, in the gospel quoted by Clement into that of some one unnamed, in the papyrus into the mouth of the disciples. The question with some varieties of form between the three was this:—"When will Christ's kingdom be realised?" The answer, as recorded in the Gospel according to the Egyptians, was—"When ye shall trample on the garment of shame, when the two shall be one and the male as the female, neither male nor female." From this the papyrus differed somewhat, and incidentally showed that the interpretation which

had generally been given to "when ye shall trample on the ga rment of shame" was incorrect. This had usually been considered to be equivalent to "when ye shall put off the body"—*i.e.*, "when ye die"; but the papyrus showed that the real point lay in the mystical allusion to the Third Chapter of Genesis, and that the phrase meant "when ye return to the state of innocence which existed before the fall," being thus closely parallel to the following clause, "when the two shall be one."

* * *

The Case of the Abbé Loisy

IT is well known that the real test case which will force out the decision of the authority of Rome concerning the burning question of Biblical criticism is the "case of the Abbé Loisy." The following communication to *The Times* of November 10th may therefore prove of interest to our readers, and enable them the better to appreciate the present position of affairs and the difficulties which confront the new Pope:

A correspondent writes that the Abbé Loisy has decided to republish his book *L'Évangile et l'Église*, which, on account of the advanced views it expressed on Biblical criticism, was condemned by Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, who forbade his flock to read it or even keep it in their possession. Cardinal Richard's action was imitated by eight other French Bishops. At the time of the condemnation the first edition was already sold out and a second edition had just gone through the press. This edition M. Loisy withdrew in deference to his ordinary, but within the last few days he has decided to withhold it no longer, and it is now actually on the market. The writer says that this action on the part of the Abbé Loisy has the appearance of an attempt to precipitate a crisis and to compel the Roman authorities to give a decision. The condemnation of *L'Évangile et l'Église* was confined to a few French dioceses and the book was never condemned at Rome. The case was before the Holy Office, and there can be little doubt that M. Loisy would have been condemned but for the fact that the late Pope stopped the proceedings and appointed a commission to inquire into the whole question of Biblical criticism. Pius X. is now called upon to decide whether or not he will reverse the policy of Leo XIII., and his decision will be taken all over the world as an indication of the tendencies of his pontificate. Cardinal Richard is at Rome, and it is an open secret that he is doing his utmost to obtain the condemnation of M. Loisy. Those who are in a position to know declare that two-thirds of the younger French clergy are on the side of the Abbé Loisy, and it is well known that some of the French Bishops, and those the most learned and able among them, are strongly in favour of freedom for historical research and investigation into the origins of the Bible and Christianity. A condemnation of M.

Loisy might have far-reaching consequences, and might produce a grave state of affairs in the French Church.

The mention of this famous Biblical Commission reminds us of a curious story we recently heard at Rome. Of the forty odd commissioners it is known that practically only one is really fully acquainted with the latest researches in criticism. At the first session at the Vatican, this learned and liberal cleric was by unanimous vote made secretary of the commission, and it was then unanimously resolved that the duty of the secretary was to record—and not to speak! *Si non e vero, e ben trovato!* We were assured, however, on excellent authority, that it was fact and not fiction.

* * *

After writing the above paragraph we were distressed to read in *The Times* of November 12th, a rumour, indeed it purports to be an *announcement*, that the courageous Abbé's works will certainly be condemned and that the party of reaction and obscurantism has imposed itself upon the new *régime* at the Vatican.

His Rumoured Condemnation

Our Vienna Correspondent writes on November 10th:—The *Politische Correspondenz* received from the Vatican an announcement that the condemnation of the Abbé Loisy's works on biblical criticism is considered certain. Leo XIII. appointed a commission for biblical studies in consequence of the controversy aroused by the Abbé Loisy's book *L'Évangile et l'Église*, and though several French bishops worked for the condemnation of the book, the late Pope prevented it from being placed on the Index. The Abbé Loisy, however, recently published a second work entitled *Autour d'un Petit Livre*, in which he emphasised the views expressed in *L'Évangile et l'Église*. He denies the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, criticises the value of the first chapter of Genesis, attributes an Assyrian origin to the accounts of the Flood and of the Fall, declares the books of Daniel and Ezra to be apocryphal, and denies that St. John was the author of the Gospel attributed to him, or that it is the work of an eye-witness, and treats the resurrection of Lazarus as a symbol. The eminent position and great authority of the Abbé Loisy as a biblical critic have caused this book to be received in Rome and elsewhere with considerable excitement. It is stated, adds the *Politische Correspondenz*, that Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, who was recently received by the Pope, went to Rome with the object of securing the Abbé Loisy's condemnation. His mission is understood to have been attended with success.

Indeed, unfortunately, it seems that this rumour is no *canard*

but a sad and solemn fact, for the Rome correspondent of *The Tablet* writes that a grave condemnation of Loisy's works is about to be pronounced by the Holy See (*Times*, November 13th):

> It will not consist merely of putting the books on the Index, but will take a very solemn and emphatic form. "Some idea of the vast harm that is being done by these publications," continues the correspondent, "may be had from the fact that one of the leading Catholic papers of Northern Italy has been for weeks past writing about them as if there were some doubt that they were not in accordance with the teachings of the Church, that they have found their way into the hands of ecclesiastical students in the seminaries of France and Italy, and that they are frequently quoted as a proof of the 'liberal' spirit with which the Church is approaching the solution of Scripture difficulties."

* * *

The Triumph of the Medicine Man

IF this indeed be true, well may all lovers of truth and honesty, well may all lovers of the Christ in man, exclaim: "How long, O Lord, how long!" But indeed is there really any need of exclamation? Can we not surely possess our souls in patience for a little while, knowing full certainly that the work is done, that the old order has passed away, and that the resurrection from the dead will be in a spiritual and not in a carnal body? This indecent attempt to galvanise the corpse of an ignorant traditionalism into life will only shock the minds of all thinking men and women throughout the cultured world; they cannot but regard it as the hocus-pocus of the medicine man, not as the saving service of the ministers of Christ. Is this what waiting Christendom has to expect from the unfortunate mortal who has been called to the horrid responsibilities of what his tradition claims to be the "chair of Peter"? We sincerely hope not. Pius X. is a good man, let us hope that he may also prove himself a wise one.

* * *

A Text-Book of Hindu Religion

WE take the following review of the *Sanâtana Dharma Series*, No. III.: *An Advanced Text-Book of Hindu Religion and Ethics*, from the pages of our contemporary *The Theosophist*. The review is from the pen of the paṇḍit of the Adyar Library, Mr. G. Kṛishṇa Shâstri, and we are only sorry that we have not seen a copy ourselves—and

that too not only of No. III. but also of Nos. I. and II. One of our keenest regrets has for long been that the excellent series of Catechisms which was begun many years ago at Adyar, and of which only the *Buddhist*, *Dvaita* and *Vishishṭâdvaita Catechisms* have appeared, was not continued. These were just the kind of text-books required by the thoughtful West; the *Buddhist Catechism* bore the imprimatur of Sumangala Mahâ Thero, the two others were each by professional paṇḍits, and could therefore be taken as authoritative expositions. It must, however, be confessed that the two Vedântic Catechisms were somewhat too technical for the general reader. We have now in the *Sanâtana Dharma Series* work which if not on precisely the same lines, is as near an approximation to an outline of general Hindu religion as can perhaps be attained; and what the difficulties are may be seen by substituting Christianism for Hinduism, and trying to sketch out the basis of a common platform for the Greek, Latin and Protestant Churches! Paṇḍit G. K. Shâstri's appreciation of their labours must therefore be exceedingly gratifying to the Board of Trustees of the Central Hindu College. It runs as follows:

* * *

NON-THEOSOPHISTS might complain that the compilers have read Theosophical ideas into the texts selected from the Hindu scriptures. Sectarian Vedântins might complain that the book cannot be used by all Hindus alike. The Dvaitins and Vishiṣhṭâdvaitins might say that undue prominence had been given in the book to the Advaita doctrine—whose followers might, in their turn, say that Yoga and Bhakti have no place in the Advaita pure and simple.

A Professional Appreciation

The whole Upaniṣhad literature is made up of Dvaita, Vishiṣhṭâdvaita and Advaita texts. A sectarian, if he is a Dvaitin, puts the Dvaita interpretations on all the Shruti passages alike; if he is a Vishiṣhṭâdvaitin he interprets all the passages in the light of his pet Vishiṣhṭâdvaita doctrine; and if he is an Advaitin he too wants to put the Advaita interpretation on all passages alike. These sectarian interpretations have been received as Gospel truths by the votaries of each system for many centuries from the time of Shaṅkarâchârya, without any distinction whatever—like the blind following the blind. As a result of which, they have become quite ignorant of all the previous precious teachings of the Vedânta as a whole.

We have already drawn the attention of our readers to the existence of an Itihâsa called *Tattvasârâyana* which comprises the Jñâna, the Upâsana and

the Karma Kâṇḍa's, containing the most ancient disquisitions on all the 108 Upaniṣhads. That work interprets the Dvaita Shruti's in the light of Arambha-vâda (theory of the evolution of life and form), the Vishiṣhṭâdvaita Shruti's in that of the Parinâma-vâda (theory of the evolution of consciousness), and the Advaita Shruti's in that of the Vivarta-vâda (theory of illusion), and reconciles all the apparent contradictions* that are to be found in the numerous passages of the 108 Upaniṣhads—which have not been classified in this Vedântic Itihâsa as major and minor, as they have been by modern scholars, both European and Indian. All the aforesaid Vedas are equally important to a student of Vedânta and none of them can be dispensed with before final liberation is gained [!].

The reviewer can assure the readers of *The Theosophist* that this *Advanced Text-Book* has almost followed the teachings of *Tattvasârâyana* with no material differences. The student of *Tattvasârâyana* might also say that the book under review can only be called "An Intermediate" and not "An Advanced Text-Book" when judged in the light of that Itihâsa, but such students form only a microscopic minority. To the majority of present-day Hindus this Text-Book is undoubtedly an advanced one.

Hindu parents who have long cherished sectarian notions will do well to give up their preconceived ideas, and to educate their children on the lines laid down in this thrice blessed book.

We sincerely hope our learned colleague does not mean us to take his pronouncement about the 108 Upaniṣhads and Upa-Upaniṣhads literally. Much as we personally love the Upaniṣhads, we cannot imagine what the long-suffering Vedântavâdin has done to be condemned to study all of the 108 before he reaches "liberation." As for the "students of the Vedânt" in the West, most of them think they will reach "liberation" without knowing even a word of Sanskrit, and some of them aspire to Moksh without reading so much as a line of the Great Upaniṣhads even in translation! *O tempora, O mores!* It is quite true that there are many other paths to the Desirable which do not set the Upaniṣhads in their Preliminary—but then people going in for other examinations should not talk of Vedânt.

* An indeed magical task, if true! We are, however, always suspicious of a *too* liberal use of the whitewash of the reconciler. It is better to admit errors, even in Shruti, and have done with it.—G. R. S. M.

THE MYSTIC OMAR

"That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Share
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware."*

If, as seems to be the general opinion, there is nothing in the quatrains of Omar Khayyám but a literal glorification of physical intoxication, a liberal exposition of the dismal theme of let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die—it is hard to account for the abiding attraction of his thoughts, which still fling up so sweet a share of perfume for the true believers. The mere exquisite phrasing of Fitzgerald, the mere charm of the poetic imagery, the mere lilting music of the lines, is not enough to make them live upon the lips of men, and ring in the inner ear like the notes of far-off trumpets.

There must be something else, something more subtly interfused, something of "that song of life only fragments of which reach us while we are but men," some gleams of the inner light—else why do we look and listen spell-bound by the magic of a Persian poet eight centuries dead? What if the symbols of the highest and the lowest can be interchanged by one who knows the way? What if after all the mystic Omar is so high and fine that commentators and translators have missed the spirit of his meaning and seen only the beauty of the letter? If, in many quatrains, no inner meaning can be read within the words it may be that in copy or translation the symbols have been altered, the mystic sense obscured. But in others the inner light shines brightly for those with eyes to see, the silent voice speaks clearly to the hearing ear. Therefore, to the "true believers" is this brief consideration offered, in the hope that even now the perfume of the Persian's roses may overtake them unaware as they pass by upon the way.

* The quotations are taken from the first edition of Fitzgerald's master-piece.

I.

"Dreaming, when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
'Awake, My Little Ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry.'"

Dreaming, half sleeping, half awake, describes the state of the poet's mind, stilled, and awaiting inspiration. Dawn's left hand is the false dawn of the East, a transient light on the horizon which appears about an hour before the true dawn of sun-rise, and may well symbolise the gleam of poetic intuition which comes before the flooding light of perfect insight. The expression of that intuition is the voice crying in the poet's soul—the tavern—a true symbol when its meaning is divined. As the tavern opens hospitable doors to all who come, so the poet's mind is open to all ideas; nothing human is alien to him, and he alone grasps with all-embracing sympathy the whole of life. The philosopher, busy with his problems, misses the little things that matter; the saint in his white robes passes by too often on the other side; but the poet, ever fixed in the eternal present, sees life steadily and sees it whole; he hears the great harmony beneath the discords of the world, he perceives the eternal beneficence within the tragedy and comedy of life.

"Awake," cries the voice, "my little ones"; the "little one" in mystic language ever means the disciple, able to see, able to read, ready to fill the cup. This cup need not be a literal cup of literal wine. When we remember the Holy Grail, the cup of Tristan and Isolde, the cup of eternal youth, the cup of Hermes the Thrice-Greatest, which he said God filled with mind, and set it up as a prize that souls might win—it is not impossible that Omar too uses this symbol in a mystic sense. To fill the cup means to raise the consciousness into the ego-vehicle, the spiritual body of St. Paul, and thence to look out on life *sub specie æternitatis* as Spinoza said; it is "to retreat to the inner fortress whence the personal man is viewed with impartiality." And this battle has to be fought here and now, before life's liquor in its cup be dry. The mystic paradox holds good here as ever—the battle is won by a retreat, the world is overcome by the defeat of self, strength is made perfect in weakness.

II.

"Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! The Bird is on the Wing."

These poetic images are surely symbolic; there is no sense in a literal interpretation. The cup is the spiritual body, the fire of spring is the force which radiates from it. That energy is symbolised by the rosy light within the Grail, which the true hierophant alone can summon, the true knight alone can see. It is the will to help the world which pours forth when the child is born within. This divine energy may perhaps reproduce itself harmonically in the lower man, when his several vehicles of consciousness are tuned to it by the practice of tolerance, sympathy, and temperance; and it may possibly confer upon him mental knowledge and power, emotional peace and sympathy, physical health and healing. So we have heard.

It is called by endless names in the different mystic schools; it is the living water and the light of the world of the Christians, the universal solvent and the elixir vitæ of the Alchemists, the fire of Kuṇḍalinî of the Eastern Yogî, the fire which Prometheus stole from heaven, the divine fire of Apollo, the fire of Wisdom which reduces all actions to ashes. Into this burning fiery furnace is flung the winter garment of repentance, the discarded personality, with its one-sidedness, its ignorance, its virtues and vices, its loves and hates; and in this vortex of energy "the whole personality of the man is dissolved and melted, till it is held by the divine fragment which has created it, as a mere subject for grave experiment and experience." So is the mystic process described in *Light on the Path*. Shelley realised the same thing when he wrote:

"That light whose smile kindles the universe—
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality."

The bird of time is the self identified with the personal man; when a man has realised himself as the eternal pilgrim that he really is, when he has at last succeeded in opening his inner eyes,

when he no longer lives in the world but with it—he becomes the bird out of time and place, the swan, who lives in the eternal here and the everlasting now. For where his consciousness is ever burning, whether in or out of a personality, there, for him, it must be always here and now.

III.

"Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow."

Of course, Omar *may* be thinking of nothing more important than a shady picnic with a pretty woman; but it is possible to think that the bread, wine, and book of verse symbolise the sensations, emotions, and acute perceptions of the poet, and the three worlds which these powers present to his consciousness. The bough—the golden bough—is the tree of knowledge; the one beside him singing is his higher self within; the wilderness is the three worlds of experience; paradise is the real world of things-as-they-are. Could a man reach the plane of consciousness beyond personality, he would perhaps be able to change his wilderness to paradise. For to attain *that* perception would be to grasp the eternal beneficence of the Power that dwells within us and without us, to realise that all the great creation is very good, to know why all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. That this is a great fact only those who have attained perception can see, and they can never transfer their knowledge to another. As Lao-Tze said, when his disciples pressed him about the Way: "Those who know cannot tell, those who tell cannot know." How indeed could the inner realisation, the impersonal grasp of things, ever be transferred to one who is not ready? When a man has arrived he needs no telling, he can see for himself. So Hermes says: "This race of men is never taught, but when He willeth it, its memory is restored by God." This only puts the same thing in another way. So the adept in living becomes, he is not made. The poets often distinguish the utterer of the voice within from their ordinary self. That something, not ourself, which makes for righteousness, Arnold calls it; the camarado,

who seems to stand to Walt Whitman much as the singer in the wilderness does to Omar. From the standpoint of the lower self, the higher always seems another till fusion is complete. "The self of matter and the self of spirit can never meet, one of the twain must disappear, there is no place for both," says the *Voice of the Silence*. "The waning of the one allows the otherto show itself," says Hermes.

It is evidently impossible for the self to take the personal and impersonal standpoints simultaneously, to dwell in two spheres at once. When he is identified with the lower man, he is not conscious in his own spiritual body; it is preparing for him, but unoccupied. So long as the prodigal is joined to the dweller in the far country, he has not come to himself and returned to his Father. We cannot stay anchored in familiar harbours and sail out onto the blue water at the same time; and a cobweb which we fear to sever will moor us to the quay just as surely as a chain cable. But leave the wise to talk and come with me says Omar:

IV.

"With Me along some Strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the Desert from the Sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultan scarce is known,
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne."

Here the "free" live, on the dangerous edge of things, in the world—not of it; looking equally on Slave and Sultan, realising the compensations of both positions, and the inevitable drawbacks of either stage of evolution. The strip of herbage that just divides the desert from the sown, is the "bridge of manas" of the Eastern Occultist; that purely mental plane where the experiences of life are seen as they really are, uncoloured by personal considerations. The desert is the three worlds of personality; the sown the world of the eternal seed, the ego-vehicle, whence the bud of personality puts forth. To those who have ceased to desire anything, Sultán Máhmúd with his cares and troubles, his pomp and power, is indeed an object of compassion; anxious over much, uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, whether it be a crown of earthly royalty, or the thorny crown of personal intellect.

V.

"Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears—
To-morrow ?—Why to-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's sev'n thousand years."

To have found the beloved, to be identified with the higher self, is to sit above regrets and fears; to realise that all that has happened or can happen is part of the great game; to resolve to play it with perfect skill and fairness, and to abide the issue with serenity as a good sportsman should. What is the great game? It is the simplest game in the world; there are three ways of playing it:—*know* truth, *do* good, *be* perfect; and its rules are just the laws and social conventions under which we happen to live. Failure is part of the playing, and when the game is played out success is sure.

From the point of view of the eternal player what can it matter what particular things happen, so long as he does his best with circumstances as they arise? As for the past, what's done is done, for his mistakes he is content to pay, for only so is wisdom mastered. While for the future, he can always play the game according to the rules. He is immortal, nothing can really touch him; whether his personality goes up or down, fails or commands success, lives or dies, he can still strive to do the perfect thing; for to do this is to be able to adjust himself to all three worlds, to meet all experiences unflinchingly, to be all things to all men. Thus the poet entreats his beloved to fill the cup of consciousness, since *he*, the lower man, may be to-morrow with the endless past.

VI.

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went."

He found no enlightenment either in the blind philosophies, or the blind creeds; none could "unravel the knot of human death and fate." We have all been in the same position, we too have found "a blind understanding to be the only lamp destiny

has to guide her little children stumbling in the dark." And why? All the Western philosophies are based on personal opinions, none take in the great idea of the eternal pilgrim. All the Western creeds suffer from personal one-life interpretations. So long as the facts of life are viewed from this personal standpoint they are distorted and illusory; hence, the facts being wrongly observed, the inductions to the reasons which underlie them cannot be made, and the understanding remains blind. So the poet's consciousness, deafened by truth-concealing controversies, evermore came out into his little narrow round of personal circumstances. There is indeed another door, up into the land of the poetic insight, but that strait gate is not set wide by argument. Once opened, and the facts of life are seen in true proportion, just as they really are; *then* their reasons, the abstract principles which are working out in them, are understood; they become obvious, as plain as daylight. We can only say we know a matter when we can go from the concrete details to the abstract reason, and back from the abstract reason to the concrete details. Therefore did Omar divorce old barren temporal reason from his bed, and take the daughter of the vine, his own poetic insight, to spouse.

VII.

"And lately by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas the Grape!"

Of course this *may* only mean that Omar took to drink, and idealised that sordid vice into an angel; but it may also mean that when his mind had shaken off the talk of the wise, and the thoughts of other men; when—like the tavern door—it was open and attentive to its own ideas;—that in the dusk, before full illumination, he realised his eternal self, the angel shape, and attained consciousness in the vessel, the eternal body. Then the wine of life was tasted by the lower man. This drinking of the wine, whatever it may mean, must be experienced, it cannot be imagined; and probably each one who knows would describe the matter differently, and all entirely in vain for the children of

this world. But we may infer perhaps, that such an outrush of energy occurs, that it may indeed "life's leaden metal into gold transmute." But this, the one thing needful, each must find out for himself; though perchance a man may get some help from one who knows the way, if he can face the ordeals of self-knowledge which must inevitably be offered to him.

VIII.

"The mighty Máhmúd, the victorious Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul,
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword."

Thus he describes "the warrior who is incapable of defeat," the eternal self, who sees fears and sorrows as the illusions they really are. They surely are slain by the enchanted sword of the impersonal understanding, and seen through by the piercing insight of the eye which never closes. This sword of the spirit is wielded by the high artist just as truly as by saint or sage, and it will be well when theosophic mystics recognise the fact. The Way of Art is just as great, and just as real, as the ways of knowledge and religion; and although the Nazarene may seem to have conquered, the glorious Apollo, radiant with strength and beauty, will surely come to his own when the time is ripe. So Omar tells us that in his predestined plot of dust and soul, the vine had struck a fibre—the poetic intuition was innate. Let the Súfi flout, he says:

IX.

"Of my Base Metal may be filed a Key
Which shall unlock the Door he howls without."

The way of the artist is fundamentally different from that of the sage or of the saint, although it may be too much to expect either of these to be able to see that there is any Way of Art at all. The difference lies in the ideal pursued, the heart's desire. The ideal of the philosopher is to know the truth, of the saint to do the good, of the artist to realise the perfect. Life after life he evolves by striving to see it in every department of nature; life after life he breaks his heart with trying to embody it in bronze

or stone, in sound or words or pigments, or by means of his own physique, and he is ever dissatisfied. At last, having tried everything else and failed, the true way dawns on him; and he realises that to manifest perfection he must *be* perfect, he must build his temple in his own soul, paint his picture in his own personality, write his poem in his own life. Now to be perfect, it is evidently necessary both to know the truth and do the good, hence, in the attainment of his own ideal, the artist in life will attain the ideals of both saint and sage. So equally the saint to do good, must both know truth and be perfect; the sage to know truth must both be perfect and do good. So all ways lead to the One at last, though each victorious type will doubtless wear the coat of many colours with a difference.

The Artist's ideal is to know and do the beautiful thing, not the true, not the good, these are incidental only. With a man of this type the ordinary appeals of ethics or philosophy have little weight; tell him that he has been "wicked" and he does not care, demonstrate his "error" and he remains indifferent, but make him see that he has been *ill-mannered*, and you flick him on the raw. So it is possible, perhaps, that the all-embracing poetic insight, taking in the things of common day—base metal—may forge a key of perception, which will unlock some door closed to the narrower vision of saints and sages, with their religious and scientific dogmas, their rituals and categories of thought.

X.

"And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quite,
One Glimpse of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright."

Here is stated a profound mystery; the one true light, the divine fire, may kindle to love, reproduce itself harmonically in the lower man, as the love to all that lives, impersonal in the personality—or it may prove a consuming fire if aroused by wrong means for selfish ends. When the personality is not ready, not disciplined by strenuous effort after true thought, good will, and perfect conduct; when real moderation, true temperance in

thought, word and act, is not attained—the fire may be wrath indeed, a tearing and disintegrating energy, disastrous to mind and body alike. The poet goes on to draw the distinction between the tavern and the temple—his own mind and that of the saint; too often truly the light *is* lost in the temple, but not always—though a poet could not expect to find it there. The ways are different, the end the same.

XI.

"Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much Wrong!
Have drown'd my Honour in a Shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song!"

Omar is much too clear-sighted not to recognise perfectly that to buy the pearl of price he has sold all that he had; to find his life on the higher plane he has lost it on the lower. His devotion to his ideal, to the higher life and vision, instead of to his personal interests and the life of the ordinary world, would naturally put him out of touch with ordinary men. They could neither grasp his motives, nor understand his attitude towards life. He would seem to them odd, eccentric, more or less mad and unreliable, unless he were wise enough to live his own life behind a veil of pure conventionality. This is where those whose eyes are opening so often go astray, where they fail to play the game. They see the essential futility of conventions, and consequently try to break through them, to everybody else's intense inconvenience; not realising that every convention is the outcome of centuries of bitter experience, a compromise based on blood and tears, without which Society could not exist at the present stage of general evolution.

Neglect of laws and social conventions would of course do the poet's credit in men's eye much wrong, since they could never know where he was likely to break out next. Therefore was his honour drowned in their shallow cup of consciousness, and his reputation sold for a song—the song of life. So the artist in living, one who is striving to manifest his or her own ideal of the perfect man or perfect woman through the instrument of the personality, must be content to be misunderstood. A

man's *own* ideal perfection will be different from that of others, because his æonic experiences have been different from theirs; hence one who directs his conduct of life by his own ideal must be incomprehensible to others; he carries within himself a criterion of conduct which it is impossible for them to grasp, therefore they will account for his actions by the motives which govern their own, low or high as they themselves are evolved or not. But the artist in life will go straight on striving, knowing that he must make mistakes in order to become more wise, content to suffer for them and to grow more strong by making the best of them. Having done the most perfect act he can, he leaves the results to work out as they must, and the opinions of others to be as their stage of evolution decrees; what others think or do is not within his will and can always be endured.

There is a great safeguard in the idea that all actions should be perfect and not merely good. The conventional "good" deed may, and often does, hurt the personality of the doer; the *perfect* act could not, it would express that ideal compromise which would really benefit both personalities, and therefore benefit the united spirit of life which is the one Self behind both. The Way of the Artist, the Way of Perfection, is thus to strive to manifest his own ideal, not other people's, not the conventions set up by religions and philosophies, and when all the ego's thus become perfect each in its own way, then, and then only, will the Ineffable One, whose rays men are, at last stand fully manifested in the infinite variety of Its perfections.

XII.

"Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore."

Often the lower man had sworn repentance, when the jog-trot respectabilities, which make for his comfort and success in life, presented their obvious attractions; while on the other hand, he felt the loneliness of one awake among the sleepers, the isolation of the seer of the essence of things, for truly the top of Parnassus is never over-crowded. Then, reflecting on the joy of

poetic creation, on the glory of the light that never was on sea or land, Omar wonders if he could have been sober when he swore anything so futile as a thread-bare penitence. And then and then came spring and rose-in-hand—the divine fire, the rosy light shone out, and wiped away all vain regrets. It is inevitable, the poet too must pay the price; to win the golden roses he must leave his heart's-blood on the thorns. And the sacrifice is infinitely worth while; the wine of life is priceless:

XIII.

"And much as Wine has played the Infidel
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—well
I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell."

Since the poet finds his robe of worldly honour well lost, he wonders what his higher self gains in return for the peace on earth, goodwill to men, conferred. He has *become* his higher self, he has put on the seamless robe of immortality, he has entered the kingdom prepared for him before the worlds were. He has found himself, the object of his search; he has obtained the clear vision of the truth; the love to all that lives; the power to become perfect, to manifest his ideal beauty through his own personality. He is himself the vintner, and his precious goods were sold only to be bought again. The best authority assures us of the same thing:—"Having nothing he obtaineth all things." But on the Way the vintner must be consulted, the higher self must always be asked: "What is the perfect thing to do?" The more the inner voice is listened for the louder it will speak; that is the universal experience of those who put it to the touch. To try the experiment each one for ourselves is the only way, for

"He ne'er is crown'd
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead."

XIV.

"Ah Love! Could you and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!"

Here the lower man speaks to the higher, the "moon of his delight who knows no wane." The sorry scheme of things is a man's knowledge of the world from the one-life standpoint. Could he conspire with his Eternal Self, could he grasp entire the scheme of the great creation working out through many lives by the good law, he would be able to shatter his gloomy views to pieces, and re-observe it all from the eternal standpoint. So by degrees the sorry scheme, for him, would be transformed; he would learn to see the things that are as they really are; and, for him, all things would obviously work together for good. So at length his knowledge of life would approximate more and more closely to the truth, he would continually be re-moulding it nearer to the heart's desire, as he learned to comprehend the working of the Supreme Perfection, whose manifestation is the totality of things.

XV.

"Ah! fill the Cup:—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
Unborn To-MORROW and dead YESTERDAY
Why fret about them if To-DAY be Sweet!"

Why indeed? Why "haunt about the mouldered lodges of the past"? Why agonise about the future, and what may happen in other states of being, or in other incarnations? Really it is always Now. What are we thinking Now? What are we doing Now? What are we becoming Now? This is the riddle of the Sphinx; this is the triple question, vital to each one of us. The only knowledge worth having is the knowledge of the things-that-are; the only good worth doing is that which benefits ourself and others; the only perfection worth striving after is that which harmonises us with the One Self of All, and with the great creation which that Self has willed.

XVI.

"How long, how long, in definite Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute?
Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit."

A. H. WARD.

TWO SERMONS OF THRICE-GREATEST HERMES*

On Thought and Sense and that the Beautiful and Good is in God only and elsewhere nowhere

Of Hermes the Thrice-greatest

1. I GAVE the Perfect† Sermon yesterday, Asclepius; to-day I think it right, as sequel thereunto, to go through point by point the Sermon about Sense.

Now sense and thought do seem to differ, in that the former has to do with matter, the latter has to do with substance. But unto me both seem to be at-one and not to differ—in men [of course] I mean. In other lives‡ sense is at-one with nature, but in men thought. Now mind doth differ just as much from thought as God from godliness. For godliness by God doth come to be, but by mind thought, our sermon's§ sister and instruments of one another. For neither doth the word find utterance without thought, nor is thought manifested without word.

2. So sense and thought both flow together into man, as though they were entwined with one another. For neither without sensing can one think, nor without thinking sense. But it is possible [they say] to think a thing apart from sense, as those who fancy sights in dreams. But unto me it seems that both of these activities occur in dream-sight, and sense doth pass out of the sleeping to the waking state. For man is separated into soul and body, and only when the

* See in the last three numbers "The Over-Mind," "The Mind to Hermes," and "Creator and Creation," and also the series of translations and essays which appeared in this REVIEW from December, 1898, to January, 1900.

† Or the Sermon on Perfection or Initiation.

‡ Or animals.

§ λόγος. There is here the usual play on the meanings, reason, word, sermon or sacred discourse.

two sides of his sense agree together, is uttered thought conceived by mind.

3. For it is mind that doth conceive all thoughts—good thoughts when it receives the seeds from God, their contraries when [it receiveth them] from one of the dæmonials; for no part of the world is free of dæmon, which stealthily doth creep into the dæmon who's illumined by God's light,* and sow in him the seed of its own energy; and mind conceives the seed thus sown, adultery, murder, parricide, [and] sacrilege, impiety, [and] strangling, casting down precipices, and all such other deeds as are the work of evil dæmons.

4. The seeds of God, 't is true, are few, but vast, and fair, and good—virtue and self-control and piety. Now piety is gnosis—knowing God; and he who knoweth God, being filled with all good things, thinks godly thoughts and not thoughts like the many [think]. For this cause they who gnostic are,† please not the many, nor the many them. They are thought mad and laughed at; they're hated and despised, and sometimes even put to death. For we did say‡ that bad must needs dwell here on earth, where 't is in its own place. It's place is earth, and not the world,§ as some will sometimes say with impious tongue. But he who is a devotee of God, will bear with all. For such an one all things, e'en though they be for others bad, are for him good; deliberately he refers them all unto the gnosis. And, thing most marvellous, 't is he alone who maketh bad things good.

5. But I return once more to the discourse on sense. That sense doth share with thought in man, doth constitute him man. But 't is not every man, as I have said above, that benefitteth by his thought; for this man is material, that other one substantial. For the material man, as I have said, [consorting] with the bad, doth have his seed of

* That is to say man, or rather the ego in man. The translators all make utter nonsense of this passage through rejecting the original reading.

† οἱ ἐν γνώσει ὄντες, lit., they who are in gnosis.

‡ Sci., in some other sermon.

§ Cosmos or the world order.

thought from dæmons; while the substantial men [consorting] with the Good, are saved by God.

Now God is maker of all things, and in His making, He maketh all [at last] like to Himself; but they, while they're becoming* good by exercise of their activity, are unproductive things. It is the working of the cosmic course† that maketh their becomings what they are, befouling some of them with bad and others of them making clean with good. For cosmos, too, Asclepius, possesseth sense and thought peculiar to itself, not like to that of man; 't is not so manifold, but as it were a better and a simpler one.

6. The single sense and thought of cosmos is to make all things, and make them back into itself again, as organ of the will of God, so organised that it, receiving all the seeds into itself from God, and keeping them within itself, may make all manifest, and [then] dissolving them, make them all new again; and thus, like a good gardener of life, things that have been dissolved, it taketh to itself, and giveth them renewal once again. There is no thing to which it gives no life; but taking all unto itself it makes them live, and is at the same time the place of life and its creator.

7. Now bodies matter[-made] are in diversity. Some are of earth, of water some, some are of air, and some of fire. But they are all composed; some are more [composite], and some are simpler. The heavier ones are more [composed], the lighter less so. Now 't is the speed of the world's‡ course that works the manifoldness of the kinds of lives.§ It is its breath which, by its great rapidity, breathes into bodies lives, together with the one life's fullness.‖

* Or being made.

† It is difficult to bring out the full delicacy of wording of the original in translation. First God's ultimate intention is stated to be the making all things like himself (ὅμοια); this is the great sameness of union with Him. But meantime while this making, creating or becoming, is going on, these imperfections cannot produce, that is become creators in their turn; they are unproductive (ἄφορα). That which is the instrument of God's making is the cosmic course (φορά). We are finally (§7) told that it is bodies which are the cause of difference or diversity (ἐν διαφορᾷ), the opposite pole, so to speak, to the likeness (ὅμοια) with God.

‡ That is of cosmos not the earth's.

§ Reading ζώων for ποιῶν.

‖ Plerōma.

8. God, then, is father of the world; the world, of [all] things in the world. And world's God's son; but [all] things in the world are by the world. And properly hath it been called [world-]order; for that it orders* all with the diversity of their becoming, with its not leaving aught without its life—with the unweariedness of its activity, the speed of its necessity, the composition of its elements, and order of its creatures. The same, then, of necessity and of propriety should have the name of order. The sense and thought, then, of all lives doth come into them from without, inbreathed by what contains [them all]; whereas the world† receives them once for all together with its coming into being, and keeps them as a gift from God.

9. But God is not, as some suppose, insensible and unintelligent. It is through superstition men thus impiously speak. For all the things that are, Asclepius, all are in God, are brought by God to be, and do depend on Him —both things that act through bodies, and things that through soul-substance make [other things] to move, and things that make things live by means of spirit, and things that take unto themselves the things that are worn out. And rightly so; nay, I would rather say, He doth not *have* these things; but I speak forth the truth, He *is* them all Himself. He doth not *get* them from without, but *gives* them out [from Him]. This is God's sense and thought, to ever move all things. And never time shall be when e'en a whit of things that are shall cease; and when I say "a whit of things that are," I mean a whit of God. For things that are, God hath; nor aught [is there] without Him, nor [is] He without aught.

10. These things should seem to thee, Asclepius, if thou dost understand them, true; but if thou dost not understand, things not to be believed. To understand is to believe, to not believe is not to understand. For that my word doth come before [thee] to the truth; but mighty is the mind, and when it hath been led by word up to a certain point,

* Or adorns.

† The one life containing all the other lives

it hath the power to come before [thee*] to the truth. And having thought o'er all these things, and found them consonant with those which have been by the word† explained, it‡ hath [e'en now] believed, and found its rest in that fair faith.

To those, then, who by God ['s good aid] do understand the things that have been said [by us] above, they're credible; but unto those who understand them not, incredible. Let so much, then, suffice on thought and sense.

The Greatest Ill for Men is Ignorance of God

Of Hermes the Thrice-Greatest

1. Whither stumble ye, sots, who have sopped up the wine of ignorance unmixed, and can so far not carry it that ye already even spew it forth? Stay ye, be sober, gaze upwards with the [true] eyes of the heart! And if ye cannot all, yet ye at least who can! For that the ill of ignorance doth pour o'er all the earth and overwhelm the soul that's battened down within the body, preventing it from fetching port within salvation's harbours.

2. Be then not carried off by the fierce flood, but using the shore-current,§ ye who can, make for salvation's port, and, harbouring there, seek ye for one to take you by the hand and lead you unto Gnosis' gates; where shines clear light, of every darkness clean; where not a single soul is drunk, but sober all they gaze with their heart's eyes on Him who willeth to be seen. No ear can hear Him, nor can eye see Him, nor tongue speak of Him, but [only] mind and heart.

But first thou must tear off from thee the cloak which thou dost wear, the web of ignorance, the ground of bad, corruption's chain, the carapace of darkness, the living death, sensation's corpse, the tomb thou carriest with thee, the

* Thy physical brain.

† The usual play on the meanings, reason, word and discourse.

‡ Sci., thy mind.

§ Lit., back or up-current.

robber in thy house, who through the things he loveth, hateth thee, and through the things he hateth, bears thee malice.

3. Such is the hateful cloak thou wearest; that throttles thee [and holds thee] down to it, in order that thou may'st not gaze above, and, having seen the beauty of the truth, and Good that dwells therein, detest the bad of it; having found out the plot that it hath schemed against thee, by making void of sense those seeming things which men think senses; for that it hath with mass of matter blocked them up and crammed them full of loathsome lust, so that thou may'st not hear about the things thou should'st, nor see the things thou should'st behold.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE LAND OF HIS BIRTH

THERE was very little of the "modern spirit" in the Vicar of Brackenridge. He preached twice every Sunday throughout the year, short sermons full of tender homely counsel, devoid of philosophy and rhetoric. His parish was large, but scattered. A knot of cottages stood about the little church; the thatched house of the vicar was half a mile away; it stood alone, surrounded by woods on three sides, and on the fourth by a wide moor reaching to the distant sea. Brackenridge parish lay in a land of forests, broken by stretches of gorse and heather over which the salt wind sang, and made music in the heath and ling.

The vicar, like Thoreau, lived by a pond; but it had neither the depth nor the breadth of the classic Walden. It was only a nameless shallow pool, fed by little threadlike peaty streams trickling from the moor through the bog-myrtle stems; yet it was a wonderful pool; it was thickly grown with cotton grass, and tiny yellow-blossomed water weed, and all about it were ferns, and

great cushions of moss, green, silver and coral-pink; there were around the pool many marvels which only the attentive saw; these sometimes plucked the wonder that caught their eye from the Mother's breast, and gazed, and marvelled, and flung it down to die, or put it in a tin box and carried it away; others sank on their knees, and brought their eye to its level that they might see; and having seen, rose up and praised the Gods, and left it, too, to praise them after its fashion, in life rather than in death.

To this pool came wild duck, and herons; there, too, came woodcocks to feed, and on the drier ground the vicar found their nests in breeding time; some there be who say the bird does not breed in this country, but the vicar knew otherwise. There was very little concerning the birds, beasts, and flowers of that land the vicar did not know. His father and his father's father lived at Brackenridge; he was bred and born there; his only son, now at college, was about to be ordained, so that he would probably succeed his father as priest of the scattered parish; for the living was in the gift of his godfather, whose dead father was the vicar's school-fellow and earliest playmate. The vicar's son was to be his father's curate for awhile; the couple never dreamed that life could bring to them a happier lot than to live at Brackenridge in each other's company. Between the vicar and his son was a more than common love. When the boy went to school his letters were the vicar's joy; and he, on his side, longed for the holidays not because of the delights of the woods and open forest but chiefly because his days were spent by the side of his father. There was never a shadow on that great love of child and parent; this was partly the reason the young man, who had just returned from college for the vacation, was now very sorrowful and perplexed. While the sober brown pony in the rough cart jogged slowly homewards through the warm sweet-smelling night, the youth's heart was heavy within him.

The old man talked with a peaceful gladness of the day—now near—when they would live together here; he talked of his bees and his poultry, of the new litter of little black pigs, of the cow his old housekeeper's husband had sold for him; of how they brewed last week, for they baked and brewed and made cordials of mild fruit, and thick sweet potent honey-mead, as did their fathers

before them. Throughout the whole of this simple talk there shone from his face the mild lustre of a quiet content and joy. And this joy, thought his son with anguish, he must sweep away; his father, good simple man, would never understand him; he would be like some hurt puzzled child, struck by a trusted hand. Through the night the young man lay awake and fashioned gentle simple phrases which should hurt as little as might be. He remembered (much later in his life he remembered it more keenly, when his friends' voices rose in his ears in a chorus of kindly pity for a cruel blow for which he was inwardly thanking God in a rapture of bliss) what a man, older than he, said to him the day before.

"My father!" the youth cried to him in agony, "I must tell my father. It will break his heart."

His friend replied:

"Take care how you pity people. Oh! I was not going to say: Affliction is often a blessing. It often is so. You will know that in a few years, as I do, if you don't know it yet. I mean that sometimes when your friends think your heart must be bowed in grief, it is inwardly singing."

"My father's heart will not sing. He will not understand. He will be terribly distressed, and bitterly disappointed. His world will be chaos."

And it was his son's hand must cause that cataclysm! The young man ate no breakfast; his face was white, and his eyes told of sleepless nights.

"Something troubles you," said his father, "what is it?"

"I *am* troubled," the youth answered, "I—Oh! I don't know how to begin!"

"Let us walk across the heath together," said his father. "You will find a way to begin—or perhaps I shall guess."

"You will never guess."

The old man sighed.

"Take your time," he said gently, "I can wait. I am in no hurry."

The vicar was never hurried; the Gods of wood and heath in whose presence he lived as in a temple had taught him something of their patience. There had been a wild whirl of rain in

the depth of the summer night; black clouds with silver thread-like wisps fleeting across them, flew past across the pale shining sky. Raindrops hung on the great bushes of rosemary and southernwood by the porch; a long grey sandy lane, purple-bordered with heather, skirted the heath, winding between it and a wood of pines and oak trees. The tiny thread-like streams of brown water had waxed to little rivers, and piles of foam lay on the flooded path where the waters sank away with the lull of the storm. The rush of the little flood had swept an ant-hill into ruins, and the citizens fled hither and thither in great dismay.

"The air smells sweet," said the young man. "This storm has done good to the country. It was needed."

"*They* do not think so," said his father, with a gesture towards the tumultuous ants; "nevertheless you are probably right, and they are wrong."

The vicar very seldom indulged even in so simple and obvious a little maxim; his son was surprised. As they stood by the gate a rabbit hopped into the open, and nibbled at the pine turf. The father and son made no sound; but the rabbit, hearing the rustle of some tiny woodland foe in the bracken, ran away.

"What startled it, I wonder," said the young man; "I heard nothing."

"Nor I. It gives a very eery feeling, especially if you are alone in some great sunlit glade, to see a little fellow-being fly from an unseen terror. I always feel the fear that shakes those little creatures strike into my heart. When they run from a danger I cannot see, I answer their fear by a creeping of the flesh."

The young man laughed.

"Why! the danger of a rabbit wouldn't be a danger for you. You are not afraid of a stoat."

"No. But can you not feel the fear of another without being yourself afraid? That is what I feel. A frightened rabbit when he runs, and a frightened bull when he stays where he is and kills the thing he thinks he has cause to fear, alike send a shiver through the heart of Nature. From being so much out of doors I grow to share their, and her, moods."

The vicar had never shown this mood to his son before; he was one more prone to receive other people's moods than to impart to them his own. If the young man had not been walled about by the stupidity of self-absorption he would have seen how far his father was sharing the mood of that part of Nature's forth-putting which he knew as himself; he would have seen how far he was trying to make it easy for him to speak of all that was in his mind. He knew his father as an elder child, a fellow naturalist, as the most delightful companion for a holiday-making boy, as the preacher of a simple doctrine for children old and young; it never struck him that the old man gave according to the needs of his comrades, nor strove to make meadow grass grow in an orchid house, in order that he might show he understood the management of glass-houses. He sought for words to tell the thoughts which were in his mind; he noticed, as they passed a pool of water, that his father stooped, and rescued a gaily coloured orange-red fly that had fallen therein; and he saw, half unconsciously, how the rescuer touched a spear of growing grass, and then, checking himself, plucked instead a dry dead twig in order that he might draw forth the drowning insect. He sickened at the thought of paining one so simply tender, to whom such little things were of moment, whose mind would reel bewildered by the thoughts that were torturing his son. At last the young man spoke, and spoke bluntly from sheer pain and dread of wounding. They must, he said, give up their plans for a life spent side by side; he could not be his father's curate, nor yet his successor; he could not be ordained at all; he had doubts—he had lost his faith—the discoveries of science—the conclusions of commentators—there was no proof—

When he stopped speaking his father said:

"I am not surprised. I thought this would come to you, as it did to me. Perhaps, for you, it may endure."

"To you!" the young man stared at his father. "To you! But you preach—how can you preach——"

"I preach some part of the truth," said the vicar gently. "Nay, perhaps, unknowingly, I preach the whole truth though I and my hearers do not understand it fully. I preach it in a very simple form; and so they receive it."

"But you speak of the Sacrifice of God's Son."

"My dear," said his father peacefully, "do you suppose that you, or I, or our scientists and commentators, to whom be all praise and gratitude, know what the Sacrifice of God's Son really means? But we know in part; and a part of that part I preach to these 'babes in Christ,' these simple folk 'yet carnal.' I am not asking you to preach it. You are quite right. You shall serve God and man otherwise than—as we thought you would serve them. It matters less than you think. Often, very often, when people think they know well why they do this or that, they are mistaken; and God, and their own spirit hidden in Him, know otherwise."

"Father," said the young man, his voice trembling, "if you see and know these difficulties, I—I still can't see how you can preach—forgive me—honestly."

"I could not—if I felt as you do now. When I felt as you feel I thought I must leave this place. From that I was kept."

"Kept! How kept?"

"It was the year God took your mother from my sight; you were an infant. I was much alone; and I went on with the reading I began with her; for her mind questioned all things more than mine did, because to me there was always something at the root of thought that answered me in an unknown tongue, and though it was unknown I knew it spoke clearly to those who were native born to its speech, and I thought one day, it may be, I too should learn it. Howsoever, as I read I saw the difficulties you see, and I sought for more books and more, that they might be solved. At last I thought, as you think, that honesty made it needful I should cease to preach what was untrue. There was a great storm of thunder and rain raging as I sat in my study and determined to leave the place I loved; in the thick of it a man came and asked me to go to a cottage over the heath to pray with a woman who was dying after a long illness of great suffering; she was a woman of a very simple faith and great devotion. I went with the man and he told me as we went how his father believed the storms were often the work of witches, and that a witch had split an oak in the forest by a thunderbolt; the people were always ready to tell me their beliefs because I

never laughed, even in my heart. The man showed me the tree, a great oak split like a willow wand from top to bottom by the electricity. I thought: In truth the oak is split; the old peasant says by a witch; the electrician says by the electric current; the religious man might say the Hand of God smote the tree. But all that any of these can say with perfect knowledge of their meaning is: The tree is split; and all three of them may be right as to the means of that splitting, and may preach the same truthfully. I went on to the woman's cottage; when I got there I gave her the religious consolations she asked, and I saw that in them there was a life that touched her life and made it strong; and I saw that faith was a force and not an abstraction. I saw that faith, or grace, whichever you may call that subtle force, was real as the unseen power that split the oak; and this force of faith was applied to the woman's soul, and the invisible essence of her soul knew the truth which her eyes and ears saw and heard by means of certain symbols that she knew and knew not; I beheld the power of the Living God shining in her face, and I knew He *was* for her—but He was not yet for me. So I left her, and walked home across this heath; the wind was still; the heath was purple and pale violet with heather and ling just as it is now; the bracken was green and wet with the rain, and the bog myrtle smelled like crushed spices; as I walked across the wet shining land, just as I reached the long, shallow dip that runs to the grey tower yonder standing almost on the shore, on a sudden, and by what means I cannot tell you, He was for me also; and certain things were made clear to me."

"What things?" said his son breathlessly.

They were standing on the marshy ground, below a steep rise of the moor, at the head of the shallow valley running seawards; the rain clouds round the far-off tower shone greenish-purple, and the high narrow tower itself gleamed out against them silver-grey, struck by a shaft of light that left the heavy clouds untouched.

The vicar spoke with his eyes fixed on the distant storm, hurrying to the sea.

"I saw," he said, "that faith does not stand on scientific research, nor on learned commentators' toil, good and great and

worthy to be praised as these revelations be. No! nor if a man might have the sight of angels to know the mysteries and wonders of Paradise should this give him faith, but rather the learning that belongs to those Sons of God Who minister before Him in the heavens. Nor though he should have speech with one risen from the dead should that give him faith. You have heard this said before? Therein lies the evil and fruitlessness of words. My faith is as useful to you as my eyes or my brains, perhaps a little more, or perhaps a little less. For faith is *not* belief in a thing, it is knowledge. And knowledge is not the collection or understanding of facts concerning any matter, it is 'the thing in itself.' There is a land of peace in each man's heart, and in it dwells an eternal Witness to Him; when that voice sings of Him all other voices are heard but as a part of its song, and to hear that voice is faith."

"Then in this strange thing faith," said the young man, "you are content to stay here."

"How abundantly content!" said his father. "I stay here and watch the greatness of revelation—the eternal Sacrifice of the Son of God."

As he spoke his eyes swept the purple wonder of the sun-bathed heather, as it lay open to the sky, chanting the song of life, pulsing with the quiver of the air, the scented air throbbing with the cry of bird and insect. Save where the clouds lay behind the far-off tower, the sky was a blue well of pure and joyous light; every little moorland pond was the colour of the harebells that fluttered on its margin. The youth felt for the first time the meaning and depth of his father's apparently simple love of the things of earth and air, of water and fire.

"Then you are not," he began, "you do not mind—"

"I am sorry for you, and I am disappointed because I hoped we should be here together—you and I. Now it has been arranged otherwise."

"You think it has been 'arranged,' father? You don't think 'time and chance happeneth to them all'?"

"I think not," said the old man gently; and his son, sighing, longing, and unconvinced, spoke no more of the matter. He went away in due time and finished his college course. Later in

life he devoted himself wholly to a special line of scientific research. He was thought to be a man who might one day become famous; he was already well-known as a writer and lecturer on his special subject. The vicar, now very old, resigned his living to a younger man; but he dwelt still in the thatched house by the pool, for it was not the vicarage but his own property, the house where his father and his father's father were born, had lived, and died. His son visited him often, but never stayed long; his work chained him closely. One day a friend warned him against over-absorption in study.

"You will overdo it," he said. "You will suffer for it."

"I do not care for the work," said the other, "except that in this work, as far as I can see, one gets exact knowledge so far as it goes. True! it's not very far; but it is accurate."

This friend knew something of the man's inner life, of his longings for truth, and his past history.

"You are overdoing it," he repeated. "You grow 'nothing but a devouring flame of thought—but a naked, eternally restless mind'!"

"True!" said the other with a sigh, "and that which I ask will never be answered by my methods; I know it. But my habit of mind is like dram-drinking. I grow to be a slave to it. I illogically demand proof of the unprovable."

"Rest for six months," said the other. "Go to your old home and rest."

"Rest for six months! Give this mill no grist for six months! It would grind up its own machinery."

His friend shrugged his shoulders:

"A wilful man will have his way," he said. "You'll overdo it, and repent."

Then he began to talk of the country in which his friend spent his boyhood. The other hesitated:

"Perhaps it is a warning of your threatened breakdown," he said. "But it has been thus with me for ten years. I can't remember how the place looks when I am away from it. Of course I do know it. But I cannot remember."

"You are what they call a 'bad visualiser,' I suppose."

"On the contrary, I am a very good one. I am also an

imaginative man; but I can't remember nor imagine the place of my birth."

He mused a little and smiled:

"Perhaps the source of all my old difficulties lies there," he said, "I can't remember. My father does remember. His faith is memory. Well! perhaps he has earned his memory, and I have not done so."

Three weeks later his friend's prophecy was fulfilled. A blow fell upon him which should, by all the known laws of pleasure and of pain, have meant great suffering. The man's sight failed; in two weeks from the initial failure he was hopelessly blind. The news caused a thrill of pity and horror among those who knew him; the friend who once warned him he needed rest, went to see him. It was a very hot summer day; the windows were open; the tumult of the streets and the smell of the wood pavements and the dust floated in. The blind man was sitting alone; his eyes were closed, his hands crossed idly; his mouth smiled. His friend, who had been wondering whether a few words or a silent handclasp would hurt least and best express his pity, stood before him in silence and used neither. For the blind man's heart was singing a "Nunc Dimittis" and his face, full of the mingled peace of age and bliss of childhood, showed it.

"I am going home," he said. "I am going to my father. I go to-morrow." He drew a long breath. "But I can see the place again," he said. "I see the place as I have not seen it for ten years. I," he laughed joyfully, "I remember the place of my birth."

He lingered on the words as though they held for him a meaning he would willingly have shared with his friend, which some law of being not to be expressed forbade him to share. Then he began to describe the place; and in his voice was a ripple of rapture like the laughter of a cress-sown mimulus-bordered brook on a summer morning.

"I am going back there to-morrow," he repeated at the end. "I am going to my father. But even he cannot see it any better than I do, now my eyes are closed to all I used to see."

After his friend had bidden him good speed, he turned to look again at the man whom he had come there to pity. He sat

in the darkness that was no darkness to him, in the tumult that was no tumult; he sat as one who heard as well as saw; from an hour that was past there came a voice, the voice of an old man of most simple wisdom; it spoke to him as he sat in the outer darkness that was inner light; it spoke to him as he sat empty handed, idle handed, waiting, having loosed all he once held; and its words were these:

"There is a land of peace in each man's heart, and in it dwells an eternal Witness to Him; when that voice sings of Him all other voices are heard but as a part of its song; and to hear that voice is faith."

MICHAEL WOOD.

WILL, DESIRE, AND EMOTION

(CONTINUED FROM p. 243)

THE BIRTH OF VIRTUES

WE have seen that when members of a family pass beyond the small circle of relatives, and meet people whose interests are either indifferent or opposed to them, there is not between them and the others the mutual interplay of Love. Rather does Hate show itself, ranging from the watchful attitude of suspicion to the destroying fury of war. How then is a society to be composed of the separate family units?

It can only be done by making permanent all the emotional moods which spring from Love, and by eradicating those which spring from Hate. A permanent mood of a love-emotion directed towards a living being is a Virtue; a permanent mood of a hate-emotion directed against a living being is a Vice. This change is wrought by the Intellect, which bestows on the emotion a permanent character, seeking harmony in all relations in order that happiness may result. That which conduces to harmony and therefore to happiness in the family, springing spontaneously from

Love, is Virtue when practised towards all in every relation of life. Virtue springs from love and its result is happiness. So also that which conduces to disharmony and therefore to misery in the family, springing spontaneously from Hate, is Vice when practised towards all in all relations of life.

An objection is raised to this theory that the permanent mood of a love-emotion is a virtue, by pointing out that adultery, theft, and other vices may spring from the love-emotion. Here analysis of the elements entering into the mental attitude is necessary. It is complex, not simple. The act of adultery is motived by love, but not by love alone. There enter into it also contempt of the honour of another, indifference to the happiness of another, the selfish grasping at personal pleasure at the cost of social stability, social honour, social decency. All these spring from hate-emotions. The love is the one redeeming feature in the whole transaction, the one virtue in the bundle of sordid vices. Similar analysis will always show that when the exercise of a love-emotion is wrong, the wrongness lies in the vices bound up with its exercise, and not in the love-emotion itself.

Right and Wrong

Let us now turn, for a moment, to the question of Right and Wrong, and see the relation they bear to bliss and misery. For there is an idea widely current that there is something low and materialistic in the view that virtue is the means to bliss. Many think that this idea degrades virtue, giving it the second place where it should hold the first, and making it a means instead of an end. Let us then see why virtue must be the path to bliss, and how this inheres in the nature of things.

When the Intellect studies the world, and sees the innumerable relations established therein, and observes that harmonious relations bring about happiness, and that jarring relations bring about misery, it sets to work to find out the way of establishing universal harmony and hence universal bliss. Further, it discovers that the world is moving along a path which it is compelled to tread—the path of evolution, and it finds out the law of evolution. For a part, a unit, to set itself with the law of the whole to which it belongs means peace, harmony and therefore

happiness, while for it to set itself against that law means friction, disharmony, and therefore misery. Hence the Right is that which, being in harmony with the great law, brings bliss, and the Wrong is that which, being in conflict with the great law, brings misery. When the intellect, illuminated by the Spirit, sees nature as an expression of divine Thought, the law of evolution as an expression of the divine Will, the goal as an expression of divine Bliss, then for harmony with the law of evolution we may substitute harmony with the divine Will, and the Right becomes that which is in harmony with the Will of God, and morality becomes permeated with religion.

Virtue and Bliss

Perfection, harmony with the divine Will, cannot be separated from bliss. Virtue is the road to bliss, and if anything does not lead there it is not virtue. The perfection of the divine nature expresses itself in harmony, and when the scattered "divine fragments" come into harmony they taste bliss.

This fact is sometimes veiled by another, *i.e.*, that the practice of a virtue under certain circumstances brings about misery. That is true, but the misery is temporary and superficial, and the balance between that outer misery and the inner bliss arising from the virtuous conduct, is in favour of the latter; and further, the misery is not due to the virtue but to the circumstances which oppose its practice, to the friction between the good organism and the evil environment. So when you strike a harmonious chord amid a mass of discords, for the moment it increases the discord. The virtuous man is thrown into conflict with evil, but this should not blind us to the fact that bliss is ever wedded indissolubly to Right and misery to Wrong. Even though the righteous may suffer temporarily, nothing but righteousness can lead to bliss. And if we examine the consciousness of the righteous, we find that he is happier in doing the right though superficial pain may result, than in doing the wrong which would ruffle the inner peace. The commission of a wrong act would cause him inner anguish outweighing the external pleasure. Even in the case where righteousness leads to external suffering, the suffering is less than would be caused by

unrighteousness. Miss Helen Taylor has well said that for the man who dies for the sake of truth, death is easier than life with falsehood. It is easier and pleasanter for the righteous man to die as a martyr, than to live as a hypocrite.

Since the nature of the Self is bliss, and that bliss is only hindered in manifestation by resisting circumstances, that which removes the friction between itself and these circumstances and opens its onward way must lead to its self-realisation, *i.e.*, to the realisation of bliss. Virtue does this, and therefore virtue is a means to bliss. Where the inner nature of things is peace and joy the harmony which permits that nature to unveil itself must bring peace and joy, and to bring about this harmony is the work of virtue.

The Transmutation of Emotions into Virtues and Vices

We have now to see more fully the truth of what was said above, that virtue grows out of emotion, and how far it is true that a virtue or a vice is merely a permanent mood of an emotion. Our definition is that virtue is a permanent mood of the love-emotion, and vice a permanent mood of the hate-emotion.

The emotions belonging to love are the constructive energies which, drawing people together, build up the family, the tribe, the nation. Love is a manifestation of attraction, and hence holds objects together. This process of integration begins with the family, and the relations established between its members in the common life of the family entail, if there is to be happiness, the acting towards each other in a helpful and kindly way. The obligations necessary for the establishment of happiness in these relations are called duties, that which is due from one to the other. If these duties are not discharged the family relations become a source of misery, since the close contacts of the family make the happiness of each dependent on the treatment of him by the others. No relation can be entered into between human beings which does not establish an obligation between them, a duty of each towards the other. The husband loves the wife, the wife the husband, and nothing more is needed to lead each to seek the other's happiness than the intense spontaneous wish to make the beloved happy. This leads the one who can give to

supply what the other needs. In the fullest sense, "love is the fulfilling of the law";* there is no need for the feeling of an obligation, for love seeks ever to help and to bless, and there is no need for "thou shalt," or "thou shalt not."

But when a person, moved by love to discharge all the duties of his relation with another, comes into relation with those he does not love, how is a harmonious relation with them to be established? By recognising the obligations of the relation into which he has entered, and discharging them. The doings which grew out of love in the one case present themselves as obligations, as duties, in the other where love is not present. Right reason works the spontaneous actions of love into permanent obligations, or duties, and the love-emotion, made a permanent element of conduct, is called a virtue. This is the justification of the statement that a virtue is the permanent mood of a love-emotion. A permanent state of emotion is established which will show itself when a relation is made; the man discharges the duties of that relation; he is a virtuous man. He is moved by emotions made permanent by the intellect, which recognises that happiness depends on the establishment of harmony in all relations. Love, rationalised and fixed by the intellect, is virtue.

In this way may be built up a science of ethics, of which the laws are as much an inevitable sequence as those on which any other science is built.

So also between the hate-emotion and vices there is a similar relation. The permanent mood of a hate-emotion is a vice. One person injures another, and the second returns the injury; the relation between these two is inharmonious, productive of misery. And as each expects injury from the other, each tries to weaken the other's power to inflict injury, and this is the spontaneous action of hate. When this mood becomes permanent, and a man shows it in any relation into which he enters wherein the opportunity for its manifestation arises, then it is called a vice. A man of uncontrolled passions and undeveloped nature strikes a blow, a spontaneous expression of hate. He repeats this often, and it becomes habitual when he is angry. He inflicts

* *Rom.*, xiii. 10.

pain and takes pleasure in the infliction. The vice of cruelty is developed, and if he meets a child or a person weaker than himself, he will show cruelty merely because he comes into relation with them. As the love-emotion guided and fixed by right reason is virtue, so the hate-emotion guided and fixed by distorted and blinded reason is vice.

Application of the Theory to Conduct

When the nature of virtue and vice is thus seen, it is clear that the shortest way of strengthening the virtues and eliminating the vices is to work directly on the emotional side of the character. We can strive to develop the love-emotion, thus affording the material which the reason will elaborate into its characteristic virtues. The development of the love-emotion is the most effective way of evolving the moral character, virtues being but the blossoms and the fruits which spring from the root of love.

The value of this clear view of the transmutation of emotions into virtues and vices lies in the fact that it gives us a definite theory on which we can work; it is as though, seeking a distant place, a map were placed before our eyes, and we traced thereon the road which leads from our present position to our goal. So many really good and earnest people spend years in vague aspirations after goodness, and yet make but little progress; they are good in purpose but weak in attainment, chiefly because they do not understand the nature in which they are working, and the best methods for its culture. They are like a child in a garden, a child eager to see his garden brilliant with flowers, but without the knowledge to plant and cultivate them, and to exterminate the weeds which overgrow his plot. Like the child, they long for the sweetness of the virtue-flowers, and find their garden overrun with the rank growth of the weeds of vice.

The Uses of Emotion

The uses of the love-emotion are so obvious that it seems scarcely necessary to dwell upon them, and yet too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that love is the constructive force in the universe. Having drawn together the family units, it welds

these into larger tribal and national units, and these it will build in the future into the Brotherhood of Man. Nor must we omit to note the fact that the smaller units draw out the love-power and prepare it for fuller expression. Their use is to call into manifestation the hidden divine power of love within the Spirit by giving to it objects close at hand that attract it. The love is not to be confined within these narrow limits, but, as it gains strength by practice, it is to spread outwards until it embraces all sentient beings. We may formulate the law of love: Regard every aged person as your father or mother; regard every person of similar age as your brother or sister; regard every younger person as your child. This sums up human relations. The fulfilment of this law would render earth a paradise, and it is in order that the earth may become such a paradise that the family exists.

A man who would widen his love-relations should begin to regard the welfare of his community as he regards the welfare of his own family. He should try to work for the public good of his community with the energy and interest with which he works for his family. Later, he will extend his loving interest and labour to his nation. Then appears the great virtue of public spirit, the sure precursor of national prosperity. Later still, he will love and labour for humanity, and finally he will embrace within his loving care all sentient beings, and will become "the friend of every creature."

Few, at the present stage of evolution, are really able to love humanity, and too many speak of loving humanity who are not ready to make any sacrifice to help a suffering brother or sister close at hand. The servant of humanity must not overlook the human beings at his door, nor in imagination water with sentimental sympathy the distant garden while the plants round his doorway are dying from drought.

The uses of hate are not at first so obvious, but are none the less important. At first, when we study hate and see that its essence is disintegration, destruction, it may seem all evil; "He who hateth his brother is a murderer," saith a great Teacher,* because murder is but an expression of hate; and even when hate does not go so far as murder, it is still a destroying force; it

* *St. John*, ii. 15.

breaks up the family, the nation, and wherever it goes it tears people apart. Of what use, then, is hate?

First, it drives apart incongruous elements, unfit to combine together, and thus prevents continuing friction. Where incongruous undeveloped people are concerned, it is better for them to be driven far apart to pursue their several paths in evolution, than to keep them within reach of one another, stimulating each other to increased bad emotions. Secondly, the repulsion felt by the average soul for an evil person is beneficial, so long as that evil person has the power of leading him astray; for that repulsion, although it be hate, guards him from an influence under which he might otherwise succumb. Contempt for the liar, the hypocrite, the worker of cruelty on the weak, is an emotion useful to the one who feels it, and also to the one against whom it is directed; for it tends to preserve the one from falling into similar vices, and it tends to arouse in the despised person a feeling of shame that may lift him from the mire in which he is plunged. So long as a person has any tendency to a sin, so long is hatred against those who practise the sin protective and useful. Presently, as he evolves, he will distinguish between the evil-doer and the evil, and will pity the evil-doer and confine his hatred to the evil. Later still, secure in virtue, he will hate neither the evil-doer nor his evil, but will see tranquilly a low stage of evolution, out of which he will strive to lift his younger brother by fitting means. "Righteous indignation," "noble scorn," "just wrath," all are phrases which recognise the usefulness of these emotions, while seeking to veil the fact that they are essentially forms of hate—a veiling which is due to the feeling that hate is an evil thing. None the less are they essentially forms of hate, whatever they may be called, though they play a useful part in evolution, and their storms purify the social atmosphere. Intolerance of evil is far better than indifference to it, and until a man is beyond the reach of temptation to any given sin, intolerance of those who practise it is for him a necessary safeguard.

Let us take the case of a man little evolved; he desires to avoid gross sins, but yet feels tempted to them. The desire to avoid them will show itself as hatred of those in whom he sees

them ; to check this hatred would be to plunge him into temptations he is not yet strong enough to resist. As he evolves further and further from the danger of yielding to temptation, he will hate the sins, but will pityingly sympathise with the sinner. Not till he has become a saint can he afford not to hate the evil.

When in ourselves we feel repulsion from a person we may be sure that we have in us some lingering traces of that which we dislike in him. The Ego, seeing a danger, drags his vehicles away. A man, perfectly temperate, feels less repulsion towards the drunkard than a temperate man who occasionally exceeds. A woman, utterly pure, feels no repulsion from a fallen sister, from whose contact the less pure would withdraw their skirts. When we reach perfection, we shall love the sinner as well as the saint, and perchance may show the love more to the sinner, since the saint can stand alone, but the sinner will fall if he be not loved.

When the man has risen to the point where he hates neither sinner nor sin, then the disintegrating force—which is hate among human beings—becomes simply an energy to be used for destroying the obstacles which embarrass the path of evolution. When perfected wisdom guides the constructive and destructive energies, and perfected love is the motive power, then only can the destructive force be used without incurring the root-sin of the feeling of separateness. To feel ourselves different from others is the "great heresy," for separateness, when the whole is evolving towards unity, is opposition to the Law. The feeling of separateness is definitely wrong, whether it leads to one's thinking oneself more righteous or more sinful. The perfect saint identifies himself with the criminal as much as with another saint, for the criminal and the saint are alike divine, although in different stages of evolution. When a man can feel thus, he touches the life of the Christ in man. He does not think of himself as separate, but as one with all. To him his own holiness is the holiness of humanity, and the sin of any is his sin. He builds no barrier between himself and the sinner, but pulls down any barrier made by the sinner, and shares his evil while sharing with him his good.

Those who can feel the truth of this "counsel of perfection"

should, in their daily lives, seek to practise it, however imperfectly. In dealing with the less advanced, they should ever seek to level the dividing wall. For the sense of separateness is subtle, and endures till we achieve Christhood. Yet by this effort we may gradually lessen it, and to strive to identify ourselves with the lowest is to exercise the constructive energy which holds the worlds together, and to become channels for the divine love.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE MEANING OF TAO

IN a recent able review of the work of Charles Booth entitled *Life and Labour of the People of London*, Mr. G. R. S. Mead offers to the bewildered ten thousand missionaries among the heathen of the East End of London, "a small dose of Chuang-tzŭ as a preliminary sedative" for their mis-directed and feverish zeal. In the course of his article, "Charity and Duty to One's Neighbour," Mr. Mead hazards a note:

"Does Tao = Dharma? Chuang Tzŭ called the clue Tao, or the Way, and explained that the word was 'to be understood metaphorically and not in a literal sense as the way or road upon which men walk.'" Undoubtedly the words Tao and Dharma may frequently be used to signify the same thing to the Mongolian and Hindu minds, but both words are capable of great flexibility and the meaning they convey is mainly dependent on the context. Thus the "Dharma" of a Hindu may be his particular work in the world, his duty, as so frequently mentioned in the *Bhagavadgîtâ;* or it may mean his caste-observances as enjoined by the *Dharma Shâstra*, or yet his religion, as in the motto of the Theosophical Society, "*Satyân nâsti paro Dharmaḥ.*"

The use of the word *Tao* shows the same variability. The ancient doctrine of the Chinese patriarchal rulers from Fuh-hi to Yao and Shun, which was adopted by successive Emperors of the

Chung-kwo, is referred to as the *Ku-Tao*. Here the word Tao evidently denotes principles or doctrine; and in the sentence: *Woi chî kâou mō kwō yu tao* (*i.e.*, Of lofty things there is none more so than the *Tao*),* the idea imparted is that of a body of teaching. In the *Shu-King* (Tai-Kia hia Section), it is said: *Yiu yin tsaou ko joo sin, piĕ kiu chai tao : yiu yin sun ko joo ee, piĕ kiu chai fi-tao.* (When advice is opposed to your desires you should seek it in the *Tao;* when advice is agreeable to your inclinations, you should search for it in the *not-Tao*.) Here the two words "*tao*" and "*fi-tao*" evidently refer to a set of maxims or principles and their converse and may be rendered "doctrine" and "false doctrine" respectively. But in a passage such as the following from the *Sze shu* of Confucius, there can be no doubt as to the meaning of the word *Tao:*

Chung yung sing li chi tao shi fi tsien hao chay so chi yay. (The Nature-reason doctrine of Chung-yung is not understood of the shallow-minded.)

The various uses of the same word in different connections makes it necessary to search for a single English equivalent for purposes of translation, and whereas in a literal sense the word *Tao* denotes a pathway or set course; in a logistical sense, an argument or reason; in an ethical sense, a principle or doctrine; and in a religious sense, divine operation; yet there is but one word, apparently, which is capable of replacing these universally —the old English "way." Thus, the phrase: *Chung-Tai pu kien ta tao,* may be rendered: "Chung-Tai lost his reason—forsook his principles—reasoned falsely—missed his path." The doubt which attaches to the original statement "*pu kien ta tao,*" is only resolved by a knowledge of the context. But the doubt is in no way increased if we render the phrase simply: "Chung-Tai lost his way."

The use of the words Path and Way in a spiritual sense is everywhere recognised and it is yet in this particular sense that the exact meaning is most difficult to apprehend and convey. Compare for a moment these sentences in which the same word recurs:

"I am the *Way*, the Truth and the Light."

* *Kang Kien.*

"For Jehovah knoweth the *way* of the righteous: but the *way* of the ungodly shall perish."

"The *Way* which is the subject of discussion is not the true *Way*."


Without greatly restricting the sense of each of these phrases it would be impossible to supply any other word than "way" for the originals; and yet in each case the intuition suggests the true meaning. In the Chinese philosophy the *Tao* has its *teh*, the *Teh* has its *yung*, and the *Yung* has its *kung*; *i.e.*, the *Tao* has its virtue, the virtue its use, and the use its merit. Now it is singular that all these noumena can be replaced by the word *Dharma*, if once we admit that Tao = Dharma; while neither "virtue," nor "use," nor "merit" can be replaced by the word Tao.

Yet in the preceding three examples the word *Tao* may be used in each case.

It will therefore be seen that both the Sanskrit and Chinese words have unusual flexibility, with an undoubted synonymity when used in the higher sense.

TAO in operation produces *teh*, and TEH in expression produces *kung*. Thus, whatever we mean by Tao is productive of virtue. By virtue we mean that which is proper to the nature of a thing, unimpaired by art or convention and wholly unrestrained. It is what we may call the integrity of nature and what Laotzĕ calls "original simplicity." This virtue, when expressed, is the cause of *kung*, *i.e.*, merit. The word is compounded of two radicals meaning "strength" and "work"; therefore, strong work. *Lî* by itself is merely strength, but joined to *kung*, it becomes "merit." All merit, then, lies in strenuous work; and strenuous work proceeds from virtue, according to the ancient ideographic writings of the Chinese. What then is this virtue in their conception? The word carries its own meaning as written. *Teh* is compounded of *wang*, a net; *mien*, to collect or gather in; *sin*, the heart or mind; joined to the root *jin*, a man. Therefore, one who has gathered in the mesh of thought and who has not spread the net of his desires is accounted virtuous.

What then is *Tao*? Clearly it can only be defined in reference to the subject treated of; for the virtue of a man is not


Stellar Spectra
α Cygni
α Aquilæ
α Virginis
α Ursæ Majoris
Sirius
α Lyræ
4000
4100

that of a tree, nor the virtue of a tree that of a stone. The word itself is formed from the 185th and 162nd radicals—*show*, chief or principal, and *cho*, motion. Hence it may be defined as the *Primum Mobile*, the First Cause (what Bruno calls "La Causa Principio ed Uno"—the First and Only Cause), the Logos, Verbum, or whatever is intended to designate the Supreme Energy—that which is the *cause* of the virtue of all things, *i.e.*, their specific natures, potentialities and aptitudes.

If *Dharma* can be shown to convey this idea, then we may conclude that the words are synonyms, but not otherwise except in a restricted sense. Indeed, from this short study of the subject it would appear that *Dharma* is rather the synonym of *Teh* than of *Tao*.

W. Gorn Old.

SOUND, THE BUILDER

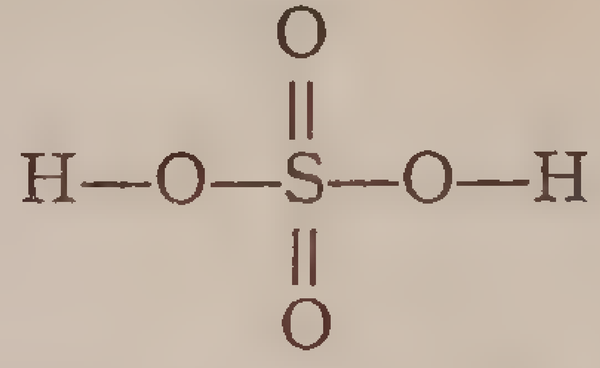
(concluded from p. 205)

So far, we have followed the evidences of the sound-principle in nature with reference to purely terrestrial matters, and although our references are, in some instances, of a somewhat rough and general nature, they sufficiently indicate actualities in the different kingdoms of the physical world which conform with what we learn of the character of the Power which called the physical world into existence. The units considered, however, have been of the minor order—chemical atoms, simple and compound chemical substances, shell shapes, plant forms and so forth; whereas we now have to deal with units of a larger scale and to look for expressions of the universal law in the direction of the infinitely great as well as in that of the infinitely small.

In this connection it is interesting to note the parallels so often drawn between molecular dispositions and vibrations and the movements and spatial disposition of the heavenly bodies—the astronomy, as it were, of chemical molecules. The following example* may help one to grasp what is indicated by the "notes"

* From *Meldola's Chemistry (Inorganic)*.

of *irrational dispersion* illustrated in the previous article. The substance referred to is H_2SO_4, whose graphic formula may be drawn



this indicating the relation of the atoms comprised in the unit, or molecule, of the substance.

"All matter is supposed to consist of agglomerations of small particles physically and chemically indivisible, which are called atoms. These do not fill up all the space seemingly occupied by the substance but stand apart from one another as the suns and their attendant planets do in the sidereal universe. The properties of any material body are determined by the nature of its constitutional atoms, their relative positions, groupings, and movements in space. Sometimes groups of atoms are formed which may be looked upon as separate systems or entities, and may be compared to such stellar arrangements as the solar system; for instance, a molecule of hydrogen sulphate may be looked upon as composed of a sun or central body—the sulphur atom—around which four planets—the four atoms of oxygen, revolve or otherwise move; two of these four planets have each a satellite, an atom of hydrogen. These assemblages of atoms constitute what chemists and physicists term molecules, and a molecule may, like a stellar system, consist of only a solitary sun or atom as with mercury vapour, it may be a kind of double star as with most elementary gaseous molecules, or it may consist of a vast number of atoms as with pyogenin $C_{65}H_{125}N_2O_{10}$, or even far more complex bodies."

Considering these substances in this view of their inner structure and movement, the complexity of the so-called simple cell may be gathered from the formulæ for hæmoglobin:

Man:	C_{600}	H_{960}	N_{154}	Fe_1	S_8	O_{179}
Horse:	C_{712}	H_{1130}	N_{214}	Fe_1	S_2	O_{245}

In quite recent consideration of the activities of the yet smaller units, or *ions*, within the atoms themselves the astronomical parallel has been followed still further, and rotation, revolu-

tion and precessional movements within the atom are made the possible explanation of phenomena observed under certain established conditions.

Seeing, then, how perfectly the harmonic series derived from Sound are reproduced in the spectral "series" of the chemical elements, there is ample warrant for applying the same test to larger units and looking at planets with their satellites, or at the constituent bodies of such a solar system as ours, for evidences of structure akin to that of our graduated "harmonics."

The satellites of Jupiter appear in "series." In our first diagram Jupiter is indicated by the larger body around which the orbits of the four satellites are shewn, to scale, in concentric circles. These orbital distances are shewn on the scale to the right, and something of the familiar graduation is seen although the "series" is necessarily short. The Uranian system, with its four satellites, presents a somewhat similar "series," but in a broken order occasioned by the gap between the second and third satellites. The Saturnian system again shews a graduated order in the distances of the five inner satellites—a good, symmetrical "harmonic" series.

So far as available evidence serves, we certainly appear to trace the sound likeness in the spacings of the elements of a planetary system, for each indicates, where the number of satellites is sufficient, a "note" of its own. In the case of Saturn the position of the three outer members makes the planetary note discordant; they do not continue the series so well marked in the order of the inner five bodies and in the series sounding the note of Jupiter. But a note is in each case observable, and these planetary harmonics arise from the amplitude of movement of the units—shewn here as the semi-diameter of their orbits. The swing of the satellite through its orbit is, scientifically speaking, as much a "vibration" as is the movement of the stretched wire, and with the latter a scale of diminishing amplitudes is likewise shewn in the swing of the shorter and shorter segments which yield its harmonics.

In examining these planetary harmonics one must observe that the central body, the planet itself, seems to stand quite apart from the series which we have had under notice. Jupiter,

for instance, does not continue the progression indicated by the orbital distances of its satellites but stands apart as though, while dominating them, it were otherwise related—perhaps to some yet deeper note. As a matter of fact, the planets of our system do thus stand otherwise related, for they are, themselves, but harmonics of a profounder tone, and the separate notes to which they give rise are merged and subordinated in the vast diapason of a solar system.

It is as well to recall that all these sounds—be they musical or light notes, shell or flower notes, planetary or solar notes—are based on number; and in this connection it may be of interest to give the curious number-system known as Bode's Law, which appears to have a certain application to our solar note. It may be stated thus: Write the series of numbers, 0, 3, 6, 12, 24, and so on, wherein, after the second, each is double of the number preceding it. Add 4 to each, and we produce the series 4, 7, 10, 16, 28, and so forth. Although no physical reason has ever been adduced to account for the fact, yet it is found that this series of numbers is sensibly proportional to the distances of the different planets from the sun. In the case of the furthermost member of the system (in the orthodox sense of course) the distance is widely different from that indicated by Bode's Law; but we can see how closely the latter conforms with fact in other instances by giving the number-series in full and noting the actual distances of the planets below. For purposes of comparison these latter must be expressed as actual relative distances, taking the figure 10, as a basis, to represent the distance of the earth from the sun.

	Mercury	*Venus*	*Earth*	*Mars*	*Planetoids*	*Jupiter*	*Saturn*	*Uranus*	*Neptune*
Bode's Law	0	3	6	12	24	48	96	192	384
+	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
=	4	7	10	16	28	52	100	196	388
Actual relative dist.	3.9	7.2	10	15.2	27.4	52.9	95.4	192	300

We see that Bode's Law is approximate only; but the approximation is so close and, in addition, so constant that one can hardly doubt that there subsists some arithmetical relation between the distances of the physical planets from the centre of the system. This should not be the less interesting from the fact that these physical planets and their satellites are anything

but a full account of the solar scheme. Each is a physical nucleus—leaving planetary chains, for the moment, out of consideration—of some particular field, centre, aspect or ray of the larger solar Life whose influence upon the human expression of that Life astrology endeavours to gauge; but other factors are involved for which Bode's Law, naturally, provides no place. It has, however, some correspondence with the physical planets, with which alone we can deal in shewing the distances which are scaled in our next diagram. Here mean orbital distances are indicated by concentric circles, as with the satellites of a planetary system, and their succession outwards shews the actual relative distances in the order given above. On the right we find these distances scaled spectrum-wise and have the planetary harmonics of the solar system—the solar note.

In examining this vast solar sound, with the planetary series also in mind, one cannot but notice the parallel which it offers with the smaller forms already similarly analysed. The leaflets of the fern have each their own harmonics, but these are subordinate in the similar but ampler scale of the frond. Similarly, the planets have each their own notes, but these notes are all merged in the solar harmony. Sound-wise is the structure of things involved, and the astronomy of a solar system is epitomised again in the graduated parallels of our carbon-flutings.

Whether this solar harmonic series represents what the Pythagoreans implied in their teaching that the planets had harmonious motions at intervals corresponding with musical principles, I am unable to conjecture. Perhaps it does—partly. But basic teachings of the school of Pythagoras can hardly be supposed to carry merely their surface meaning. To those trained in occult science, such a declaration as that the worlds had been called out of chaos by Sound or Harmony and were constructed according to principles of musical proportion, would be meant to imply an infinity of subtle powers and relations. The ancient teachings and the modern facts can but be presented side by side, and under the unity of law they cannot be wholly unrelated. Our sciences *are* the twigs and leaflets of the tree of knowledge and they will serve us well if they but guide us to the parent stem.

Whatever view we may take of such matters as the fore-

going, we still have the fact before us that the build and structure and vibratory movements of our physical units are analogues of sound. The units variously considered range from the chemical atom to the solar system and, however detached our examples, all illustrate the pervading principle of these harmonics. And it is curious that harmonics again—star-notes from *without* our solar system—are largely relied upon in our attempts to classify the stellar universe itself into the yet more stupendous diapason of a cosmic harmony wherein our solar note is but the faintest of a myriad contributory sounds.

The nature of this utterance from the infinite, and the note that it sounds to the reflective mind, can be conveniently gathered by any who care to consult Sir Norman Lockyer's *Inorganic Evolution*. The details of the scheme there propounded upon astronomical, spectroscopic, chemical and other evidence, and buttressed by references to physics, geology, organic forms and so forth, cannot here be touched upon. But a very rough and imperfect outline of its general idea may nevertheless be of interest as sufficiently sounding this cosmic note, which, to students of Theosophy, will seem neither strange nor unexpected. It is recorded in the harmonics of our third diagram.

Stellar spectra shew dark "absorption" bands or lines upon a luminous background; the latter arises from the intensely heated body of the star, and the dark lines are caused by vaporous substances contained in the *relatively* cooler "atmosphere" surrounding such star. All stars may be considered to shew this luminous background alike, and the only spectroscopic evidence of *differences* between various stars is thus afforded by such differences as are noticeable in the dark lines of the spectra of each. In other words, each star shews its own dark spectrum-lines; these lines tell us something of the constituents of the fiery "atmosphere" surrounding it; and this is about all the evidence we have of the "chemical constitution" of these other and more distant suns.

The spectroscope, however, affords certain other evidence bearing upon the question of the temperature of the stars. Immeasurable as is the temperature of our sun, we yet have to consider that other stars are, many of them, far hotter; and that

although we are dealing with temperatures of an intensity which absolutely forbids actual measurement, yet we can classify the stars upon a rough and *relative* temperature-scale—hottest, less hot, cooler, and so on in many grades. Of the stars which are amenable to this examination many are thus classified as of one grade, many of another, till the stellar ranks appear completed and each stage of the scale is represented by certain known stars.

Then follows careful scrutiny of the lines of the different stars of each separate temperature-stage. At each stage it is found necessary to divide the spectra into two classes—one class comprising the stars which shew certain lines blurred, and the other comprising the stars in which the same "hydrogen lines" are shewn intense and sharply defined.*

At each temperature-stage, except the very highest, one thus finds stars of the first class (lines blurred), and stars of the second class (lines sharp).

If we then picture the temperature-stages as successive horizontal divisions (as we usually picture the planes) with highest temperature at the top, we can separate the stars with blurred lines to the left side of their divisions and those shewing sharp lines to the right. The stars of the top division cannot be so separated. This arrangement will somewhat resemble the familiar figure of the planets of a chain, but inverted and with the "turning-point" at the top. An entire class of stars however, now appears where we usually place a single planet.

The stellar scheme which we are now considering can be sufficiently described upon the tabulation pictured above. On the *left* we have stars which are gradually getting hotter and hotter. These are all on the upward arc of a mighty stellar evolution which is involved with *in*creasing temperature, and this reaches its culmination with the stars of our highest division—the "turning-point."

On the right we have stars whose history is that of gradually cooling bodies, for we are on the downward arc of the evolutionary movement and are dealing with *de*creasing temperatures.

This gives the physical aspect of the scheme, showing a

* Principal indications only can be given in this brief description.

gradual transit of each star, during incalculable time-periods, through this immeasurable gamut of heating and cooling. Laborious spectroscopic observation reveals the chemical significance of this amazing movement; for the spectra of the successive stages, as we followed them from left to right, shew the gradual evolution of our chemical elements from earlier and simpler forms of matter. This has necessitated the elaboration of a distinct sidereal chemistry quite other than that of our terrestrial laboratories, for in the stars we trace the gradual aggregation of a more primitive material into the atomic forms classified in Mendelejeff's table.

Something of this can be followed from our third diagram, which shews the spectra of the six stars there severally named. As the shortening wave-lengths indicate, the violet ends of the spectra are pointed upwards. Each spectrum exhibits the familiar harmonic arrangement of dark lines—a kind of star-note—and these are the "hydrogen lines" to which reference has already been made. They are, in fact, part of the hydrogen harmonics and are due to the presence of this particular *form* of hydrogen in the "atmospheres" of these several stars. But this is not hydrogen as we know it here. It is "proto-hydrogen" or "cosmic hydrogen," the forerunner of terrestrial hydrogen; it is, in short, the original material which will gradually cool down not only into terrestrial hydrogen but also into all our other chemical elements. It is the stuff of which all our chemical atoms are made.

The sharp lines of our star-notes shew that we are dealing with cooling bodies. On the right of the third diagram is the hottest of these stars; as we pass to the left we find examples from lower and lower temperature-stages.

With the fear before us that our scale of illustration can hardly shew the finer details of these spectra, it may be best to deal with them as a group. On the right, at higher temperature, we see only the lines of "proto-hydrogen"—and the lines are broad and heavy in sign of abundance. But as we pass to the left, to lower temperatures, we see the "proto-hydrogen" harmonics get gradually narrower and thinner; and at the same time we see *other* and different harmonics gradually steal in

between them and grow thicker and stronger. The new development is clearly at the expense of the old. The new lines are those of "proto-metals" and so forth, and as these are produced at lower temperatures the disappearing lines of "proto-hydrogen" indicate that this is gradually used up in the process—whatever that process may be.

This must suffice by way of indicating something of the reading of these strange star-notes, for to this cosmic scheme our sound-harmonics have finally led us. In the fuller tabulation we have, at highest temperature, proto-hydrogen stars. Then, at *each* side of our imaginary curve, cleveite-gas stars, proto-metallic stars, metallic stars, and, finally, stars with fluted spectra indicating the presence of many of the more complex chemical bodies with which we are familiar here. From this stellar classification there arises the study of the distribution of the stars on the celestial sphere, and we get a dim suggestion of star-types marshalled in rings of almost inconceivable magnitude —parts of some further and yet more stupendous whole whose nature passes our best divining.

But this is not the end of the matter as it is dealt with in the work cited. The inorganic evolution of our chemical bodies having been described, the endeavour is made to trace the regular continuation of that evolutionary movement from chemical atoms to crystalline mineral forms, from these to cells and the building up of the simpler organic forms of the vegetable kingdom, from these to the animal world, and from this to human life, in continuous and orderly succession.

The entire range of visible things is thus portrayed as a living, harmonious whole. Every part is but a phase of an immeasurable, expanding life. Every physical object has its place in an evolutionary scale whose beginning is in the "proto" states of matter in the starry spaces and whose stages link all kingdoms of nature in a harmonious progression which we follow till man's estate is reached. After referring to the incalculable time-period necessary for the multitudinous changes of the inorganic evolution—a period compared with which our geological epochs would be as almost negligeable moments—our author concludes:

"In this way, then, we have really been only continuing a

train of thought, which has to do with Man's Place in Nature, in relation to the Sun's Place in Nature; and finding fresh grounds for thinking that the more different branches of science are studied and allowed to react on each other, the more the oneness of Nature impresses itself upon the mind."

A familiar note, indeed, the grandly-sounded message of the harmonics of the stars.

To these ends, then, are we led in our quest of the Sound; our harmonics sound universal Harmony. Nature is seen scaled on a common principle, moved and moulded by a common life. Sound peals the spacious order of the firmament above; Sound shines from the dust that we tread under foot. Greatness and smallness are our poor illusions, for That which is the splendour of a mighty Sun greets us anew from the petals of the humblest flower. All things utter the Sound that fills them, and sing their message in every colour, form and movement that we know.

And yet, seeing these innumerable forms, we are bewildered; their multitude disconcerts us and we feel mere victims in the tide of their advancing ranks. Our serious opposition is treated as sport, and our private will is ever thwarted by a power that o'erwills it to larger ends. We will as we needs must, and scarce save the moments by a grudging concession. All things stand to us as symbols of this strange compulsion which leaves freedom only to obey. Disobeying, we are crushed, complaining that Nature respected not our dignity, while her care is to lead us to comply.

Becoming wiser, we scan these symbols anew; and, complying, we see that their threats were misread promises, their terrors the garb in which our pride had veiled them. Our pains were the void felt in rejecting friendly hands, for we had struggled but to be alone. Striving no longer, our will melts into the stream that bears these advancing hosts, and the life which informs them is found one with those inner springs whence flow our new recognition and consent. Nature, against all waywardness, must finally convert us; for she herself is thought embodied which, in us, to thought returns. We can report only by so much as we are, and our best accounts are but lowly confession.

Yet the entire gamut of Nature's powers is graven in the foundations of our being—all chemistry, and sound, and thought, and sweet good-will welded into the single fact of Life—and thus are we pledged at last to find the outer Harmony within, and, reporting aright, to Be.

G. DYNE.

WHAT THE "FIRE ELEMENTAL" TOLD US

My wife and I had not touched the planchette for years; the last time it was used the words written were "stop this fooling," so we stopped it.

We had no desire to meddle with "spirit return," or to have dealings with "spooks" or "spirit guides," and we were averse to getting into contact with the thought-currents of Spiritualism. Yet there came over us an impulse again to try the planchette. So we adjusted it, sharpened its pencil and sat down with fixed determination to "stop this fooling" directly any evidence appeared that we were attracting to us the influences of the ordinary *séance*.

My hand on my wife's wrist, her hand on the planchette, and so we waited patiently for about fifteen minutes. Then came long sweeps of the pencil, an up and down movement, and curves, whirls and darts.

* * * * *

Ques. What is this which comes with sweeping strokes, a spiral whirl and a dart towards the south?

Ans. A Fire Elemental. [A complete surprise to us!]

Ques. On what plane are you working?

Ans. On the Devachanic plane.

Ques. Are you on the upper or lower mental planes?

Ans. On the higher formless planes.

Ques. Why did you come to us?

Ans. He called me by reading the book.

Ques. How was it the reading of *The Secret Doctrine* drew you?

Ans. He was thinking of a mighty power, and this set us in motion to ensure against misuse.

Ques. Was this because of reading and thinking about "Vâch"—"the magic potency of Occult Sound in Nature"?

Ans. Yes, the mighty power of creation.

Ques. How could such thinking have this effect?

Ans. You cannot think about such forces without setting in motion great effects.

Ques. Where do the effects take place?

Ans. In the world eventually, but first on the pliant astral desire in the desire body.

Ques. Do you mean my desire body?

Ans. Yes, and through you into the outer world.

Ques. Is it my next desire body that is to be affected?

Ans. No, now immediately. Such thoughts modify desire at once by turning it upwards, instead of down to matter.

Ques. How has thought such great power?

Ans. By the fire of love within it.

Ques. Is it Divine Fire you have to do with?

Ans. Yes, and all kinds in earth, water, air, fire. Fire is the cause of motion; motion is the sign of life. The intensest life is the most vivid motion. All motion is vibration.

Ques. What is the meaning of your whirl and dart motions?

Ans. Fire and lightning; that is what we work with.

Ques. Are you connected with "Fohat," the cosmical electrical energy?

Ans. Yes, we are Fohat. Fire is the steady will; lightning is the outgoing activity.

Ques. Are you limited to this planet?

Ans. No, I am all there is of life.

Ques. Do you, then, extend throughout the solar system and to the stars we call fixed?

Ans. Yes, beyond them, wherever there is light.

Ques. As you are an intelligence, I ask: Have you been a man in the immensely distant past?

Ans. No, nor ever will be. I am the vital energy of all.

Man is but a passing phase. I was before and shall be after him.

Ques. But have you not evolved in this universe?

Ans. Certainly I am the result of past evolution; but I am in my essence, as man is in his, unchanged, but developed. I am felt as heat, but am seen as light. Light is the higher vibration; heat is the coarser. But both are the result of one fire of love. Light is the feminine element; outgoing fire is the masculine. Fire destroys limitation; light attracts to new formations.

Ques. Is the light you speak of the same on all planes?

Ans. Yes, the same in essence, but to suit the conditions of each plane.

Ques. What becomes of the outgoing fire?

Ans. It returns in the result of action; it is then the heat of motion, and is stored up in the elemental life, to be diffused again as fire-giving light. When burned up as a light-giver, it is then practically one with its originating life.

Ques. Does this refer to the sun being burnt up in course of ages?

Ans. Yes, the sun is a light-giving fire, burning up its own energy in giving light, and so preparing for its own re-absorption into its own source.

Ques. So the outgoing destructive fire becomes changed into a creative energy?

Ans. Exactly.

Ques. The sun emanates light and heat into space. What becomes of the force thus sent out?

Ans. It goes to prepare future worlds.

Ques. The sun constantly gives out light and heat, and apparently there is no return.

Ans. No, it is returning itself.

Ques. We are told in *The Secret Doctrine* that the visible sun is only a "reflection" of the real Sun.

Ans. It is the outer form of the present stage of the outgoing fire on its return to its central source. The outgoing fire is the thought or offspring of its source, and must change its destructive career into creative before it can be re-absorbed into

its source. Because "creator" cannot receive into itself anything but "creative."

Ques. What is the colour of the sun?

Ans. The sun is dull white within. Yellow in its activity, because it is, as it were, the mind-soul of this universe [solar system].

Ques. Has the central spiritual Sun a definite location in space?

Ans. The central spiritual Sun is in every centre. When all the various centres are focussed, the central centre will reveal itself.

Ques. What is Parâshakti—mentioned in *The Secret Doctrine* as "supreme force or power; the powers of light and heat"?

Ans. It is a power of destruction, belonging, of course, to the fire element. It feeds on the inner forces of forms, so allowing of their adaptation to changing conditions of life.

Ques. It is said every element is dual in its nature; is this the same as saying it has love-power of creation?

Ans. Yes, life is incessant creation. Without activity there could be no creation, because activity causes the vibration that attracts the [mental, astral or physical] atoms together in form. That is why men claim to be sole creators [of forms], because they have been most active and most attractive in nature. Men, therefore, have attracted into form according to their own nature. When women wake up more fully into action, they will be stronger creators than men, because their inherent love-nature makes them more attractive than men with their destructive elements.

Ques. Do you mean that the creations will be stronger in themselves?

Ans. Yes, less liable to fall to pieces.

Ques. This duality or love-power of creation—is it spirit and matter?

Ans. No, it is all spirit, spirit in two forms. One essence alternately active and receptive.

Ques. It alternately pours out and draws in?

Ans. Yes, each aspect of the force.

Ques. Is it what one form pours out, the other draws in?

Ans. Yes, that is it exactly.

Ques. Each aspect, then, is at once a transmitter and receiver?

Ans. Yes.

Ques. Is there a double current?

Ans. Yes, crossing at the outermost point.

Ques. How high up is it well to use terms of sex import?

Ans. Up to the highest when the mind is purified from the desire to have. Love is giving out, not seeking to withhold from others. Study the fundamentals of being.

Ques. What are the fundamentals of being?

Ans. The law of cause and effect, and the love-force of creation. The causes are always in the love-element. Effects are in the physical by means of the mental desire. If you see an evil in the physical world, trace the cause back through desire,—through the thought that created the desire, to the misuse of love-energy turning it to creation for the one-self instead of for the all-self.

Ques. What is the divine fire?

Ans. The fire of self-sacrifice.

Ques. What is your special work in this?

Ans. To urge to action of a higher order—to action of heroism and self-sacrifice, in order to burn up the effects of selfishness.

Ques. What plane are you working on with us?

Ans. On the mental emotional plane in its highest development at present in the world.

Ques. Do you mean that there is a kâmic element in it?

Ans. No, not kâmic, something far higher.

Ques. Is this working all within the lower form-planes of Devachan?

Ans. Yes, as you understand that phrase.

Ques. Have you a symbolic colour?

Ans. I am white heat at centre, and I come from the centre over your head; but I take on the colour of the plane I work in.

Ques. What colour would you show if we could see you?

Ans. To him yellow; to you white.

Ques. Have you a symbolic form?

Ans. Yes, as a tongue of fire or a globe.

Ques. Have you a distinctive sound?

Ans. Yes, a "hiss" and a deep "hum." My "hum" is the fundamental note of life in form in nature. My "hiss" is the outgoing note of the joy of life.

Ques. Will you say what is the colour of love?

Ans. Yellow-white.

Ques. Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant give rose-red as the colour of love?

Ans. It is love active in the physical.

Ques. Then do the colours in Mr. Leadbeater's book refer to the physical?

Ans. Yes, to the separated man.

Ques. Are you acting of yourself?

Ans. No, we are guided by the lords of karma.

Ques. How can we call you when we need you?

Ans. You need not call; I am always with you, and come to you when permitted.

* * * *

The foregoing comprises passages taken from the results of three sittings. All the answers are given verbatim. There was much besides of a private nature and alleged purpose in communicating. Though one of us was the automatic writer, yet the answers were unexpected and often surprising. When we first sat down it was furthest from our thoughts to have such messages as these. Some people may say that our minds have been tapped for the ideas; but many of the ideas were not in our minds, and are quite fresh to us.

Respecting the written language, we put a question: "How is it that you write in English?"—the answer followed: "I do not; you translate vibration into words." One of us has studied closely the relations between colour and music according to the Hermetic scale, and to the question: "Can communications be established with many people?"—the answer was: "Not yet; too ignorant of colour language." Mr. Leadbeater has told us that a language of flashing colours is the speech of the entities on the higher planes of Devachan.

The vocabulary, we suppose therefore, may be set down as

our own, but the ideas expressed originate beyond our ken. One request for a name was negatived—"because there is no word in your mind to express the name."

In *The Secret Doctrine* are many allusions to the "Cosmic Gods." Each of the great forces of nature "has a living *Conscious Entity* at its head, of which Entity it is an emanation" (vol. i., p. 313). "Fohat is One and Seven, and on the Cosmic plane is behind all such manifestations as light, heat, sound, adhesion, etc., etc.; and is the 'spirit' of electricity, which is the life of the Universe" (*ibid.*, p. 163).

In times prior to history it would appear from the many names surviving in the ancient theogonies, that the Cosmic Gods were much more perceptible to humanity than they are now. "Fire, Air, Water, Earth, were but the visible garb, the symbols of the informing, invisible Souls or Spirits, the Cosmic Gods, to whom worship was offered by the ignorant and simple, but respectful recognition by the wiser" (*ibid.*, p. 498). "Love in its primitive sense is Erôs, the Divine Will, or Desire of manifesting itself through visible creation. Thence Fohat, the prototype of Erôs, becomes on Earth the Great Power 'Life-Electricity' or the Spirit of Life-giving" (*ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 69).

Respecting the nature of the sun, we learn from *The Secret Doctrine* that "the Sun is the heart of the Solar System, and its brain is hidden behind the visible Sun . . . . . There is a regular circulation of the vital fluid throughout our System,—the Sun contracting as rhythmically as the human heart does at every return of it. It takes the solar blood ten of its years to circulate" (vol. i., pp. 590-1).

We are told: "The 'Central Sun' is simply the centre of Universal Life—Electricity; the reservoir within which that Divine Radiance, already differentiated at the beginning of every 'creation,' is focussed. Though still in a Laya or neutral condition, it is, nevertheless, the one attracting, as also the ever-emitting, Life-Centre" (*ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 250). "The Central Spiritual Sun, the electric Fire of all Life" (*ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 120) gives rise to the Seven Suns at the manvantaric Dawn. "Explain, or complete the teaching of the Seven Suns with the seven systems of Planes of Being, of which the 'Suns' are the central

bodies, and you have the seven Angelic Planes, whose 'Host' collectively are the Gods thereof" (*ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 251).

With regard to the spiral-whirl symbol, we see in the Book of Dzyan that "Fohat traces spiral lines, etc." (*ibid.*, vol. i., p. 144), and the "Fire Elemental" informs us that "the whirl is like a watchspring; when let loose it flies out again."

Sometimes, since these communications, when we speak of the "Fire Elemental," my wife sees the flashing symbol in white light before her.

We were also told that the up and down movement was a "symbol of man; to call your attention."

On expressing the difficulty of discriminating between the delusive and the true in occult communications, the "Fire Elemental" observed:

"You cannot discriminate by sitting still and looking at things with prejudging eyes. Discrimination comes only by applying what you read to actual test in doing. You must live what you learn, and so learn what is true and what false. If you absorb what you afterwards find to be false, it will not hurt you; you have only to cast it out as excreta. Therefore swallow all you can get hold of and digest it afterwards, just as you do with ordinary food. You will know enough not to take hold of poisons.

"All knowledge is mixed with some error; it is the outer skin to protect the truth; the skin is not deadly to anyone when it is not produced of set purpose to deceive. The true false covering is only a veil to prevent the truth being absorbed too quickly or too carelessly.

"Therefore, as I said before, do not worry yourself so much about the possibility of delusion.

"Seek to *know*,—and to know the *truth* at all cost, and you will never be in danger of delusion. For the delusion never deludes those who desire the truth."

We do not pretend to explain the source of the writing that has come to us; we only set down our experience.

G. A. GASKELL.

A SPIRIT'S WANDERINGS*

READER, if you are also a writer, you will have known that terrible moment in an author's life, when he must begin a new work. The well-loved and well-worn pages of the old MS. have undergone the defilement of the printer's dirty fingers, the odious proofs have been carefully revised, the typographical errors duly sworn or laughed at, the book advertised, the last throes of authorship quite performed, and the work duly set afloat upon the sea of life!

And then——another must be begun!

Such was my condition last night. My careful servant had placed on my table a packet of quill pens, and a folio of virgin paper, and, after lighting my "midnight lamp," retired quietly to his bed, little envying me my wakeful hours.

As to myself, I felt neither inclined for sleeping nor for writing. Wrapped in a loose Turkish dressing-gown, with a narguileh reposing its one end upon the ground, and its other extremity against my lip, I almost mechanically inhaled an occasional whiff of the perfumed smoke, and sent it out through the open window, to mingle with the clear, transparent air of the beautiful night. Occasionally I cast a hurried glance towards the green baized altar on which I was to sacrifice the delights of my listless idleness, but soon I turned to gaze again upon the splendid panorama that lay unrolled at my feet.

The myriads of stars that spangled the dark blue sky above

* This story originally appeared in the *Belfast Northern Magazine* (March, 1852 to February, 1853). Some ten years ago a friend copied it out for me, and I have since occasionally disinterred it from among a mass of ancient MSS. and wondered whether anyone else would be interested in it. My main interest is that it was written at the very same time that the "Dream of Ravan" appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine*. And if there be any of our readers who do not know *The Dream of Ravan*, and who love the Eastern Wisdom, let them instantly procure a copy (from the T.P.S.) and wonder who the anonymous author was who upwards of fifty years ago knew intimately all we speak of and write of and dream of to-day.—G. R. S. M.

my head were all reflected in the clear waters of the Bay of Naples, that washed the foot of the hill whereon my house was situated. The heavy silence of the night was broken but by the ripple of the waves, as they splashed the sands with toy-like breakers.

I was lost in such a reverie as might be induced by so placid a scene, when a strange, rustling noise beside me caused me to turn round with a start. All the pens upon my table were moving. At first I thought that a scarabæus, lured by the brilliancy of my lamp, had been betrayed into certain perdition. I got up to rescue him from his danger, but I stood aghast at the spectacle which presented itself to my eyes.

One of my pens left the bundle of its own accord, examined its own nib by the lamplight, dipped itself into the ink, and commenced writing. A great blot fell upon the paper, and the pen threw itself into the farthest corner of the room with violence. Utterly stupefied with amazement, I stumbled back into my chair. Another pen rose, dipped its point carefully into the inkstand, and began to fly with incredible velocity over the paper; sometimes appearing to hesitate, it would scratch out one or two words, and proceed again. When one sheet of paper was full, it appeared to remove itself, and another presented itself, as though moved by an invisible breath. When one pen grew tired, it fell upon the cloth, and another took its place. How long this lasted I know not; my eyes were fixed upon the wonderful proceeding without attempt to comprehend its import. At last, a pen started up with a flourish, and wrote, in majestic letters, the word—Finis.

No further movement took place, and I, laying aside the long-extinguished pipe I had held tightly to my immoveable lips, took my seat at the table, collected all the sheets of written paper, placed them in order, and read with wondering eyes what follows:

"I am a wandering spirit, a troubled spirit; I hover restlessly about the realms of space, waiting for a body—I ride upon the wings of the wind—I brood in the azure sky—I live in the song of the birds—I bathe in the pale moonbeams—I am a wandering spirit.

"I am an eternal spirit, like all my kind. During my many

phases of existence, I have heard my species often made the subject of discussion. Some said, 'The spirit does not exist.' Others replied, 'The spirit is immortal.' They are all wrong—we are *eternal*. We co-exist with the Deity, from whom we directly emanate; we each form a particle of His omnipresence, and later we shall return, and merge into His essence again. Those alone who have confessed our eternal existence have heard the true voice of revelation.

"Since the moment of our separation from Him of whom we form a part, we have been bound down to the earth many times, passing through generations of mortals, parting without regret from the human portion of ourselves, and pursuing the great work of our own perfecting through the stages of human existence to which we are temporarily attached.

"When we are freed from those human bands which so greatly fetter and curb our aspirations after the Perfect, when our earthly casket has returned to the dust whence it was called forth, when liberty is restored to us, and we can expand our wings, then the Deity reveals to us the real end and aim of our aspirations, then our past existences are revealed to our sight; we see what progress we have made during the bygone centuries; we comprehend the rewards and punishments which have been allotted to us by the means of the joys and the sorrows of our earthly being; we see the growth of our intellect at each successive birth; and we aspire to that state of supreme felicity, which we shall attain only when we are freed from our corporal cerements to inhabit those blissful regions in which our passions are more exalted, our love less oblivious, our happiness more enduring, our senses more numerous and delicate—those happy regions reserved for the abode of those spirits who have reached the summit of Holiness.

"When we are sent back to give life to another human body we lose all consciousness of our previous existences; the feeling of individuality which had been awakened in us no longer pertains to us, and nought remains but vague, dreamy reminiscences of the past, which are the cause of our natural sympathies and antipathies, and, what mortals term, innate ideas.

"I shall not speak of all the creatures whom I have inspired;

but, during my last life I underwent such misery that I must tell the tale.

"Before my rashness caused me to lose my human form, I lived amongst men; and many might have coveted my fortune, my happiness and my youth.

"A friend of my mother's had a daughter who was five years younger than myself, and whose name was Margaret. I had shared with her my youthful sports. We were bound by ties not only of affection, but of habit. All our airy castles were jointly built; we spoke of the future as though we were to share it; we grew up side by side, and never dreamt of treading life's path otherwise than hand in hand.

"My manhood stole gradually over me—I was twenty and she fifteen. I was sent upon my travels for a year, and on my return could scarcely recognise my former playmate. I saw no longer the thoughtless, joyful child, who was wont to spring upon my knee, and treat me as an elder brother; before me stood a maiden, with pale, languid air, and demure and feminine port. I was amazed at this metamorphosis. I had not yet learnt that women attain their maturity almost at a bound, and without transition.

"All was changed. I no longer chid her as before; she, on the contrary, gained over me an ascendancy which I perceived every day more clearly. When near her my joyousness was put to flight; I became thoughtful and uneasy—I could not comprehend the feelings of my own heart. I went and confided my sorrow to my mother.

"'O dearest mother,' said I, 'I feel as if I no longer loved Margaret, and yet, more than ever, I feel the desire to be near her; then I experience feelings new to me, and which I have never known before. I would speak to her, and know not what to say.'

"My mother made no answer, but smilingly passed her fingers through my hair.

"One winter's day, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, I was seated beside the fire, with my eyes fixed on vacancy, my head resting on my hand, and I thought of Margaret. A deep melancholy had crept over me, and I felt a strange longing to die.

"This nervous restlessness, which I now felt for the first time, appeared to enlighten me as a flash of lightning sent across my brain; I saw clearly into my heart, and springing up I flew into the arms of my mother, who had been earnestly watching me, and whispered into her ear with deep fervour the name of 'Margaret.'

"She smiled, and looking on me with ineffable tenderness, replied: 'You are both young still, my children; let but some years go by and we will see!'

"Later in the day I saw Margaret. We were alone. I fell on my knees before her, pressed her hand to my lips, and told her with fervour of the love which filled my whole being. She turned away her head for a moment, then, fixing upon my anxious face her eyes, moist with tears, replied, 'I have ever loved you!'

"From that hour a complete change came over her. She treated me with a reserve, full at once of tenderness and of modesty. All traces of her former childishness now disappeared—the feelings of womanhood developed themselves in her as though by magic.

"Oh! how happy we might have been, had not my imprudence and curiosity brought upon my head the chastisement of Heaven!

"I was proud of my love. I strove to concentrate in this one feeling all the energy of my youthful strength; to me my *love* became the guiding instinct of my life. I saw Margaret daily; yet it never appeared to me that I saw her often or long enough. I could have wished to follow her, to hear, to see her unceasingly. In the evening, when I sat alone, I mentally went over all the details of the past day. I repeated aloud, and, in endeavouring to imitate her voice, her accent, all that she had uttered during the hours we had passed together, I remembered a thousand things that I had intended and forgotten to say, and I revelled in recollections that seemed to awake the heart as with a warm embrace; I prayed for some miracle that could convey me to the place where she was; I counted the years, the months, the days, the hours that divided us, and I yearned for her with all the burning aspirations of youth.

"One evening, after listening to her as she sang, I retired to my room, trembling with emotion, and pressing to my heart a few roses which she had given me. In a feverish state I went to bed, and put the flowers under the pillow that I might have pleasant dreams.

"I could not sleep—a nervous excitement had possessed my mind. I closed my eyes but to see golden sparks fly by me. I was burning with excitement, and vague and unreal shadows passed before my brain, that always assumed the form of Margaret.

"If sleep overcame me for a moment, my dreams were maddening; my ear was filled with wild melodies which I had never heard before; I dreamt of the time when fairies endowed one at birth with all virtues and with matchless beauty, and I woke to regret the time when enchanters could bestow rings that rendered one invisible, elixirs to incite love, and secrets that carried their possessors invisibly through the air.

"At last, and by the power of volition, it appeared to me that an unknown power was bestowed upon me; it seemed to me that, by a gigantic effort of the will, I *could* separate my spirit from my body, and convey it to the object of my love. So strong a hold did this idea gain over me, that I felt as if my reason were gradually leaving me. I lay there motionless from terror. I had but the one thought—to part from myself and fly to Margaret.

"The morning sun filled my room with its radiance; I was still sleepless, and then I could no longer resist the force of my desire, the dictates of my curiosity, and, yielding to feelings which I had no longer the power to combat, I imparted sufficient force to my will to effect the miracle.

"Alas! I was obeyed—and hence all my misfortunes!

"Suddenly I felt relieved of a great burden, my body lost the power of motion, and my spirit, startled at its new-gained liberty, hovered in my room about the frame to which it lately gave life, and which now appeared wrapt in the profoundest sleep. I delayed no longer my experiments with this super-human power which I had just acquired, and which was completely beyond my comprehension. I passed through the house, gliding through the

crevices of the doors, and thus reached my mother's sleeping-room. She was awake, and lay reading by the early sunlight. I was astonished at her evincing no surprise on seeing me enter her room. I went up to a mirror, but saw nothing; I had no shadow. I went and hovered round my mother, she remained unconscious. I placed myself between her eyes and her book; she did not cease reading. I was invisible, transparent, inpalpable; I could see, I could hear, I could enjoy all that part of my senses which was not material, but could manifest nothing—I was a breath—an essence—in short, my own spirit. I returned to my room; my body was still asleep. I sprang upon its lips, returned to my abode, and woke in my entirety.

"The sun was high in the heavens, and daylight was flooding my chamber. It was too late to visit Margaret; I awaited the night with impatience.

"Evening came, and with it many painful apprehensions. I feigned indisposition, that I might retire the earlier, and my paleness gave an appearance of truth to my pretence. My mother accompanied me to my room, gave me her accustomed kiss, and I remained alone!

"I stood motionless for some time, not daring to turn round —I was *afraid of myself*. I trembled at the idea of a second venture, but anxiety and curiosity conquered my feelings of alarm. I took flight, and leaving my body lifeless in my bed, I winged my way to the abode of Margaret.

"I had scarcely reached her little room when she entered it. I shrunk into a corner that I might not be seen, forgetting that I was lost in the air's transparency. She stood before the glass, murmuring an air which she had sung to me the day before; and taking out the comb, she first let her luxuriant hair shower down over her shoulders, and then plaited it and bound it round her head. Then, looking at the glass intently, she undid all the pretty fabric, saying to herself:

"'I do not look well so, besides he prefers it dressed quite plainly.'

"O, my spirit—my spirit—thanks—thanks—thanks! I saw her then divest herself of her garments slowly. I saw the brilliancy of her white shoulders, the delicacy of her graceful

arm. I gazed on her, robed in her purity, by the light of the candle that stood beside her. Then, bending with devotion over the book that lay beside her bed, she addressed to Heaven the prayer of a pure and chaste maiden. At length, when she had rested gently upon her pillow, I approached her, passed like a zephyr over her face, and lodged among the tresses of her hair.

"'My poor flowers,' said she, looking at some roses that stood at the foot of her bed, 'they are all faded, I will gather some violets to-morrow.'

"By degrees her eyes closed, a sweet sleep came over her, and I remained watching her all night, rocking up and down as I rested upon the gentle and regular exhalation of her breath. At break of day I returned to my sleeping body, and my first care was to send Margaret the flowers she had expressed a wish to have.

" My mother inquired anxiously about my health.

"'Last night,' she said, 'I could not sleep; I was anxious about you. I got up and went to your room; you did not waken; you were lying on your back, pale and motionless; I could not hear you breathing; your sleep was so profound that I was quite frightened. I kissed your forehead, and still you gave no sign of life—you looked quite deathlike.'

" Night after night the same occurred. Before departing, I always closed my eyes carefully, in order to give my body the semblance of sleep. Night after night, though invisible to Margaret, I shared her solitary thoughts, her sweet repose, her nightly dreams, and knew the heart of her wishes. I felt certain of her affection for me, hope filled my heart and my brain, and yet a gnawing anxiety embittered my existence, poisoned even my hopes of the future, and, spite of all my causes for joy, I was unhappy. And yet, when I was near her, when cradled on her lips, I drank in deep draughts of felicity, I forgot all my anxiety, and revelled only in my present happiness.

" Thus my life passed away in alternate transports of rapture and of remorse. For more than a year I had made use of my secret power, and no one had suspected me. Who, indeed, would have credited so marvellous a story? On one occasion, I ventured to say that I believed in the possibility of a temporary divorce

between the spirit and the corporeal part of man; but I was laughed at, and told that in time my ideas would become more rational.

"I had no reply to make; my arguments would have convinced none but myself.

"Never did idle curiosity tempt me to swerve from my path, nor did I ever use my power for any purpose but that of flying at once to Margaret. I had but one thought—one desire—one dream—one love! I found in her a beauty which agitated my body when my spirit carried back its reminscences. Her features were exquisitely delicate, and the girlish outline of her figure gave hopes of the highest order of mature beauty. Often, when she stood before me, with her rich locks streaming over her pure shoulders nearly to her feet, I thought of those golden-haired Naïads who gambolled in the sun, on the borders of the stream of old, and shook their coronals of twisted rushes. And thus each day brought nearer the period of my happiness, while, invisible as myself, my evil destiny stood before me, ready to wrap me in its sable cloak.

"One evening, on my return from a short journey, during which I had received no intelligence of Margaret, I threw myself hurriedly upon my bed, and, burning with anxiety, left my body behind and took flight. When I arrived, I was astonished to find her room in such order. The furniture was all covered up, the curtains taken down, and I met no one throughout the house. I waited anxiously—night approached, I sought to learn the hour from the clocks—they had all stopped. A vague feeling of approaching evil overcame me. I passed throughout the house in the hope of discovering the cause of her absence, then flew back to her room, hoping she might have returned. Vain hope! I fell into a deep despair, and fluttered restlessly and hopelessly amongst the curtains of her vacant bed. I had forgotten all but my grief! 'Where is she? where is she?'—this thought alone possessed me. I thought no longer of my body, of my mother. Intent on my anxiety for Margaret, I had but one idea—to seek and gaze upon her once more.

"I was not relieved from my suspense until the morning, when an unforeseen circumstance informed me that Margaret was in

the country. I hesitated not a moment—the horrors of the past night left me no time for reflection. Forgetting the hour, the distance and the danger, I flew to the spot where I hoped to find my love.

"'I can return to-night," thought I, as I doubled my speed; 'they will think I have overslept myself after my journey.' I sailed over plains and forests, over hills and dales, over towns and rivers. The birds alone accompanied me, and I outstripped them all in the swiftness of my flight.

"At length I arrived! I found Margaret kneeling beside a flower-bed, carefully training a rose-bud. I rested upon a bush of heliotrope, and remained absorbed in contemplation before her.

"She rose—I followed her. She walked slowly towards a bower at the other extremity of the garden, and there began sorting the flowers that filled her basket. A daisy had, by an accident, crept in among the rare flowers that formed her bouquet. She seized it, and began to despoil it of its white petals, saying, as she cast each on the ground:

"'He loves me—loves me not—he loves me—loves me not—he *loves me!*' She sprung from her seat with childish joy, clapped her hands, exclaiming:

"'He loves me—he loves me!'

"Then she sat down again, and with cheeks covered with a roseate blush, with eyes that smiled more eloquently even than her curling lip, she gazed silently at the humble oracle that had spoken so truly. I was lost in ecstasy. I wished to be reunited to my body, that I might precipitate myself at her feet, and die of too great happiness.

"I dwell fondly on these details; I love to think on them again and again throughout my long sufferings—these reminiscences have alone given me powers of endurance; now they are my last, as they are my only solace—to-morrow all will be forgotten.

"That day passed like a dream, and when night came, I dissolved into dew, and fell with gentleness on Margaret's shoulder as she returned to the house.

"I felt that I ought to leave this scene of happiness and

return home, but an unconquerable attraction kept me back. My spirit, so far removed from its earthly bonds, seemed to have infused itself, and become a part of my idol. 'I cannot, I *will* not leave her,' thought I; 'to-morrow, to-morrow it will be still time enough to return.'

"The morrow came, and I lingered still! Yes; I remained beside Margaret—I forgot the whole world in my supreme felicity. When my spirit was thus alone with her, my feelings towards her seemed more angelically pure than when I had become an earthly being again.

"On the evening of the second day she sang, and I rested on her lips to catch the fullness of her notes. I had long ceased to reflect—to foresee; my happiness was unbroken by remorse, or by the fear of danger. When she went to her room she wreathed a crown of honeysuckle, and bound it round her brow; then, standing before her looking-glass, she curtseyed profoundly to her own image.

"Oh, who would not have given worlds to see her thus lightly clad, her forehead decked with flowers, smilingly dancing on her rosy, tiny feet?

"She slept, but her sleep was restless. Her hands moved convulsively, her breath was short, and the heaving of her heart rapid and irregular, she seemed troubled with some frightful dream, and twice or thrice she muttered my name.

"It was late when her mother entered her room. 'Are you not well?' asked she, with a kiss. 'You look pale and weary.'

"'No, mother, I am well,' replied she; 'but last night I dreamt—Oh, I had a fearful dream. I heard a well-known voice weeping underground, and another voice replying, "It is too late, you cannot now return!"'

"These words caused me a fearful pang. Four days had passed since I had left my body inanimate. Without delay I sallied forth, and gave all possible speed to my flight. The air was heavy; the birds, conscious of the approach of a storm, were taking shelter in the trees; the wind was burning and suffocating as the air of a furnace, but I hastened on, on, on, heeding nought in my terror.

"At length I reached home, and thought I should soon be able

to comfort my mother. When I arrived at my own door two unusual circumstances attracted my attention. On the steps of the house lay a heap of black cloth, which had been removed from over the door, and the windows of my own room were wide open, although the blinds were carefully closed. What could all this mean?

"I flew in at the window of my bedroom. The interior was in the greatest disorder, and my body no longer lay on the bed where I had left it. On the carpet I observed a hammer and some nails, some blood-stained linen, and more black cloth. Such was my perturbation, that I could not comprehend the meaning of what I saw. With my utmost speed I flew into my mother's room.

"Oh! never shall I forget the spectacle that was there revealed to my horror-stricken sight! Her attitude betrayed the most poignant grief. Her eyes were closed, her countenance pale; she was wringing her hands in the writhings of grief. She was surrounded by my relatives, who were all in tears.

"One of them whispered to her something which I could not hear, upon which she threw herself backwards in her chair, and exclaimed, in a voice broken with sobs:

"'Oh, my child, my son! who could have foreseen that you would die so young, and so cruel a death!'

"I saw it all. The horrors of truth flashed on me in all the fearfulness of their entirety! During the absence of my spirit, I had been taken for dead, and physicians had been called in. After much discussion, they had agreed that apoplexy had caused my sudden and terrible death. To make sure of this, they had subjected my poor body to an examination, which must have obliged my spirit to depart, even had it been present.

"One last hope remained. I flew to the church—to the graveyard. Alas, it was too late! The last shovelful of earth had been thrown upon my coffin, and the crowd was silently dispersing.

"I went home distracted, weighed down by the awful burden of my sorrow! I cursed my imprudence, and the fatal power that had been its cause! For many days I remained absorbed in my grief, and weeping over the sorrow that I had caused.

"Some time after my demise, the door of my mother's room suddenly opened, and Margaret flew into my mother's arms. Then I saw how great had been her love for me, and what a treasure I had lost! My dreams of happiness had vanished—my hopes of bliss had faded for ever!

"I made a superhuman effort to speak and explain my invisible presence. I wished to say to them, 'Do not weep, my loved ones—do not weep! I am here beside you, invisible, but ever devoted to you. My body is no more, but my spirit remains, and will never leave you!'

"Vain effort—I was as speechless as I was invisible. I envied even the fate of my body, which was at rest, and knew not this misery. So great was my wretchedness, that I would fain have died—but no!—my immortality weighed as a curse upon me.

"Two years have now elapsed since that dreadful day; and since then, I have become one of those countless wandering spirits that hover in the regions of space without shape or sound—that remain unknown and unfelt until their Maker recalls them into life, by placing them in some new-born earthly tenement.

"For days and days I remained almost inanimate, broken by misfortune. Besides my regret for the past, besides my present sufferings, I had to endure the dread of the future. In the midst of my sorrows, my thoughts returned to Margaret. I resolved to watch over her, and be present with her for ever in my spiritual shape, since I could not reveal myself to her otherwise.

"From that hour I have divided my existence between my mother and my promised bride. The more she grew in beauty, the more intense was my despair.

"The first bursts of grief gave way in her to a more peaceful melancholy. Often she called, weepingly, upon my name, little dreaming that it was my spirit that dictated her sorrow. It is this very gift of ubiquity (which we possess, perhaps, too unwittingly during our life-time) that occasions our heart-vexations, and causes us to regret the dead.

"When one loves, and is beloved, a fusion takes place between the spirits of the lovers. Each receives from the other a portion of that Divine breath which inspires us with life—each lives at

once in himself and in the other loved being—each lives in the heart of the other; thus, by this interchange, is the spirit of each revived, inspired with new strength, with new faculties, new sensations, new delights—then both creatures are happy.

"But when, of these two united beings, one grows weary of its affection, and, yielding to the temptations offered by inconstancy, recalls that portion of spirit which it had imparted, then the balance of the other spirit becomes disturbed, a great void is felt, it feels dispossessed of a portion of its own existence, and suffers the pangs of unrequited love, until it finds a fresh portion of extraneous vitality to replace that which it has lost.

"When death has destroyed the body which we inhabit, when we part from our clayey mansion never to return to it, we take flight, leaving to those whom we had loved on earth that portion of ourselves which had been theirs during our life-time—thus do we still exist in their recollection. When they think of us, it is that our voice responds to theirs; when mortals experience moments of sadness for which they cannot directly account, and aspirations which appear aimless, it is that their spirit answers instinctively to the call of some portion of itself from which it has been riven by death.

"We also, when released, carry with us those portions of various spirits which have been in greater or lesser quantity imparted to us by those whom we loved while upon earth; and it is this interchange of spiritual ingredients which will occasion, in future generations, the novel and modified instincts that will be revealed to them. Thus the spirit goes on through the varied phases of life to which it is condemned, exchanging its atoms, completing its perfection, purifying itself, and expanding daily, until at length it becomes worthy of a place in those blissful regions, which it will only inhabit when it has again been admitted to form a part of the great Unit from whom it was originally separated.

"Margaret knew nothing of all this. She was unaware of my continual presence within her, and her grief served but to increase my own.

"I was with her unceasingly. I followed her to the balls which her mother compelled her to attend; and, hovering about

her, shed round her an atmosphere cooler than the heated air of the rooms. Ah! could she but know how often I have rested upon the delicate flower-wreaths that encircled her brow! At times I used to dip into the cups of the flowers she loved best, and return to her redolent of their perfume. In winter I am very unhappy. The trees are leafless, and the flowers faded! I know not where to seek shelter, and I wander restlessly in search of places that can protect me from the chilling blasts. But I end by returning to my beloved Margaret. Often, however, it happens that, just as I have reached her door, weary with combating the force of the gales, and numbed with the falling snow, a gust of wind seizes me, and hurries me far away. I have no strength to resist its violence, and am carried off, in company with other wandering and troubled spirits. On the wings of the hurricane I traverse wild regions and vast expanse of ocean, hearing the sailors uttering wild prayers for help as the wind passes over their ship, and we shriek in pain as we are hurled through the sharp cordage, or dashed against the mast.

"These torments might have lasted to all eternity, had not Heaven in its mercy permitted me to return to life amongst men. This night my incarnation will take place, and I hasten to write this account of my misfortunes, as a warning to others who might be as imprudent as myself.

"One evening I was in Margaret's room when her mother entered, and, kissing her affectionately on the forehead, told her this was her twentieth birthday and that she must think seriously of marrying. Margaret bowed her head, and, with tearful voice, uttered my name. Her mother reproved her tenderly, and argued with her upon the inutility of her protracted regret, enforcing upon her the imprudence of sacrificing the advantages which the present occasion offered, for the sake of that which could be nothing to her but a reminiscence.

"Margaret hesitated. She fixed her eyes upon her mother for a long time without speaking—an inward combat was going on. At length, with the courage of one who has taken a great resolve, she threw herself into her mother's arms, saying, 'Mother, I obey you!'

"The marriage was thenceforward looked upon as settled.

"At first she was cold and reserved towards her intended husband; a voice seemed ever to murmur in her ear, 'Remember! remember!' But this voice grew weaker, and the recollection of my poor self seemed to fade gradually away.

"I was in despair! I had forgotten that all wounds may be healed, and that love is a Phœnix which dies but to revive again!

"In the midst of my sorrow a bright thought came across me. They were just married, and perhaps I might obtain permission to return to earth in a shape that should be dear to Margaret. I rose to heaven, and laid my prayer before its almighty Monarch. He, having compassion on my protracted sufferings, and deeming that I had sufficiently expiated my crime. of rashness, granted the petition which I had laid at his feet Thus all is over; and, to-morrow, one miserable soul the less will people the boundless regions of space.

"I shall reappear before Margaret's eyes in a form dearer to her than even that which I was wont to bear. Yes, I, who have so long worshipped Margaret as her lover, shall henceforth love her as her child!"

* * * *

Here the manuscript came to an end. When I had finished it my candles were burnt very low, and I decided that it was too late to begin my new work. I re-lighted my narguileh, and looked out pensively into the brilliant night; and, for the last four-and-twenty hours, I have believed implicitly in the transmigration of souls.

CAMPANA.

SEEK not for a name for God; for you will not find any. For everything that is named is named by its better, so that the latter gives the name and the former gives ear. Who then is he who hath given God a name? "God" is not a "name," but an "opinion about God."—SEXTUS.

A MISSIONARY VIEW OF THE CENTRAL HINDU COLLEGE

It is of course not to be expected that a Christian Missionary can fully subscribe to the truly Catholic Faith of our Theosophic ideal, but it must be gladly confessed that the Rev. Professor Armitage has stepped forward many paces from the ranks of his fellow Missioners towards our own position in penning the following sympathetic account of the Central Hindu College in *The Chronicle of the London Missionary Society* for October. It is natural that Professor Armitage should believe that the religious future of India will be a future in which his own way of faith will ultimately prove triumphant; it is as natural that our distinguished colleague, Mrs. Besant, should hope that the religious future of India will be a revival of the greatness of its own spiritual past. The future as ever is on the knees of the Gods. All we know is that *there is a new life stirring;* what *form* will eventually come forth from the womb of present endeavour is no more certain in India than it is in Europe. It is highly probable, however, that neither here nor there will the old bottles hold the new wine; indeed many of us are hoping that the new order of things will reject all bottles, even the newest, as too fragile to contain the potent wine of the Spirit. But to Professor Armitage's paper:

I have thought that it would be interesting if I were to say something about an amazing attempt which is just now being made by Mrs. Besant to rally India about its ancient strongholds, and—whilst owning the fitness of other faiths for other men—to bid India still to travel by Indian paths to the goal which religion sets everywhere before men.

Mrs. Besant has had the courage to set up her new buildings at the sacred capital of Benares, and to make her confident appeal to India from its shrine. I had heard little or nothing about it before I went to Benares, and seeing that the "Central Hindu College," which she has formed there, is only about three years old and is still in process of formation, there may be many others who know little about it.

In itself no great importance might attach to such a venture, but it is

significant of the temper of India to-day that an apparently enthusiastic response is given to Mrs. Besant's appeal from the whole wide field of Hinduism, and that from north and south, from east and west, there is a steady inflow of contributions to the College treasury.

Mrs. Besant has gone to India with the benediction of the Theosophical Society. As a member of her Benares staff said to me: "We hold that the forms of religion will vary infinitely, but that the substance is ever the same; many are the paths, but they all lead to the centre; and, therefore, we ask every man to think little of the path but much of the goal, and faithfully to travel to the Centre of all Truth by the way which lies open to his feet." Accordingly there is no quarrel with Hindu, Moslem, or Christian, and these are exhorted not to quarrel with one another. Ancient religions are declared to have approved their fitness for the nations that pursue them, and nothing but confusion and hurt can follow from the attempt to upset them and to substitute something else.

Mrs. Besant has thus struck a note for which India seems at present particularly ready. She has nothing to say against the Christianity that is calling so loudly to India. It is pronounced an excellent religion—*for Christians*. She has nothing to say against Islam; on the contrary, she visits Mohammedan princes and lectures to them in words of encouragement. And all this seems to India to present the acme of magnanimity and enlightenment.

But her main effort is addressed to Hinduism. She has spoken some plain truths to Hindus on the subject of the present degradation of their faith and worship. Their priests, she tells them, are illiterate as well as dirty, and they are scandalous livers to boot; and she warns them that the whole edifice will topple down before the battering-rams of the Christian attack unless some radical changes are made.

Her words have not by any means fallen on deaf ears, and earnest Hindus felt that, if but this far-sighted and brilliant English woman would lead them they might hope to secure a reform of the most effective practical kind, without any surrender of their central positions. And she is leading them fast and far. A beautiful college, of attractive stone architecture, has sprung up on a fine site in Benares. It provides assembly halls and lecture rooms, with long lines of buildings devoted to students' rooms abutting on pleasant courts and gardens. Beyond these stretch wide playing fields, for Mrs. Besant has actually persuaded the Hindus that they must scorn bodily exercise no longer, but must become athletic and brave and cultivate a sound mind in a sound body.

But the whole educational edifice rests on a religious foundation, and the students diligently practise the duties assigned to the Hindu boy from remote antiquity. Ancient hymns from the *Vedas* are chanted and liturgical passages are duly recited each morning before studies begin, and every boy and young man is taught that the noblest ideals of manly virtue, as of

spiritual culture, are put before him in the Hindu writings. Mrs. Besant has published sets of lectures on the Great Indian Epics with this express object of satisfying every ethical and religious aspiration in her students; whilst the College Board of Trustees has just issued a text-book of Hinduism which has this same purpose, and which it is hoped will be translated into all the vernaculars of the land.

I visited this ambitious institution and found it vibrating with happy energy. Three new professors had been recently accrued from England, and I talked with these Cambridge and Oxford men about the task they had in hand. I watched, too, the agile young Hindus in their delightful costumes, who were to be seen in the courts and galleries of the College. There were given to me some of the recent College reports and some of the College magazines, and I discovered that the students were gathered together from almost every part of India, whilst I saw how freely the native princes and the wealthy classes were pouring their gifts into the treasury.

Now, all this has a bearing upon the work our missionaries have in hand, and it should deepen our sympathy with them and augment our patience. India is far from being wearied of its own religious system or longing for fuller light. On the contrary, it vaunts its faith in the sight of all comers, and is ready to give an enthusiastic reception to any European scholar or worker who will tell it that India is the fountain of the world's true light, and that the world will yet come to fill there its empty vessels. And our missionaries will need, for many a long decade yet, to work faithfully and confidently at their great task.

The Central Hindu College is but one fresh symptom of the sense of its inadequacy that the Christian message has forced upon Hinduism, and it will assuredly not remove it. The more that these students ponder the *Vedas* the more will they find that in the despair of life which they preach there is no gospel for a strong and capable race, and the surer will be the preparation for the Word of unquenchable hope which the ambassadors of Christ have brought.

Surtout pas trop de Zèle

With regard to the book *The Shambles of Science* which recently received such favourable notice in our pages, it has to be stated that an action has been brought by Dr. Bayliss, Professor of Physiology at University College, London, against the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, Secretary of the Anti-vivisection Society, to recover damages for slander and libel. Mr. Coleridge relied implicitly upon statements made by the authors of this book. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, and awarded him the very substantial sum of £2,000 damages. The full report of the trial will be found in *The Times* of Nov. 12th, 14th, 18th and 19th.

G. R. S. M.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Concerning the Idea of Sacrifice

Transactions of the London Lodge, No. 39. The Law of Sacrifice. By W. Scott Elliot. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1903. Price 1s.)

In the first part of his paper Mr. Scott Elliot has been industrious to glean a sheaf of samples from primitive-culture and anthropological fields. Robertson Smith, Tylor, Fraser, Hartland, Lang and others have been drawn upon to fill out some outlines of the history of sacrifice as a primary element of all cultus. This is naturally a laborious and puzzling task, and can be treated from many diverse standpoints. Our colleague's chief interest, however, has been mainly to dwell on the "anticipations" of Christian rites and doctrines, and there is thus much in his sketch to hold the close attention of the reader,—especially if he has not been previously acquainted with the literature.

In the second part of his essay Mr. Scott Elliot deals with the mystic doctrine of self-sacrifice, based on the great dogma the "Self lives by giving"—the prototype, exemplar and idea of the crude notions of child humanity, whose motive in sacrifice was simply to gratify the god by giving or sharing with him a meal. Here is opportunity enough to appeal to the highest emotions of the human soul, and our colleague makes good use of the opportunity and of what has been set forth in the best of our modern Theosophical literature.

We all remember the indelible impression made upon us when first hearing of the stupendous ideal of self-surrender portrayed in *The Voice of the Silence*, where the mystery of the "sacrifice" of Nirvâṇa is set forth, or when reading the marvellous passage in *The Secret Doctrine* which tells us of the still more hidden mystery of the "Silent Watcher."

But when we talk of "renouncing Devachan," when we speak reverently of the "making sacrifice" of Nirvâṇa, when we whisper of the "self-exile" from that which, according to the followers of this

Way, is the Nirvâṇa of Nirvâṇa's,—do we use the words of reality or only the sounds of illusion? Is "Devachan," or whatever we may call the "heaven world," a *place?* Have we to *go* there? Are any of the terms we use true for the things of the spirit, if indeed "Devachan" is a thing of the spirit? "Nirvâṇa *is*"—says one of the Great Sayings of the Wisdom. A Nirvâṇî *is* therefore; all else is appearance, phantasia, mâyâ. These things are "mysteries"; so far they have been spoken of, they have not been revealed.

G. R. S. M.

Visions of Hades

Forerunners of Dante: An Account of some of the more important Visions of the Unseen World, from the Earliest Times. By Marcus Dods, M.A. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; 1903. 4*s.* net.)

In our June issue we drew the attention of our readers to Mr. Mew's humorous and chatty *Traditional Aspects of Hell*, an infernal guide-book with "seventy illustrations from original sources," and a very good six shillings' worth at that. We have now before us yet another Baedeker of Hell not only as "opened to Christians," but as opened to Babylonian, Egyptian and Classical imagination. The sources from which both authors draw are well known to be exceedingly abundant, but nothing can demonstrate this abundancy more strikingly than the fact that hardly in any instance do our compilers overlap in their selections.

Beyond the fact that it makes accessible much that is otherwise buried away in not easily procurable volumes, Mr. Marcus Dods' book has nothing very particularly to recommend it. It displays a fair measure of scholarship, but no sure grip of the subject or intuition of the points of real importance in these legends of past seeings and inventions. Its humour is heavy and its title on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for there is practically nothing of Dante in the book. All this is surely not the fault of the subject.

What a splendid hunting ground are these Hades apocalyptic legends for the trained "psychologist" of the inner science! How useful, for instance, would it be to collect, analyse, and classify such hints as the following, taken from Mr. Dods' unconscious and incurious pages:

"His soul comes out of his body, *appearing to him to be as small a*

the newly hatched chick of a little bird. This soul has all the human senses, but it cannot speak until it gets from the air (in some mysterious manner not explained) a *body like the one it has just left*" (p. 183).

"He, then, was 'rapt in the spirit,' and that by a guide most glorious to behold, who held in his hand a *thread which gave a wonderful light*" (p. 208).

"*Without and within* I seemed to go through all the seven worlds' (p. 215).

How much could have been added to the interest of Mr. Dods' book by dwelling on such details and on a host of others may, however, be a thought which occurs only to one familiar with the literature, and with some of the elements of seership; for the general reader, doubtless, will not be disturbed by any such reflection, and will be proportionately fascinated by our compiler's selection from this curious library of horrors. As for the Theosophical student, he had better turn to the originals or the full translations of the originals, and work over the ground for himself, thanking Mr. Dods for his references.

It is curious to remark how full and detailed the imaginings of hate, fear and spiritual pride can be in furnishing hell with torments for enemies and heretics, and how utterly barren of any truly satisfactory element the notions of the same seers about heaven can be. For the most part these visions are the "seeings" of utter materialists, and this sight sees not into the heaven of the mind.

G. R. S. M.

New Edition of Mrs. Besant's Gîtâ Translation

The Bhagavad-gîtâ or the Lord's Song. Translated by Annie Besant. (Benares: T.P.S.; 1903.)

The "T.P. Works, Benares," are certainly improving in technique to judge by the copy of the third and newly revised edition of our colleague's version of the ever-famous "Songs" on Yoga which has reached us. Among the greatest of the new improvements is the substitution of English equivalents for a number of technical terms which were previously left untranslated. The most important of these are the ever-recurring *manas* and *buddhi*.

In her Preface Mrs. Besant writes: "Manas is the mind, both in the lower mental processes in which it is swayed by the senses, by passions and emotions, and in the higher processes of reasoning; Buddhi is the faculty above the ratiocinating mind, and is the Pure

Reason, exercising the discriminative faculty of intuition, of spiritual discernment."

Turning to the text we find that *manas* is translated by "mind," 31 times and by "heart" once (ii. 55); we also notice that the *cheta* of xii. 7 and the *chitta* of xii. 9 have both also to be rendered by "mind." *Buddhi* is translated by "reason" 19 times, by "pure reason" 4 times, by "determinate reason" 3 times, and by "understanding" twice (a rendering otherwise kept for *prajñâ*), while *buddhi yoga* is rendered the "yoga of discrimination."

What precisely the *Gîtâ* school meant by these terms is not always very clear, and unfortunately we do not seem to have any exactly corresponding terms in any Western tradition. One thing, however, seems certain, that the *manas* and *buddhi* of the *Gîtâ* cannot be *equated* with the *manas* and *buddhi* of neo-theosophical nomenclature; there is sometimes it is true an approximation in sense, but as frequently a contradiction. Again they can hardly be paralleled with the *logos* and *nous* of the Platonic tradition, for there *logos* approximates rather to the *Gîtâ buddhi*, while *nous* sometimes satisfies the idea of *âtman*; *manas* again seems sometimes to be *phrên*, but more frequently *thumos*.

What the puzzled student of comparative psychology requires is to be put into possession of the various points of view or rather states of consciousness, from which the same phenomena were analysed by the different schools. The facts must be the same, and a thorough knowledge of them from the several points of view should be able to bring fair order into the seeming chaos.

We are informed that an English edition of this third (Indian) edition is to be printed immediately, and this alone is sufficient to prove in what great demand this most popular of all Indian scriptures is. There are at least a dozen translations of the *Gîtâ* into English alone, and we believe we are correct in stating that Mrs. Besant's version in its previous two editions has exhausted some 20,000 copies. This is a high figure compared with the circulation of any other version, but it is, we believe, a mere bagatelle to what the circulation of the *Gîtâ* will be, no matter in what translated form, when once the practical utility of its teaching is realised by the general intelligence of the over-busy West.

G. R. S. M.

The Sadhus of India

The Mystics, Ascetics and Saints of India: A Study of Sadhuism, with an account of the Yogis, Sanyasis, Bairagis, and other strange Hindu Sectarians. By John Campbell Oman, formerly of the Government College, Lahore. With illustrations by William C. Oman, A.R.I.B.A. (London: Fisher Unwin; 1903. Price 12*s.* 6*d.*)

It is not often that one comes across a book on such a subject as this, which is at once "objectively" written, and yet reveals a certain power of understanding and appreciation which enables the author to handle a topic usually so unsympathetic to the now dominant trend of the Western mind, in a manner which gives a real value to his work. And the fact that Mr. Oman draws his materials very largely from personal observation and study, and resorts to books only for the necessary historical, religious and philosophical elements needed to complete his picture, shows that his sympathy and appreciation must be real, and that the lives and the ways of thought of the Indian Sadhus he has studied must have possessed a real attraction, if not actually a fascination, for him.

Taken as a whole, his work is by far the best and most complete treatment of the subject to be found in English, though on various special topics others have possessed a more detailed knowledge; while it goes without saying that were a Hindu to write such a book, in anything approaching the same careful and accurate spirit, it would possess an almost indefinitely greater value for the student. Perhaps the future may bring us such a work, but at present we can only be frankly grateful to Mr. Oman for what he has given us, and not least because he scrupulously avoids any suggestion of that unpleasant attitude which treats all racial and social religious developments which are so different from our own as to be hard for us to understand, with an air of lofty superiority, or with the often hardly veiled sneer of materialistic negationism.

In the first chapter, after pointing out that asceticism is a common feature in all religious systems, he broadly indicates its basis and points out in particular the root-conceptions in the Hindu mind which have given it such prominence; then he proceeds to analyse and explain with commendable terseness the political and other causes which, it appears to him, have in India for ages past contributed to induce the frame of mind in which asceticism flourishes. To these

he adds, in his next chapter, some specially powerful and peculiarly Hindu motives which have also contributed not a little to stimulate the ascetic practices of the Sadhus. Among these, special importance attaches to the idea, traceable from the very earliest times in the Shâstras, that by *tapas*, or ascetic penances, "supernatural" powers and knowledge may be gained. This Mr. Oman illustrates by anecdotes from Sanskrit literature, showing how, not only "powers" of this kind, but anything and everything which the mind or heart of man can desire may be obtained by "penance"; so that even the highest Gods engage in terrible penances for various purposes. And with quite exceptional fairness and open-mindedness, Mr. Oman recalls to the reader's mind at this point the fact that, however fantastic such ideas may appear to us, it cannot be denied by the unbiassed seeker after truth that an essentially kindred idea to that underlying (for example) the story of the terrible self-inflicted penances endured by the Supreme Being, "the cause of creation and its course," in the form of a *muni* on the Gandhamâdana mountains, as narrated in the *Mahâbhârata*, lies at the root of the story of the Crucifixion, as well as of the motive assigned for the "cross and passion" of the Redemption. Of course, alongside of this conception of asceticism as leading to achievements otherwise impossible even to the Gods, we must not forget that there also existed the conception of the goal of asceticism as the attainment of Liberation or spiritual emancipation.

In the next chapter we have a very vivid, accurate and not unsympathetic description of the Sadhus as they appear in public at the great *melas* or religious fairs, with many carefully noted and interesting details of their dress, sect-marks, postures, arm-rests and the like. Most of these have obviously been gathered in India north of the Vindhyas and would hardly cover all that may be seen in the South, but the differences are superficial and the reader gets a very clear notion of what such gatherings of Sadhus are like.

In the short chapter devoted to the wonders which Sadhus are said to perform at the present day, there is nothing at all startling or really marvellous, except in the account of Hassan Khan, whom I believe Colonel Olcott also met some years ago. But the subject is handled in a not unsympathetic tone and quite objectively, so that I should be disposed to regard it as giving a substantially true and correct idea of what a careful seeker might expect to find at the present day.

The next five chapters are very well done, but call for no special

comment as the personal note is absent; but Mr. Oman's account of some of his own personal experiences with Sadhus in Chapter ix. is most interesting and vivid, as well as accurate, careful and fair. Of Hindu monasteries there is no need to say more than is given in the next chapter, which leads the reader up to Mr. Oman's conclusions in regard to the general problem of Sadhuism, from which I cannot resist making a brief extract by way of conclusion:

"Holding as I do," says Mr. Oman, "that happiness, virtue, dignity, *personal* freedom and reasonable comfort are quite compatible with modes of life, political institutions, industrial systems and religious creeds which are not those of England or the Western world, the present transition state of India seems to me a subject of much more than passing interest.

"By no means enamoured of Indian *sadhuism*, I feel at the same time no particular admiration for the *industrialism* of Europe and America, with its vulgar aggressiveness, its eternal competition, and its sordid, unscrupulous, unremitting and cruel struggle for wealth as the supreme object of human effort. But, whatever may be the merits or demerits of these two systems, they are essentially antagonistic, since the economic ideal of life, being frankly worldly and severely practical, excludes imagination, emotionalism, and dreamy sentimentalism, and consequently religion also, except of the philanthropical or pharisaical type. Hence a momentous, if unobtrusive, struggle in India is inevitable under new conditions between the forces which make for the *renunciation of the world* on the one hand, and for the *accumulation of wealth* on the other; and there is no doubt that, as a consequence, the immemorial civilisation of the Hindus will undergo change, both in its spirit and practice, under the stimulus of the potent foreign influences to which it is now exposed. Yet I cannot help hoping that the Indian people, physically and mentally disqualified for the *strenuous life* of the Western world, will long retain in their nature enough of the *spirit of sadhuism* to enable them to hold steadfastly to the simple, frugal, unconventional, leisured life of their forefathers, for which climatic conditions and their own past history have so well fitted them, always bearing in mind the lesson taught by their sages, that real wealth and true freedom depend not so much upon the possession of money, or a great store of goods, as upon the reasonable regulation and limitation of the desires."

B. K.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, October, "Old Diary Leaves" are again mainly filled with the Judge trial. If we consider the responsible position of the Colonel himself, and the injury done to the Society, for which alone he lives, we cannot wonder that the affair takes a place in his mind which we hope it has by this time ceased to hold with the rest of those who took part in it. It has done its appointed work, and many who thought themselves quite near to entrance on the Path have been misled; but after all (in the words of Mr. Sinnett's Baron Mondstern) they would have been either more—or less than the men they were to have done otherwise. Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "Clairvoyance" follows; next F. Davidson begins a very interesting account of the traditions of the Maori race as to their origin and early home. Miss Kofel concludes her "Recent 'Notes' on Science and Theosophy"; Mrs. Currie's translation from L. Revel is also concluded. Of the remaining papers H. Whyte's "Account of Ashvaghosha's Discourse on the Awakening of Faith in the Mahâyâna" should be mentioned as an interesting and painstaking contribution to a study which has perhaps been too much neglected by us in the last few years.

Prasnottara, October. The main contents of this number are the continuation of Miss Edger's "Thoughts on the Zoroastrian Gâthâs"; Mrs. Besant's fourth lecture on Mr. Myers' *Human Personality* and the conclusion of Miss Arundale's "The Conception of Soul."

Central Hindu College Magazine for September and October. The interest of this Magazine for us is not so much in the literary contents, good as they are, as in the encouraging account of the continued progress of the College. We are glad to find that the late Countess Schack has left a legacy of £2,000 to it, and that the enlargement proposed to be made with this sum will include the accommodation needed for the Lloyd Memorial Library.

Also from India: *The Dawn; The Indian Review*, from which we rescue the statement that in salaries and contributions of all kinds, the people of India are taxed to the extent of forty-five lacs of rupees yearly for the maintenance of the Protestant religion; and *East and West*.

The Vâhan for November announces that henceforth the space for the "Enquirer" is to be reduced for a new column to be entitled "Stray Notes." To judge from the first specimen the model seems to be our own "Watch-Tower." We acknowledge the compliment, but are not

quite sure the Editor has hit upon the precise improvement needed. The correspondence upon the matter is continued, and the small space remaining is filled by answers to questions as to the right to kill an animal "to put it out of its misery" and the condition of insane persons after death.

The Lotus Journal, November, continues Mrs. Besant's lecture on the "Development of the Spiritual Life," and Miss Ward's "Thoughts are Things," the last illustrated by a reproduction of some of the coloured pictures given in this REVIEW with Mrs. Besant's article on "Thought Forms," September, 1896. Professor Arundale ends his interesting account of the Central Hindu College; and Miss Mallet continues her valuable "Outlines of Theosophy for Younger Readers.'

Bulletin Théosophique, November. This interesting little periodical gives an account of much good work done for the Section, with answers to questions. Would it be taking too much of a liberty if we were to suggest the *Bulletin* as, in some respects, a model for our improved *Vâhan?*

Revue Théosophique Française, October, opens with a short paper by M. Ch. Blech on the much-discussed utterances of Sir Oliver Lodge on the Electric Theory of Matter; Mrs. Besant's "Evolution of Conscience" and Dr. Pascal's "Law of Destiny" are continued and Mrs. Cooper-Oakley takes up her favourite subject of the "Hidden Origins of Free-Masonry."

Theosophia, October, has a short editorial on "Accuracy" and a more serious one, a discussion of a paper under the title of "Spiritual Powers" published in a contemporary by Professor Dr. P. D. Chanté-pie de la Saussaye. Then follow Mr. Leadbeater's "Clairvoyance"; "The Story of Lîlâ"; "Studies in the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*," by "The Dreamer"; and "Letters from Abroad," this time from Prague. We learn from the "Movements" that some of our friends on the Continent have been victimised by a young man calling himself Dr. John Blavatsky and claiming to be a nephew of H. P. B. It may be well to note this, though I think our English mind is not in much danger; we are not enthusiastic enough to be thus taken in! [We are though, and have been!—G. R. S. M.]

Théosophie (Antwerp) for November, gives a well-selected series of extracts, and a very practical editorial, to the effect that if their friends would take more copies it could be enlarged, but that in four quarto pages it is impossible to answer on such matters as the Origin of the World except by a reference to books.

Sophia, September. In this number we have the conclusion of the translation of *Esoteric Christianity;* the opening chapter of Ocellus Lucanus' *Nature of the Universe*, translated by R. Urbano, who rightly notes that this work of "the last disciple of Pythagoras" deserves careful study and comment; Renan's "Upon a Universal Consciousness"; Luis de Zulueta's "Thoughts in Time of Trouble"; and more upon "Hylozoism." In the "Notes" we find mention of two not unrecent deaths which call for notice; one, Alexander Aksakoff, the brave defender at all risks of the *facts* of Spiritualism, with whom H. P. B. had much to do in an early stage of her public life; the other, Professor Albrecht Weber of Berlin, who has perhaps done more than any other man to confuse the history of Indian Literature, and the mention of whose name recalls Max Müller's caustic phrase: "What weighty consequences may be drawn from *no* facts may be seen in any page of Professor Weber's . . . !" We won't say *which* of his works; it doesn't matter.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, October. The contents of our Scandinavian magazine are translations of Dr. Wells' "True and False Yoga" and of a chapter of Mr. Leadbeater's *The Other Side of Death.* Reviews and notes of the work of the Section fill the remaining space.

The Theosophic Messenger, for November, comes to us from Chicago under the editorship of the National Committee, as voted in the Convention. We hope the change will be for the benefit of the Section. A very interesting report of the meetings of the Convention is given, and we are glad to see that our American friends mean to set up a Department for Questions and Answers of their own, instead of depending entirely on our *Vâhan.* But their frank acknowledgment that "the questions and answers taken from the *Vâhan* are considered by many to comprise the most interesting part of the *Messenger*," is worth meditating by those who desire to curtail these in favour of "Stray Notes," or what not.

Theosophy in Australasia, for September, has an excellent paper, signed J. L., "Theosophy for the Busy." "Lunch Table Talk" is a not altogether unworthy imitation of a well-known precedent, and the Questions and Answers are worth reading.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, October. In this number Marian Judson asks: "Will Christianity rise to the sublime task of giving itself to be the channel of a yet higher Life than heretofore—moulding its forms and its dogmas to suit the growing, expanding thought of that Life?" It is a question on which the future of

Europe and America depends; those who have marked the changes of the last twenty-five years may, perhaps, answer more hopefully than at first glance seems reasonable. From a story by Michael Wood we take these few, golden words: "It is one thing to see, and another to know. By inward vision a man may see; but he knows by *becoming*."

Sophia (Santiago de Chile) keeps up its interest, as does also the *Theosofisch Maandblad* (Semarang).

Also received: *Modern Astrology; Light; Metaphysical Magazine; La Nuova Parola; Psycho-Therapeutic Journal; Neue Metaphysische Rundschau; Animal's Friend; Logos Magazine; Lo Nuevo; The Anglo-Russian;* and *The Humanitarian.*

We have to congratulate E. A. J. that he has been allowed by the editor of *The Week's Survey* to contribute two effective papers on "What is Theosophy?" We have also to acknowledge: a Dutch translation of the late Miss Shaw's *The Object of the Theosophical Society;* a useful eight-page pamphlet by J. J. Vimadalal, M.A., LL.B., of Bombay, entitled *Why you should study Theosophy;* and from the Free Age Press, two more small publications of Tolstoy, *The Morals of Diet,* and *Appeal to Social Reformers.* From the first of these we learn that to the true disciple "every stage possessing merit in paganism—such as abstinence or manliness—represents no merit in Christianity." Nevertheless the desire for "simplification" in the new gospel as in the old brings us unavoidably to the Apotheosis of Dirt. In Tolstoi's statement of the horrors of civilisation special reprehension is addressed to the disgraceful habit of having "two clean, smooth sheets" on the bed; of not "sleeping in the same shirt we wear in the day"; and (worst of all) "going through our washing, cleaning and brushing, for which several sorts of brushes and soap are required, and a great quantity of water and lather. Many English people (he says), women especially, are, for some reason or other, particularly proud that they are capable of using very much soap and of pouring much water over themselves!" Finally "an effeminate man who . . . is correspondingly dressed, warmly or coolly, *and always cleanly* . . . can do only very little"!! I don't think the Free Age Press will make many converts here to the new Gospel of Grime—we *are* too proud!

W.

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THE

THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE remarkable change that has come over the public mind with regard to things psychic is by nothing better instanced than by the fact that the reporters and correspondents of the daily papers find such things "good copy."

Psychism and the Press

Ten years ago or even less there was no chance of getting a report of even the best authenticated psychic experience into the most ragged news sheet; nowadays the leading papers will publish almost "anything." Indeed, it has long been seen by careful observers on the Theosophic watch-tower that there is no need of any further effort on our part to persuade the public that there is "something" in these things, on the contrary the "general" is only too eager to believe. The Theosophic task of the future is rather to check than to encourage such credulity, to share with the unknowing the stored-up experience of the race concerning the dangers and delusions of the soul-side of things which confront the neophyte on the threshold of the unseen. Needless to say the public in general is no more ready to-day to listen to the soberer view of experience than it was years ago to listen to those who asserted that psychic phenomena *did* occur. This stage of belief chastened into some semblance of

knowledge is reserved for the future—and perchance only after bitter and public experience. To show how eagerly these subjects are read we take from a batch of cuttings from only one paper—*The Daily Express*—three *coupures* dated respectively November 14th and December 3rd and 9th; where it is to be noticed that the second and third lengthy scraps of psychic news were telegraphed over from Brussels and Paris.

* * *

A CASE of multiple personality—that is, when at various times an individual is conscious of being a different person from what he previously was, and indeed has not any knowledge of his previous existence other than that connected with the present personality—is described by the *Lancet*.

A Multiplex Personality

A girl was at the age of 12½ attacked by inflammation of the membranes of the brain. In the third week of the illness the multiplicity of personalities began with her being unable to recognise those around, and with hallucinations of vision—a hand or crease in the counterpane being to her a snake.

Then supervened a condition of catalepsy. She began to shake, turned a somersault in bed, and assumed a new personality. She talked "baby talk," clipping her words, and using them wrongly. She had some conception of her normal self, which she called "that person," and was cross because "that person" had left her.

In her cataleptic attacks she was noisy and forward, while in her normal state she was quiet.

Her third personality was "Old Nick," which lasted three weeks, then disappeared for twelve months, and then reappeared for ten weeks. In this personality she was able to read and write, but displayed bad temper.

In her fourth personality she was deaf and dumb. This recurred five times. Another personality she named "good thing," "good creature," or "pretty dear." In this state she learned French.

In yet another state she was blind and imbecile. During this phase, although blind, she could draw, but in the other phases she could not draw at all.

At the age of sixteen she had lost her normal personality altogether.

* * *

I WAS present last night at a séance held by the sixteen-year-old spiritualist Edward Pirsch in the hamlet of Chevelipont.

A Lively Séance

The cures said to be effected by young Pirsch have caused great excitement in the neighbourhood of South Brabant, and hundreds of ailing people flock to the cottage where he lives to have their cases diagnosed and remedies prescribed.

Pirsch lives with his father, mother, and grandmother, and a younger

brother, who were all present at the séance, as were also two Belgian journalists, who accompanied me, the president of the local spiritualist group, the village postman, and four or five stolid peasants. The room in which it was held was bare of furniture, except what was required for the purpose, and was divided into two by a high partition, which cut off a portion used as a dispensary and for clerical work.

We sat round a heavy kitchen table, the boy medium being at the head, with blank-copy-book and pencil before him. When the spirits take possession of him, he says, his hand writes unconsciously at their direction.

The president of the local society gravely introduced the visitors to Callon, supposed to be the spirit of a great traveller who died in Peru fifteen years ago. Then followed a pause, after which there was the sound of the medium writing at great speed.

When we examined the writing we found it to be a dissertation on spiritualism, Belgian politics, and religion. While the message was being communicated Pirsch was asleep, and only stirred momentarily when his grandmother cried "Turn! Turn!"

We also communicated with one, said to be Pirot, the spirit of a Montigny watchmaker, who has been dead many years. By his aid we saw luminous balls of various colours, mostly red, float across the room. Pirot is rather an eccentric spirit, and loudly boxed the medium's ears for daring to move without orders during the séance. He drummed loudly on the table, and through the medium wrote in the Walloon patois.

Often, we were told, Pirot makes the beds spin round in the dead of night, and tears the bedclothes from the sleeper. Sometimes he makes himself useful by winding up the household clock.

Then followed a remarkable exhibition of table-turning. The great kitchen table round which we were sitting danced upon the stone floor, and finally leaped over the high partition into the next room, where it was found to be badly split. One of the journalists who accompanied me, a tall, nervous man, was persuaded to mount the table, which romped about the room in spite of his weight.

The séance lasted until three in the morning, and the boy looked very lively and fresh at the end. The six hours' ordeal he had gone through had left no sign of fatigue. Between the spirit communications he was quite a boy.

* * *

Hypnotism and Crime

THE *Journal* publishes a remarkable hypnotic story recalling the famous trial, in 1890, of Gabrielle Bompard and a man named Eyraud, who murdered a bailiff by slipping a noose over his head. Eyraud had induced the woman to bring the bailiff to his house with the object of strangling him.

The trial excited intense interest at the time. Eyraud and the woman escaped to America after depositing the body of their

victim in a trunk, which they left at a railway station. They were captured and brought back to Paris, where Eyraud was executed for the crime, Bompard being sentenced to penal servitude for life.

The woman was released some months ago, after serving thirteen years of her sentence, and the well-known advocate, Maître Robert, arranged with Professor Liégeois, of Nancy, to hypnotise her in order to prove that she had committed the crime while under the hypnotic influence of Eyraud, a theory he advanced unsuccessfully at the trial.

The professor made the woman live the crime again with fearful realism. On being placed in the hypnotic state, and the days immediately preceding the crime being brought back to the mind, the woman showed signs of great mental torture. It was evident that she had been quarrelling with Eyraud about the subject for some time. She refused again and again to assist him in his murderous scheme, and it was only after he had nearly strangled her that she consented.

The woman pleaded and shrieked and coaxed in vain. Eyraud got angry, and then, losing all self-control, sprang at her throat. "Oh! he is strangling me!" she cried, writhing in imaginary pain to release herself. "Let me go and I will bring the man. You are killing me." Then she enacted the scene of the murder.

It was shown how she was left all night with the corpse of the murdered man, and how in her terror she was about to take her own life. Later on, the flight of the murderers to the United States was described, and the frightful strain which the thought of the terrible deed engendered was only too apparent to the spectators.

The sight of the writhing, struggling woman depicting the scenes of horror enacted both before and after the committal of the crime, was startling and weird in the extreme.

During the whole of the time photographers were busy taking snap-shots of her every gesture, while a number of fast shorthand writers took turns in reporting her words verbatim, just as they might report speeches in the Houses of Parliament.

When roused from the hypnotic state Bompard showed no traces of the severe ordeal she had just been through, and could not recollect anything that had transpired while she was in the room.

Professor Liégeois is convinced that the woman was compelled to participate in the crime while under hypnotic influence, and says that he has never met with so easy a subject.

He states that there was a gross miscarriage of justice in condemning such a person for acts for which she was wholly irresponsible, and intends reporting the results of his investigations to the Academy of Medicine.

* * *

FROM *The Daily Telegraph* of November 17th we cut the following report of a twentieth century edition of a "black art" tragedy.

The "Black Art" in Paris

We do not do so to moralise thereupon or to endeavour to edify our readers, all can do that for themselves, but simply to show that such things are "good copy." The reporter saves what he is pleased to regard as his superior sanity by speaking of a "lunatic" and "mock magic," failing to see that the "lunatic" was the furious result on the physical plane of anything but "mock" magic on the psychic—the re-action of a magical boomerang:

> Further particulars are furnished to-day relative to the case of the young Hungarian student, Count Kornis, who ran amok in his lodging in the Latin Quarter on Sunday morning, and, after having fired at four persons, seriously injuring two of them, blew out his own brains, using a brace of revolvers for the purpose. Kornis seems to have gone mad through love and magic. He was a diligent reader of books on the black art, the Kabbala, occultism, and so on. He often dressed himself as an alchemist of the middle ages, and walked like that up and down his rooms, and sometimes along the Boulevard Saint Michel. He was playfully known among some of his associates as the modern Nostradamus, in allusion to the astrologer who acted as fortune-teller to Catharine de Médicis and Charles IX. Then love intervened, and Kornis fell a victim to the magic of a woman.
>
> It was a case of hopeless passion, for the object of his adoration was a countess of the Hungarian aristocracy wedded to a diplomatist. The young student tried to exert some of his black art business on the lady, and imagined that he had her spiritual presence always near him. She died suddenly, and Kornis fell into fits of melancholy. He was frequently heard calling on the shade of the dear departed in his rooms. He awoke his neighbours by his moans and ravings in the middle of the night, and once he caused fearful alarm by firing shots from a revolver at something in his bed-room. All this culminated in the tragedy of Sunday morning, when Kornis left his flat carrying two loaded revolvers, with which he fired at everybody he met, and then shot himself. The landlady of the house and the maidservants, who were the most seriously injured, had to be conveyed to the Cochin Hospital, there to undergo operations for the extraction of the bullets. In the rooms of Kornis the police found the portrait of a woman riddled by bullets and several wax statuettes stuck with pins and needles, and inscribed with the name of the lady on whom the lunatic had tried to practise his mock magic.

* * *

An exceedingly interesting theory has been revived in *The Times* of October 28th by Messrs. Mackay, Newberry and Garstang, of

The Hittites, the Hyksos and the Etruscans

the newly-founded University of Liverpool. It is that the Etruscan dominion of pre-Roman Italy and the Hyksos dynasties in Egypt from about 2000 to 1500 B.C. are both referable to the mysterious Hittite supremacy which preceded the Assyrian period. These Hittites are claimed to be of a distinctly Mongoloid or Turanian strain. In *The Times* of November 7th, Lt.-Col. C. R. Conder strongly supports the view of the three scholars above mentioned and brings the Hittites into close affinity with the Akkadians. These Akkadians are further connected by some scholars with the earliest Chinese civilisation. All of this is encouraging for students of the race-theories set forth in the *Story of Atlantis* and the *Beginnings of the Fifth Race*. There is a borderland in history as in physical science, and the pioneers of historical science are on the frontiers prospecting. If the seers aloft in the clouds and the surveyors on earth could only join forces what a grand map of this unknown land could be drawn. This surely is to be the scientific consummation of the twentieth century; it is, however, early days as yet, and we can therefore wait patiently.

* * *

Death and Theosophy

If there is one thing beyond all others for which we have to be thankful to the "comfortable words" of Theosophy, it is its power of consolation in bereavement. Here there is no theorising, it is a practical good. We know of hundreds who have not only been cheered and strengthened, but who have utterly surprised their relatives by their calm and steadfastness under what would otherwise have been the cruellest of all suffering—the death of a father or mother, of a wife or husband, or of a child. This is the sort of thing which tests a man's belief, for it is at such times that he has his back against the wall; he is facing a difficulty of the heart and not only of the head; his pain goes deep down in to the depths of his nature. From this test the strength of Theosophy comes forth triumphant. Now we have the greatest possible sympathy for the Booth family in their recent sad bereavement, when Mrs. Booth-Tucker succumbed to injuries received in a railway accident in Missouri. But when we read

that "Commander" Booth-Tucker fell into a swoon on hearing of his wife's death, and read the despairing message of the aged "General" to the "Army," we cannot but think that their view of things touching death is based upon a thorough misunderstanding not only of the nature of things but also of the teaching of the Christ.

* * *

We had thought that it was the special boast of Christianity that it removed all fear of death, and all sorrow and lamentation.

A Hard Creed

The true teaching of the Christ, indeed, we believe should do so. But we cannot see how there is any willing submission to the Will of God when there is much praying that a thing may not be; and even when a thing prove inevitable, there cannot be said to be much willingness when that submission is made in the tune of "Well, one must I suppose, but it's very hard and totally incomprehensible." And yet this is the general theological attitude, based, we suppose, on such very "human" texts as "Jesus wept," and "If it be possible let this cup pass." Thus General Booth writes on the death of his beloved daughter (and be it remarked the message is not private, but issued to thousands upon thousands of his followers throughout the world):

I am suddenly prostrated with grief in the presence of what appears at the moment to be an indescribable calamity and an unfathomable mystery. I can only look up and say to my Heavenly Father, "Thy will be done." My daughter was, after her mother, first among the many noble and consecrated women I have been permitted to know during fifty years of public life. Her loss is irreparable. But so much the more need for me, for you, for us all, to go on with our work for God and the blessing of our fellow-men. This, however my heart may bleed, is my purpose so long as He is pleased to prolong my life. The blow will fall with intense severity upon Commander Booth-Tucker and on my officers and soldiers in America, for whom my daughter has fought and toiled so long. In the midst of my own sorrow my heart goes up to God in their behalf. Pray for them. Meanwhile I am trusting for strength to go on with my own duties, and praying that our great agency of alleviating the sorrows of a suffering world may not be hindered by this visitation.

What a brave old man *in spite* of his creed! For he evidently believes rather in a "jealous" than in a "good" God.

In the September number of *The Nineteenth Century* there was an entertaining and instructive article by Mrs. Alice Kemp-Welch on "Beast Imagery and the Bestiary." These mediæval Bestiaries or Books of Beasts go back to an Alexandrian second century prototype, hight *Physiologos*, doubtless based partly on Aristotle's *History of Animals* and Pliny's *Natural History*. The Middle Ages adopted this *Physiologos* for purposes of edification and turned it into a "Christian symbolic menagerie." For instance, according to our quaint Alexandrian, the lion has three characteristics: first, that when he is pursued he obliterates his track with his tail; second, that he sleeps with his eyes open; third, that the cubs are born dead, and are brought to life on the third day by his breathing upon them. This is of course balderdash as natural history, but somewhat interesting as mythic symbolism, and therefore we are not astonished to find a certain clerk of Normandy of the thirteenth century, named William, writing in *Le Bestiare Divin* that the first characteristic of the lion, the king of beasts, symbolises the incarnation of Christ, which "truly he did covertly." For, he adds:

The Lion Symbol

> When God, our Sovereign Father, who is the spiritual lion, came by his grace on to this earth for our salvation, so wisely veiled he his coming, that the hunter knew not that he was the source of our salvation, and marvelled how he came among us.

By the hunter we must of course understand the Devil. The second characteristic signifies that it was the *man* Christ and not the *God* Christ who suffered:

> When the spirit quitted the body, the *man* fell asleep on the holy Cross but the *Godhead* kept watch there. . . .

The third characteristic was a favourite symbol of the resurrection, and so we therefore find William writing:

> When God was placed in the tomb, for three days only remained he there, and on the third day the Father raised him from the dead by breathing upon him, even as the lion breathes upon his little cub.

Is it possible in all this mixture that some cognate things have here come together; that both folk-tale and mystery came originally from one source?

JOSEPH MORRIS: PROPHET AND REFORMER AMONG THE MORMONS

His Life-Story as Related by One of His Followers

In 1875, in San Francisco, I met an old plainsman and frontiersman of venerable and commanding appearance. He had been a Mormon and had resided for many years in Utah. He had also been a leader in what was called the Morrisite Movement, of which he gave me many interesting particulars.

In the year 1859, a man called Joseph Morris appeared in Utah challenging its powerful hierarchy, telling Brigham Young and his associates of their shortcomings, and claiming the right to his proper place in the Mormon Church. He was of course persecuted, and had to flee for his life, and orders were issued forbidding anyone to give him work or shelter.

The basis on which he founded his teaching—and this is the main point of interest to Theosophical readers—was the *doctrine of reincarnation*. He taught that Noah and his three sons were the same individuals in spirit as Adam, Abel, Cain and Seth. Further, that Jesus promised the Apostles that at the time of the restitution of all things, when they and others should be regenerated or born again, they should sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel; that this reappearance of individuals who have gone the round of several existences upon earth, is accomplished by the ordinary means of human generation, for the mortal is only phenomenal or apparent.

The Churches have spoken of this doctrine of regeneration, or being born again, as a change of heart, but a change of heart is only a change from a former course to some other line of action. According to the Mormon prophet, in the regeneration, or being born again, at the time of the restitution of all things, we see the Kingdom and enter into its fullness, for Job has said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth and that he shall stand in the latter

day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body yet in my flesh I shall see God."

The old man, my informant, said that it is commonly supposed by the Christian world that this refers to the resurrection as they understand it; but this is a mistake, for Job says that it will be in the latter day of time, and in his reappearance in the flesh, in the course of another mortal probation, at the time of the end, he shall see the Redeemer, whom the heavens received and retain until the time of the restitution of all things.

How small would be the experience of man, he continued, if limited to the term of one probation or existence upon earth! The intelligent creatures of God appear in more than one body on the stage of mortal existence. They have just as many probations as are required to bring them to the position their birthright calls for.

According to the testimony of revelation this is Adam's earth, and belongs to him and his children. These mortal bodies having come under the dominion of death by transgression are held in the field of death, and we cannot receive them again.

Does not a father after the flesh give his son the privilege of more than one trial at his start in life? Perhaps the boy is unfortunate or it may be that he is a little dull, or the trade or profession that he may have adopted is one not suited to his capacity. Does the father make his decision rest upon one trial and does he condemn him as a total failure because of non-success in one attempt? Not so, several trials are accorded him. Few pass through life without some opportunity of retrieving themselves. Shall our Heavenly Father be less merciful to His children? The boy is often tried over and over again, till something is found which will bring him through life in a satisfactory manner. How then can we suppose that our Heavenly Father will subject His children to everlasting punishment for not having sufficient light and knowledge to escape the errors of this dark world, where the Devil rules, and sickness and death hold sway over humanity?

What becomes of the children who die before they have come to years of accountability? Will those children who come into the world and stay but a short time, have no further privilege of gaining their exaltation? Surely they will come again, to pass

through experiences in manhood and womanhood, so that they may prepare for the first resurrection.

There is eternal progression both for worlds and for their inhabitants. Worlds in the course of their existence pass into higher conditions; so do we who inhabit them draw nearer to the celestial, and the nearer we draw to the celestial, the more science, knowledge and refinement do we get from thence. We have improvements in art, science, mechanism and all that ministers to the comfort of life such as were unknown at earlier periods of the world's history; not but that there were as intelligent scientific men in the earlier ages. The time for these developments had not come according to the law of progression.

It is expected that every earth shall receive those master-minds from other worlds who are able to give it the inventions, arts and sciences which other worlds have possessed before. Hence this earth has received the ennobling gifts of language, arts and inventions, from other earths that have progressed ahead of it.

I wrote down much of this and many things that I will speak of later, said my old frontiersman, from the lips of these men, who were addressing a sort of circular to their co-religionists. They were unlearned and, in a worldly sense, ignorant men, more familiar with the rifle and the plough than with the pen or with books.

Joseph Morris was hunted from village to village, and from settlement to settlement, and those who gave him work or shelter were in danger of being excommunicated by the authorities, and were in some instances in peril of their lives. Before this he had lived in Provo and had had some trouble with the "bishop" there on account of his prophesying in "meeting." The "bishop" called him to order, but the spirit was so strong in him that he had to rise again and prophesy. After that he was persecuted both by the bishop and people. They commanded his wife to leave him, and she did so. A short time after this he received his first revelation.

After this he left Provo and went to American Fork and there remained until the autumn of '59. The young men of the place named him "Praying Joe."

In November of '59 he went to Salt Lake City, where he received the revelation known as the "Keys of the Priesthood." After this he sought an interview with Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, and visited many of the heads of the Mormon Church. No one but Kimball paid any attention to him. Kimball entreated Brigham to give him a hearing, but his request was refused.

After this Morris went to Slatersville and remained there till late in the autumn of '60. He was looked upon by the people of Slatersville as a weak, foolish man, and was generally hated for advocating new truths, and speaking against the inconsistency of Brigham Young and the leaders of the Mormon Church.

Here he often visited an old man called "Father" Jones, and sometimes worked for him. One day when Joseph was mowing hay he said to "Father" Jones: "Do you know who I am?" The old man answered: "Yes I do. You are a prophet of God, the Spirit has told me so."

All the comfort that Joseph received for many months was at "Father" Jones' house; but he sometimes was very much opposed by "Mother" Jones, who was then a believer in the doctrine and discipline of the Mormon Church. Still she sometimes admitted the new truths that Joseph gave forth, and had a warm affection for him. She also gave him advice how to avoid the enemies that were continually on his track. At last notice was given him by two or three of the leading men of Slatersville that he must leave in so many hours.

Next day he left for South Weber, carrying with him a small bundle. On arriving at that place, he enquired for Richard Cook.

Both Richard Cook, who was "bishop" at Weber, and his brother carefully investigated Joseph's claims, and received him into their family. John Parson, who lived at that time up Weber canyon, and many others became interested in him. After a while they became fully satisfied that he was all that he claimed to be. Soon the people began to look upon him more favourably, and to listen to his counsels. They subjected him to a very severe ordeal, and tried him in every possible way as regarded his pretensions to be an inspired prophet.

A great "outpouring of the spirit" attended the ministrations of Joseph Morris at this place. This prepared the people for what they had to undergo afterwards. Sometimes in the assembly of the people Joseph's face would look white as if illuminated by a divine influence. It was then known that he was about to receive a revelation. These events in Weber Fort however caused uneasiness among the authorities in Salt Lake City. So they sent John Taylor and Willard Woodruff, two of the "apostles" of the Church, to investigate the matter. These men called the people together in the meeting-house, and demanded to know what was going on. They said: "We hear that you have got a prophet among you and we cannot allow of any other prophet than Brigham Young."

There were assembled at the meeting those who believed in Morris, and those who believed in Brigham; the latter were well armed.

The Salt Lake "apostles" asked Joseph how he stood in regard to the faith of the Church. He replied saying: "I am a prophet, seer and revelator to the Church of the Latter-day Saints."

Then they asked Richard Cook how he stood, and what he had to say. He replied: "With this man and the truths he has brought forth I stand." John Parson answered in the same manner, and so did seventeen others. A "brother" of the name of Morrison said that he was not sure that Joseph Morris was a prophet, but that he knew that they (the Salt Lake "apostles") were not prophets.

Then John Taylor and Willard Woodruff began to cut off the people from the Church. The news spread rapidly through the territory that a new prophet had arisen who had not been recognised by the authorities of the Church. The summary cutting off from the Church of those who had recognised Morris's claims, caused many of the more liberal-minded and thinking people of the Territory to suppose that the old Church was becoming despotic. Many began to have dreams and visions. In some instances the form of the new prophet was so distinctly presented to individuals that they recognised him when they saw him,

In the early part of April, 1861, a revelation was given to Joseph, stating that those who had fully received the new faith had the privilege of being baptised in Weber river. Six persons were baptised in that place. These persons took a bold stand. It was bearding the lion in his den, for Brigham sent delegates to the meetings to keep him thoroughly posted on all that was going on and to report to him.

From the month of April to the month of October, 1861, people came from all parts of the Territory enquiring for the new prophet; leaving their farms and all that they could not bring with them, they came with their teams, provisions and stock, intending to cast in their all with Joseph. In passing through the settlements they were looked upon as deluded, ignorant fanatics. So bitter was the feeling, said the old man who related these events to me—that even I who afterwards became one of Joseph's special witnesses spoke against him in my quorum only two weeks before I accepted the new doctrine.

The demonstration of the power of God was so strong in the Fort that those who came with honesty of purpose to investigate, were sure to remain, for Joseph possessed a wonderful power to hold the people together under the most trying circumstances. He gave revelations every few days on doctrines and principles that had never before been known in the world. He claimed that it was his right, as law-giver to the earth (even as Moses), to bring to light these principles that had been sealed from the foundation of the world to the present time.

In the early part of May, 1862, we sent out our teams with wheat to be ground for the use of the camp at Weber. As our men were returning home with the flour, William Jones and others took the teams away from them. They came back to the camp without supplies and stated what had happened. Orders were given that twenty-five men should go to Kays Ward, seven miles distant, and take the men prisoners who had taken our flour and teams. This was done and they were brought into the Fort and held there. To go to the courts of Utah in that day was useless, for the Mormons ruled there.

On the 30th May, 1862, occurred what was called by the Morrisites "Foreshadowing Day." It was the foreshadowing of

the Kingdom of God in all its details. The "officers" were at the head of the "kingdom," the "generals" were at the head of the "army," and Joseph was hailed as "lord of the whole earth," being considered a representative of Jesus. Twelve generals appeared on horseback, the first four riding on white, red, black, and pale horses. The first seven of these generals wore crowns as representatives of the seven "presidents of the earth." Seven companies of infantry, well armed and equipped, followed them, and they marched round the Fort seven times. After this the horses were given up to twelve other persons, who represented the twelve "princes of the earth," and each one of these bore a rod, upon which was a proclamation signifying what the individual who carried the rod represented. They marched round the Fort twelve times with the companies of infantry following them.

From this day until the appearance of the Mormon militia on the hills around Weber, many revelations were given, and there was much anxiety among the people.

On the morning of the 13th June, 1862, Robert T. Burton with the Mormon militia made their appearance on the hills around Weber.

They hesitated to come into the Fort, and sent a messenger for John Smith to come and see them. Smith did so, and talked with them a few minutes, telling them that they could come into the Fort with safety. They accordingly entered and John Banks met and spoke with them. Then Judd Stoddart, accompanied by another man, read the warrant for the arrest of the five persons therein named. Joseph Morris was not present, for he was writing a revelation. John Banks said for himself that he would not take any notice of the warrant. He then sent for fire and burned it. The Morrisites well knew that if they had given the men up, they would have been killed before reaching Salt Lake City.

While we were holding religious services in a bowery composed of willows and green branches supported by posts, a cannon ball came in our midst. It killed two women—one a nursing mother with a babe in her arms, the other an old woman. A young girl had her chin shattered by the same shot. The yells of the attacking party were heard all around us. Not a man in the

camp of Weber took up arms, while the Mormon militia poured in cannon and rifle shot on every side. Then the men said: What shall we do?—and the word was given: Protect your families the best way you can, but avoid shedding blood if possible.

This was carried out to the very letter, for had the Morrisites been so disposed they could have done much execution. Only ninety-nine men in our camp carried arms, while Burton started from Salt Lake with 250 men, and that number was about double by the time he arrived at Weber. He poured shot and shell into the camp for three successive days, from Friday morning till Sunday evening, June 15th. They sent to Salt Lake for rockets to fire the camp, but the Lord said that He would stop that, and a heavy rain fell all day on Saturday. The spiritual sight of my son was opened and he beheld two angelic warriors guarding the camp. Had these personages not been present, no doubt the destruction would have been greater.

Sunday was a very fine day, but a very sad day for us. We had been almost without food, and were weary, and our ammunition was almost exhausted. Late in the afternoon the bugle sounded in the Fort, a white flag was raised and carried towards the west, by order of John Parson and others, who told Joseph that they thought that the men had done all they could, and that they were willing to surrender and give their lives for the sake of the people.

Orders were given to cease firing; bullets were flying all around the men who carried the white flag and bore the bugle, but they remained unhurt. Then Burton and many of his men rushed into the Fort and ordered the Morrisites to stack arms, which they did without hesitation.

After they had done this Burton called out for Joseph Morris, John Banks, Richard Cook, John Parson, and Peter Klemgard. When they presented themselves before him he said: "I want no more of your damned apostasy. I do not know how you have escaped as well as you have. I have fired over five thousand rounds of cartridges into you and a hundred cannon balls, besides some shells." Then he said to Joseph Morris: "Are you willing to give up?"—as if he had not already surrendered.

He was so overcome with rage that he tried to ride Joseph

down with his powerful horse. But Joseph, stepping quickly forward, took hold of the bridle with each hand and sent the horse back upon his haunches; then he turned to the people and said: "I have taught you righteous principles from heaven. All those that are willing to follow me to the death come this way."

The general cry was "Here I am"—with the exception of about twenty persons, who formed a circle by themselves and said that they could stand it no longer. Then Joseph stepped to the west part of the Fort opposite the school-house. Burton, in company with some others, rode up to him there, and commanded him to give up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and authority of the United States.

Joseph looked up to Burton and replied: "Never! no; never! no; never!" Then Burton said: "I will try your God," and he fired five shots at him. At the fifth shot Joseph reeled. A man of the name of John Ames caught him in his arms and laid him gently on the ground.

A young woman, holding in her arms the babe of the mother who had been killed by the first cannon shot, stepped forward and said: "You bloodthirsty hell-hound, why have you killed that good man?" Burton shot her dead. Another woman was shot at the same time.

John Banks was standing near the steps of the school-house; one of the Mormon mob stepped behind him, and, placing the muzzle of his gun to the back of his neck, fired and wounded him severely; he died that night.

After this we were encamped on the South Bank till the following morning, when we were marched to Salt Lake City and were brought before Judge Kinney. The judge said: "I have been misinformed about you men. You were represented to me as a band of low degraded men, robbers and thieves; but I see before me a set of intelligent men very different from what you were represented to me. On the strength of the representations that were made to me, I granted a writ to the Mormon militia to arrest and bring before me Joseph Morris, John Banks, Richard Cook, John Parson, and Peter Klemgard. I see that I have been completely misinformed." We were then bound over for each other to keep the peace for our appearance in court the

following March. The majority appeared for trial, but some went East and others went to Carson Valley and California.

At the March session the trial took place. Seven men were sentenced to terms of imprisonment from seven to fourteen years. The evening after the trial, a pardon was obtained from the governor of the Territory. Friends brought a waggon to the prison for the men and they were conveyed to Fort Douglas.

The people passed through many hardships; the following winter some enlisted in the United States service, and several Morrisite families left Fort Douglas in government trains.

A great deal of knowledge was given in Weber, and that knowledge puffed some up, especially the "high priesthood," until they could not bow to Jesus of Nazareth in the way that was acceptable to the Father, for some believed that they were greater than He was. The enemy has taken advantage of this, but every time that anyone has tried to lead the people on the ground of ambition he has failed, because the love of the Father through the Son was not in him.

For fourteen years our food has been vanity, visions and fears. Some have been willing to take up with false shepherds and they have gained experience thereby; while some have been unwilling to investigate anything and have given it all up.

So runs the story of my old informant. An attempt was made in July, 1876, to organise this scattered remnant into a Church, which they called the "Church of the First-Born," but it was not successful.

I have thought that the above first-hand account of this strange and little-known sect might be of interest to the readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, who are interested in the study of all manifestations of a religious and prophetical nature in their fellow men, and so I have set it down exactly as I heard it.

ELIZABETH HUGHES.

THE HEART OF A STONE

We whose home is the Beryl,
Fire spirits of dread desire,
Who entered in
By a secret sin,
'Gainst whom all powers that strive with ours are sterile—
We cry, Woe to thee. . . .

Beryl-song, Rossetti.

One evening Margery Dene entertained a limited party at her Chelsea studio. The party consisted of herself, her Persian cat, and a young man. She was pretty, the cat owned a pedigree, the man was lord of his brains. They made a cheerful trio, for the future was their own.

When Margery's pictures were appreciated by an art-loving public, and when O'Flynn's chemical researches were valued at their worth, they were to set up housekeeping together. Meanwhile they saw each other as often as kindly fate allowed ; Hafiz made an untiring chaperon.

O'Flynn nursed the chaperon, while Margery made tea. The blinds were drawn over the skylight ; the lamps dimly lighted the corners of the room. Faces leaned out of the shadows, bare shoulders obtruded suddenly, draperies swung into momentary prominence in the uncertain light. Margery alone seemed definite as she stood pouring the tea out of her best Japanese tea-pot.

"How goes the picky ? " asked O'Flynn, taking a cup from her outstretched hand. He had an admiration for her works and ways only measurable with the large ignorance that was also his.

"Oh—it moves. I've got my background, I've got my model, and to-day I found the one thing needful—— "

"The idea ? " he asked meekly.

"Thank you ; I meant the crystal."

While the tea travelled down the one lane that has no turning, O'Flynn remembered at late length the subject of the picture.

Perhaps it was because she lived in Chelsea that the old gods laid hands on Margery's imagination. Her Turner fever over, Rossetti bound her to his chariot-wheels. In her mind rang the song of the spirits imprisoned in the beryl stone.

"You see," she said educationally, "though many people have painted the subject they have not done it my way. They show you Rose Mary, but never the heart of the stone."

"It sounds an uncanny abode"—observed O'Flynn.

"It is uncanny—read Rossetti! I hunted over five shops to-day before I found a crystal, and I felt it was laughing at me. But I got one at Brown's and here it is."

She held out a shabby velvet case. Within, lay an oval crystal ball, greenish in tint, the sphere divided by a tarnished silver band. As the lamp light flickered on its surface it seemed to wake a twinkle, a gleam of secretive humour in the heart of the stone.

"Looks a bit off colour, doesn't it?" asked O'Flynn.

Margery resented the criticism. "Off colour—that beautiful chartreuse green? To me it looks as if it had been brought from the bottom of the sea, where it had lain for ages doing nothing but draw the colour into itself. It isn't a crystal, it's crystallised sea water."

O'Flynn presented the stone to Hafiz' indifferent attention. "Look at it, philosopher; does it find favour in your sea-green eyes? Faith! it seems an offensive comparison"—for as the stone touched the cat's face, Hafiz jumped to the floor and spat disapproval.

O'Flynn restored the crystal to its bed and shut the case. 'Odd looking stone," he said reflectively. "Did Brown tell you anything about it?"

"I didn't ask. It seemed just what I wanted, so I felt I must have it at any cost."

The cost included the price of her new winter dress, but she did not mention this detail.

Her eyes seemed to see beyond the four walls of her room into an infinite future.

"I mean my picture to tell so much," she said, "beyond the mere power of the stone. I will show the happiness of heaven and the misery of hell that went to its making; the love of good women which has given it its power, all the evil which has given it its strength. . . . . I must succeed, I know I must. . . . . Isn't it a glorious subject?"

"Don't overdo it, and tire yourself," said O'Flynn.

Hafiz moved round the room, a grey uneasy ghost.

"Tire myself? It isn't tiring oneself to pour all that one is into one's work; it's living, that's all."

"There are more ways of living than one," said O'Flynn.

"How?"

"A right and a wrong way, that's all. Good-night." At the door he turned, his hand on a Japanese curtain of grotesque hideousness: "By the way, what will you do this evening?"

Margery smiled enigmatically. "Begin my picture by studying the heart of my stone. Good-night."

The curtain fell as the door closed. Stillness crept from the shadows and rested in the room, that stillness which makes its ghostly presence known when other presences go. Margery replaced O'Flynn's cup on the tray, then sat down in his chair.

"Dear old Con is awfully anxious about me," she thought, and blessed him with a little smile. Hafiz jumped on her knee in purring acquiescence. "I wonder he doesn't understand. Perhaps radium and liquid air aren't so absorbing to one's imagination as a picture . . . . my picture." She stroked Hafiz absently while her eyes filled with dreams. Bare walls lately sunset-dyed, a square of pale evening sky where a star hung low on the horizon, and in Rose Mary's nervous hands the beryl stone filling the room with the green shadows of its secret heart.

Margery took the crystal, settling herself to a critical study of its colours. It lay in its nest like a drop of sea water, just as she had said. Green, translucent green, bringing with it the thought of mysterious caverns fathoms deep below the sea, where the waves brought strange treasures. Bones of men whitening to coral in the darkness, blind fishes swimming among purple weed, great iron-bound chests over which strange water-plants flung their limbs; a storehouse of the sea. Yes, it was just as though

a light shone in the heart of the stone, such a light as may gleam through green waves; a pale flickering light, ghostly, menacing. She took the stone out of its case, and turned the case about in her hands. There were some words stamped inside, words in an unknown tongue, and a roughly drawn runic cross. How silken the stone felt to her touch; she caressed it as though it were alive. Instantly Hafiz put back his ears, looked less cat than demon, and struck at the crystal with his claws. Margery thought his jealousy absurd, though she felt an incomprehensible chill at its exhibition. She pushed him away, only to find him springing on her knee again, rubbing his head against her hand. He tried to roll the crystal off her lap.

"It's not for you to play with," she told him with decision.

Hafiz jumped down, took up a watchful position opposite, and glared.

Margery transferred her thoughts again to the crystal. She had heard of seeing though she had never tried it; she felt it might be interesting to watch O'Flynn's doings; if the stone was a true one it could give her this power.

A vicious spurt of green light shone for a moment in the stone; then a milky cloud overspread it, then it cleared, and Margery eagerly bent her head to look. A terrible face met hers; not old, not hideous, but with the despairing torture of all the seven hells burning in its eyes. For the moment she felt as though it were her own, as though in the grey anguish of that face lived another, truer, picture of herself. The crystal clouded over, cleared again, and again she saw. This time she saw a darkened room wherein a man bent over a furnace brewing unholy philtres in his crucibles. As the crystal grew warm in her hand it seemed to enlarge and draw her into its green shadows. She seemed no longer looking at the crystal, she was in the same room with the man. From a crucible he drew a blackened smoking lump, plunged it three times in the fire and once in water, then seemed to turn to her and offer her the crystal. She felt herself draw back afraid, but her eyes were held.

A fantastic procession of devils next ran across the stone, each too weak in power to wreak its malevolence. Followed the picture of a midnight sin. She could not close her eyes, while the

warm stone yet lay in her palm. The memory of the stone was awakened, and showed itself to Margery. Oh, the remembrance enshrined in the heart of that stone! From the moment of its making it had served its master, writing in its secret heart the judgment books of men. Margery longed to throw it down, yet looked again.

Hafiz sat on guard, stony-eyed.

The crystal cleared again, lying warm as a new-laid egg in her hand. She tried to force herself to analyse its colours, while the strangest maddest thoughts seemed to leap from the stone to her mind. Absurd thoughts for a hard-working painter like herself. Thoughts of luxury, of deep roses rioting over white marble, of violet skies and purple seas, of verse which makes the blood run liquid fire, of sin that seems a sanctity. The heart of the stone was beating against her heart. Lethargy overcame her, it seemed as though the waves of unnumbered seas were drowning her, rising up from the stone in measured order. She could count them as one counts the white-fringed breakers; on they came, inevitably near. The heart of the stone spoke to her heart, whispering its secret tale. How in far Thessaly it had been born with spells and magic rites such as no living man may know; how it had been bound to ill-service through such long ages that it became a power of evil in itself, and from its green depths laid hands on the souls of men. How one and then another had been drawn within its influence and taught to sin; each to live and lie with it close to his heart, to love it as more than life and more than God. The while the leaping waves rolled on unquietly. Then faintly she caught—as one may catch the echo of the sea through the lips of a shell—the story of a brave man who tore the stone from the breast of the woman he loved, flinging it far out to sea; and how in her wrath she slew the saviour of her soul. And how his blood and her hate went through the waves to the further making of the stone. Then, long ages after, how a diver diving among the purple islands where the white pearls are born, had brought the stone once more to light of day, with all its powers unimpaired and all its memories deeply graven during that long ocean rest. It whispered to Margery of work waiting accomplishment, of wonders attendant on her will.

And her will was tossed to and fro like drift on sea water.

Her mind was opening to the memories of the stone, her heart to the stone's heart. It pulsated in her hand. The silence in the room was lost as if in the roar of a hungry sea.

The stone grew greener as her eyes were held by it, she felt tangible bonds binding her to its heart. It seemed as if her doom were spoken, that for all ages her will had been torn from her and united to the will of the stone; another strength added to its power, another soul vowed to its following. "Oh, Con, if you were only here to help me!" she cried, and her intensity made it a prayer. For the stone was drawing her to itself, sucking in her identity, drowning her soul in its depths. It laid commands on her as she sat there, rigid, like a stone herself. She heard them with some inner sense, and felt herself yield up her will. Then the stone tempted no longer, but commanded, and in its depths she read the punishment of disobedience. And again the grey anguished face looked out, and the eyes that met hers were her own.

* * * *

She was dying, she knew it; she felt the little door of her heart open, and herself go forth as breath may leave the lips of a man on a frosty day, visible in some strange manner to herself; a thin film of mist. And she knew the thing which dwelt in the heart of the stone was issuing forth to make its abiding place in her dead body, even as her own life was being irresistibly drawn to the prison of the stone. She fought in her despair, she tried to lay hands on her shadowy self and drag herself to safety; but the great stone grew greater, the waves leaped higher still. With a cry she sank into unconsciousness, for the heart of the stone opened to draw her in.

* * * *

So O'Flynn found her. He had not gone beyond the building, and her cry came to him.

And his love gave him sight, so that he plucked the crystal from her, and threw it into a far corner. And he saw the breath of life again upon her lips. Her eyes opened on him with the look a soul may give to dawning paradise. Brokenly she whispered to him her tale. His face grew grim, his lips set.

"I'll exorcise that devil for you, Margery; but it will spoil your crystal, I'm afraid."

The green shining thing lay on the corner of the carpet. He fetched a hammer, rolled the crystal in a fold or two of drapery and smote twice, thrice, with all his strength. The crystal splintered into fragments beneath the stroke.

"You are safe now," he said, and showed her the pieces.

Amid the ruins of the silver girdle and sparkling crystal dust lay the dried scales of a tiny serpent—green as the depths of a treacherous sea.

M. U. GREEN.

A COMPARISON OF EGYPTIAN, MOSAIC, AND GNOSTIC COSMOGONY AND CHRISTOLOGY

SHOWING THAT THESE SAME IDEAS UNDERLIE THE CHRISTIAN

IN the present paper I propose to attempt a rough comparison of some of the elements of the three main streams underlying the basic principles of Christianity. These "streams" are: (1) the Egyptian, (2) the Mosaic, (3) the Gnostic. I have taken the Egyptian ideas in the first place from a passage in the papyrus of Nesi Amsu (Mus. Brit. 10183), and secondly from a collection of texts concerning God by Dr. H. Brugsch; the Mosaic from the first chapter of Genesis; and the Gnostic from various passages translated in Mead's *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten;* while for the general Christian view I have chosen the Proëm of the Fourth Gospel and passages from the Apocalypse, here and there supplementing them from the Creeds.

Before we compare these three streams, however, it will be necessary to give some idea of the basic teaching underlying all of them, first as to cosmogony and then as to christology. But I must ask for much indulgence, for the nature of the subject is such that it is very difficult to treat it with sufficient clearness.

The underlying principles of cosmogony are somewhat as follows:

(i.) That God is the one and only author and origin of all things. That He is infinite and incomprehensible to the mind of man. He is not living, but Life; not loving, but Love; not wise, but Wisdom. It is only under these three aspects of Life, Love and Wisdom, that the human mind can think of God. He is moreover eternal, having neither beginning nor ending, but being the origin and end of all.

(ii.) That, after a period of inactivity, God willed to multiply. To this end He caused to exist within His own essence Matter, which contained the Seed or Germ of life and consciousness; or, in other words, He emanated the Root-of-Spirit enveloped in the Root-of-Form, for Matter is nothing but that which is capable of taking form, in itself it is only an abstraction. Moreover the Root, from which all modes of consciousness spring, from crystalline attraction to the genius of a Newton, and again, from that to the omniscience and all-embracing consciousness of a Christ, is in itself an utter abstraction; so that this first preparatory step towards the manifestation of a cosmos is still in the region of abstract idea, still in the "Depth beyond Being." From this Double-Root all life and all form are evolved.

(iii.) That, just as the appearance of this Double-Root is brought about by the Volition of God, so is further manifestation brought about by that Will. Within this Double-Root, so to speak, lies latent the divine Energy, and only when this Energy becomes active as the Creative Force can we speak of manifestation. All this is outside space and time, all immanent in the tiniest atom and pervading the whole creation.

Thus we have: (i.) God; (ii.) the Double-Root; (iii.) the Divine Energy.

Let us now see what was held in Egypt in regard to these three presuppositions. The idea held by the more educated classes of the nature of the Deity is very well expressed in the following extract from Brugsch's collection of texts:

"(1) God is one and alone and none other existeth with Him. He is the One, the One who hath made all things.

"(2) God is a spirit, a hidden spirit, the spirit of spirits, the divine spirit.

"(3) God is from the beginning, and He hath been from

the beginning; He hath existed from of old, and was when nothing else had being; He existed when nothing else existed, and what existeth He created after He had come into being. He is the father of beginnings.

"(4) God is the eternal One; He is eternal and infinite, and endureth for ever and aye. He hath endured for countless ages, and He shall endure to all eternity."

These four verses very clearly mention the facts of God's eternity and that He is the source of all things. The text then continues:

"(5) God is a hidden Being; no man hath known His form, no man hath been able to seek out His likeness; He is hidden from Gods and men and is a mystery unto His creatures.

"(6) God is Truth, He liveth by Truth, He feedeth thereon. He is the king of Truth, He resteth upon Truth, He fashioneth Truth, and He executeth Truth throughout all the world.

"(7) God is life and through Him only man liveth.

"(8) God Himself is existence, He liveth in all things, He endureth without increase or diminution.

"(9) God is merciful to those who reverence Him, and He heareth him that calleth upon Him; He protecteth the weak against the strong, and He heareth the cry of him that is bound in fetters."

The author of these verses, after declaring the nature of God to be unknown and unknowable to man (v. 5), nevertheless attempts to analyse that nature; and, as usual, chooses the triple analysis, an analysis which closely corresponds to Life, Love, and Wisdom; it is Life, or Existence, Mercy and Pity (which are Love) and Truth and Justice (which are essentially the same as Wisdom).

This then was the Egyptian idea of God; but, as is said in a beautiful hymn to Hapi: "He cannot be figured in stone, He is not to be found seen in the sculptured images upon which men place the united crowns of the South and North furnished with uræi; neither works nor offerings can be made unto Him; and He cannot be made to come forth from His secret place; the place where He liveth is unknown; He is not to be found in inscribed shrines; there existeth no habitation

that can contain Him and thou canst not conceive His form in thy heart." (Maspero, *Hymne au Nile.* Paris; 1868.)

The Mosaic or rather Biblical idea is much less complete; we find, however, still the same elements. *Genesis* (i. 1) speaks of God as the "Creator" of Heaven and Earth; *Proverbs* (iii. 19) mentions the "Wisdom" aspect: "The Lord by Wisdom hath founded the earth." Innumerable passages allude to God as merciful, omnipotent and alone. But on the whole the Hebrew scriptures are much less explicit as to the nature of the Deity.

On the other hand the following quotations will show very clearly what the prevalent Gnostic belief was:

(1) From *The Great Announcement* (*F.F.F.*, p. 173). "One Root, which is the Power Silence invisible, inapprehensible. . . . . It was from this Boundless Power that Thought, which had previously been hidden in oneness, first proceeded and became twain. . . . . He was One. . . . . He was alone. He was not 'first,' though 'pre-existing.'"

(2) From the Basilidean Gnosis (*F. F. F.*, p. 257). "Naught was, neither matter, nor substance, nor voidness of substance, nor simplicity, nor impossibility-of-composition, nor inconceptibility, nor imperceptibility, neither man, nor angel, nor god; in fine neither anything at all for which man has ever found a name, nor any operation which falls within the range either of his conception or perception. Such, or rather far more removed from the power of man's comprehension, was the state of non-being, when the Deity beyond being, without thinking, or feeling, or determining, or choosing, or being compelled, or desiring, willed to create universality."

(3) From Hippolytus' Account of the Sophia-Mythus (*F.F.F.*, p. 336). "In the beginning, naught was that was created. The Father was alone, increate, without space, or time, or any with whom to take counsel, or any substantial nature capable of being conceived by any means. He was alone, solitary, as they say, and at rest, Himself in Himself, alone."

According to an early Ophite System this God is called "the Good and All-wise Deity" (*F.F.F.*, p. 194); and again: "He was all love" (*F.F.F.*, p. 336). Here then are these same ideas:—God, One, beyond thought, boundless, incom-

prehensible, from whom all came forth, eternal in past and future; and then the analysis of this Being into Life, Love and Wisdom.

Let us now turn to the Catholic representation of this idea. Taking first the New Testament writings we find many traces of these earlier teachings.

In *Revelation* (i. 8) we read: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty"; and again (iv. 8) "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and which is, and is to come."

Mention is here made of three things: (firstly) the limitlessness of God, that He is both the beginning and the ending, uncreate and eternal; (secondly) the triplicity of God is implied in the thrice repeated "holy"; and (thirdly) the power of the deity, "Lord God Almighty."

His incomprehensibility is taught; "No man hath seen God at any time." His triple nature is further explained: "In Him we live and move and have our being" (or Life). "God is love." "The worlds were framed by the Word of God" (or creative Wisdom). Again His perfection is taught: "Your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

So much for the New Testament which, we must remember, in many parts came after, not before, the earliest Gnostic writings. Turning now to the Church we find the same ideas at the root of her creed.

In the Nicene symbol we have the simple statement: "I believe in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, And of all things visible and invisible." The Athanasian formula is more definite as to the nature of that God. That nature is a "Unity in Trinity and a Trinity in Unity."

This Trinity is then stated to be uncreate, incomprehensible, eternal, almighty. Now there is a very curious apparent contradiction in this Creed. It is, that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are each spoken of as eternal in the *past*, and yet we are told that "The Father is made of none: neither created, nor begotten. The Son is of the Father alone: neither made, nor created, but begotten. The Holy Ghost is of the Father and of

the Son: neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding"; and in the next clause but one: "But the whole three Persons are co-eternal together: and co-equal." This strange contradiction, however, is only apparent, for the three "Persons" of this supreme Trinity are Life, Love, and Wisdom, and these are co-eternal in past and future, for they are but names for God. The Son, however, is the manifestation of the Divine Love, eternal in essence but not in manifestation; therefore is the "Son begotten of His Father before all worlds"; likewise the divine Wisdom is eternal in essence but not in manifestation, for the creative Energy, or Holy Ghost, is not from all time but had a definite beginning; therefore "He proceedeth from the Father and the Son." But I hope to make this clearer by comparison with the older faiths of Egypt and Jewry in the consideration of our second presupposition of cosmogony, which is:

"That, after a period of inactivity, God willed to multiply. To this end He caused to exist within His own essence Matter which contained the Seed or Germ of life and consciousness; or, in other words, He emanated the Root-of-Spirit enveloped in the Root-of-Form."

Returning to Egypt we find with regard to this dogma one of the most striking passages in the whole of the hieroglyphical writings. It is an account of the divine unfoldment from the standpoint of the Deity Himself. It is found in the Papyrus of Nesi Amsu and reads as follows:

"I evolved the evolving of evolutions—I evolved myself under the form of the evolutions of the God Khepera, which were evolved at the beginning of all time. I evolved by the evolving of evolutions, that is to say, I developed myself from the Primeval Matter which I made; I developed myself out of the Primeval Matter (Paut). My name is Ausar the Germ of Primeval Matter."

The MS. then continues with the appearance of the creative Will, but we must leave that until we come to deal with our third proposition. We see here then that God, in the form of Khepera (or as the Evolver) is mentioned as being the Root of all; further that He first produced Matter containing the "Germ"; then that He evolved Himself out of the Primeval Matter. This

passage is of the greatest importance, as the first five verses of the Fourth Gospel (as we shall see) are but another expression of the same ideas. But there is another exposition of this same doctrine contained in the Brugsch collection, it runs:

"God is Father and Mother." In other words the Mother has proceeded from God. "He begat Himself and produced Himself." "He is the maker of His own Form and the fashioner of His own Body." That "Body" being, of course, the "Paut" or Matter. And again: "He established the world with that which went forth from Him." This is again the "Paut." The "Germ" is not mentioned here, but the object of the work is different; the first is a divine monologue of the origins, the second a hymn of praise from men to God.

Turning to the Mosaic account we find the same idea in the words:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Here "Heaven" and "Earth" are the types of the Dual-Root of Spirit and Matter. The Earth is "without form, and void" because the Energy of God is as yet inactive.

In Gnosticism we have the same idea exactly. From *The Great Announcement* we read (*F.F.F.*, p. 173): "Of the universal Æons there are two growths, without beginning or end, springing from one Root, which is the Power Silence invisible, inapprehensible. Of these one appears from above, which is the Great Power, the Universal Mind, ordering all things, male; and the other from below, the Great Thought (or Conception), female, producing all things."

This "Great Power" is the creative mind, but we are not concerned with that at present. The "Great Conception" is the Universal Mother, produced from God and producing all things. The Germ is spoken of as:

"The grain of mustard seed, the indivisible point, which is the primeval spark in the body, and which no man knoweth save only the spiritual" (*F.F.F.*, p. 203).

We now come to the clearest exposition of this teaching, that namely in the Gnosis of Basilides (*F.F.F.*, p. 258):

"The Deity beyond being . . . . . willed to create universality."

"And this universality was not (our) dimensional and differentiable universe, which subsequently came into existence and was separated (from other universes) but the Seed of all universes. This universal Seed contained everything within itself, potentially, in some such fashion as the grain of mustard seed contains the whole simultaneously in the minutest point. . . Thus the Divinity beyond being, created universality beyond being, from elements beyond being, positing and causing to subsist a single something containing in itself the entire All-seed-potency of the universe."

According to Mead this is "the most admirable statement of the dogma of the 'creation out of nothing' which has been put forward by any Christian philosopher."

In the summary given by Hippolytus of the Sophia-Mythus we read (*F.F.F.*, p. 336):

"The Father was alone, increate. But since He was creative, it seemed good to Him at length to create and produce that which is most beautiful and most perfect in Himself. Therefore, the Father, alone as He was, emanated and generated Mind-and-Truth, that is to say the dyad, which is Lady and Beginning, and Mother of all æons they reckon in the Plerōma."

This idea is identical with the preceding. It is to be noticed that "Mind-and-Truth" is a dual principle, or the type of "Spirit-and-Matter."

In Marcus again we have the following passage (*F.F.F.*, p. 363):

"When first the Father . . . beyond all possibility of thought and being, who is neither male nor female, willed that His ineffability should come into being, and His invisibility take form, He opened His mouth and uttered a Word, like unto Himself; who, appearing before Him, became the means of His seeing what He Himself was—namely Himself appearing in the form of His own invisibility."

This is remarkably interesting as it uses the same terminology as the Proem of the Fourth Gospel.

Lastly we read in the Akhmîm Codex (*F.F.F.*, p. 585):

"He (God) thinketh His Image alone and beholdeth it in the Water of Pure Light which surroundeth Him. And His Thought energised and revealed herself, and stood before Him in the Light-spark; which is the Power which existed before the All, which Power hath revealed itself; which is the perfect Forethought of the All; the Light, the Likeness of the Light, the Image of the Invisible; that is, the perfect Power, the Barbēlō, the Æon perfect in glory—glorifying Him, because she hath manifested herself in Him, and thinketh Him."

From these extracts it is clear that the Egyptian, Mosaic and Gnostic teachings on this point were identical. Let us now see how far they are supported by the New Testament. By far the most important passage with regard to this, is the Proem of the Fourth Gospel (vv. 1-5.) It runs:

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

"The same was in the beginning with God."

The word translated "beginning" is "*archê*," which means not only "beginning," but also "first principle," "element," "first cause," and "origin," and yet other meanings which are beside the point. Now it is quite admissible to take this *en archê* as meaning "within the primal element" not "in the beginning (of time)." And it is in this sense that Ptolemy, a Gnostic doctor prior to 180 A.D., took the word "*archê*." Moreover when we remember that the usual Greek phrases for "in the beginning (of time)" are "'APXHN" and "KAT' 'APXAC" and that the words used here ('EN 'APXH) are neither of these, it gives great strength to this exegesis.

Again, the word translated "Word" is "Logos," which has in Greek two distant meanings. It can mean a "word" as the expression of a thought, and it can mean the "thought" or "reason" itself. It can also mean both of these together.

Thus the first verse can mean: "Within the primal element [the female nature] existed the Word [meaning simply the 'Reason'] and the Word was (one) with God." This would be quite in accordance with the inner idea, that the Germ, which is in essence the same as God, existed enveloped in the first element.

Or it can mean: "Within the first cause [here identical with God] existed the Reason-Word [the Dual-Root of Life and its expression, Form], and the Reason-Word was (one) with God."

Adopting the second alternative as the more probable we have:

"Within the First Source existed the Logos, and the Logos was (one) with God, and the Logos was God."

"He was in the First Source (one) with God."

"By him all things were made, and without Him was not anything made which was made."

The word translated "by" is *dia* and can mean "through," "arising from," or "by means of" just as well as "by," and the idea of "through" is very much more in accordance with the inner teaching. Again the word translated "were made" is *egeneto*, the simple meaning of which is to "become," to "happen," to "be born." To the philosophic mind the ideas of "becoming" and "being made" are very different; the first is quite in accordance with the inner thought, the second not at all so. Continuing the text we have:

"In Him was life and the life was the light of men."

"And the light shined in the darkness and the darkness comprehended it not."

The Greek for "comprehend" is "*katelaben*"; this can be equally well translated by "seize upon" or "hold down"; thus these words can run: "And the Darkness did not hold it down."

Before leaving the Proem, however, it may be of interest to glance at the Coptic translation. This seems to have been made from a different Greek text from the one we now possess. In the received text the words for the two "in the beginning"'s of vv. 1 and 2 are the same, but in the Coptic text they are different. Thus in verse 1 we have *ḥen tarchê* and in verse 2 *isjen ḥê*. The first properly means "in, or within, the first cause"; whereas the second means "from the beginning." Thus the Coptic makes a distinction between the two "in the beginning"'s of verses 1 and 2. The first two verses thus would read:

"Within the First Cause existed the Logos, etc.

"This was from the origin one with God."

In further support of the idea that *Archê* means "first principle" it is of interest to note that Hesychius' Lexicon gives it as synonymous with *Theos*.

In the third verse the Coptic for "was made" is *aushôpi ; au* is the prefix meaning "they did," *shôpi* is derived from the hieroglyphic (*ḥoper* or *ḥeper*, the same as *khepera*) which means to "evolve." Thus verse 3 in Coptic reads:

"All things did evolve through Him, and without Him did not anything evolve among that which did evolve." These considerations materially strengthen my view. With regard to verse 5 "and the Darkness did not seize" or "hold it down," Mead suggests that perhaps the "*ou*" (not) is a mistake, and that we should read: "and the Darkness seized upon it"—alluding to the descent of the Logos into Matter.

Thus this famous Proem is an echo of the Nesi Amsu Papyrus. In both, the Dual-Root comes from—or exists within—the Originator of all. In both the Originator evolves through the Germ. In both the Germ evolves *out of* the Primeval Matter; and the Darkness "does not hold it down."*

So much for the Proem to the Fourth Gospel. The other New Testament allusions to this phase of self-unfoldment are very fragmentary. In *Revelation* (iv. 6) Primeval Matter is mentioned as the "sea of glass like unto crystal" round the Throne; and in Chapter xxi. the Holy City is spoken of coming

* But there is yet another point of strange correspondence between the Proem and the Nesi Amsu Papyrus, perhaps the most striking of all, and one which helps to throw a considerable light on the position of Osiris. It is this: the Egyptian word for Osiris is "Ausar," and you will remember that Khepera said that He was Ausar, the Germ of (not in) Primeval Matter. Ausar then corresponds to the *Logos*, the Double-Root. Now we saw that the very word *Logos* was a dual word, aptly symbolising this Root of Life and Form. It is therefore strange and most gratifying to find that the word Ausar does exactly the same thing. For the hieroglph for Ausar is the eye of Ra and the throne. Now the throne alone is the glyph for Ast, or Isis, the female nature, or Nature herself, that which gives form to the life within. Again, it is said further on in the N.A. Papyrus that mankind came from the "Eye of Khepera," this very eye that forms part of the Osiris-glyph. Thus we find this glyph to square exactly with the word *Logos*, and to mean the same thing, namely: the Root from which consciousness (the "eye" from which "man" or human consciousness came), and the Root from which were evolved all forms of Matter (Isis or Nature). Therefore the phrases "I am Ausar, the Germ of Primeval Matter," and "the Word was God," are equivalent. It is also of interest to note that the equivalent for Isis in the Theban Triad was Muth. May I ask if this is not connected with "Mother, Anu Mathar, Mêtêr, Mâtri and Matter"—and consequently with "Mary, Mare, and Mâyâ"? And if we remember the striking similarity between the pictures of Isis suckling Horus and the Virgin and Child, the "coincidence" is even more curious

down out of God, and it is said that it measures the same in height, breadth and length, thus being a cube, and a cube is always a symbol for Matter; it is also spoken of as being of crystal, and we saw above that the sea was of glass like unto crystal.

This stage is also spoken of in the Creed of Nicæa: "And (I believe) in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of His Father before all worlds, ... begotten not made, being of one substance with the Father." Here the Son is this Logos, or Dual-Root; He is begotten before all worlds, for only through Him can the worlds become. ("Through Him all things became.") He is the "Lamb slain *from the foundation of the world*"—*not two thousand years ago on Calvary*. But in the Creed, and indeed in the Egyptian belief, the Logos is identified with the Saviour, Christ with Jesus, the Germ in Primordial Matter with the old Pharaoh and Lawgiver, Ausar. This identification is not the result of ignorance, neither is it unintentional, for in some way, almost incomprehensible to us at present, the Logos and the Saviour *are one*. The Saviour is "equal to God as touching His Godhead; inferior to God as touching His manhood," therefore said Jesus: "The Father is greater than I." This Logos, Son of God, is the second Person of the Trinity, in that He is the manifestation of the Love of the Father.

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE WAY OF DARKNESS

You weep, mother of my son's son, because he whom you bore is dead, and the earth has hidden him from your eyes. And therefore, poor mother, who beheld a whole world with no wider boundaries set thereunto than the limits of a slender body, you accuse the Gods, crying that they be powerless or unpitiful, else they had heard your crying and saved the life of the lad.

When I, who am very old, was young, I saw a dark matter which caused me to wonder whether these, whom we name and worship, see with eyes like unto ours; or regard life and death after our fashion. Behold! I saw the arm of one who was not, of a surety, of human flesh and blood, stretched forth to save the life of an evil man and traitor whom I loved.

For, praised be all holy names whereby men live! we sinners may lay this balm to our souls, we need not tarry till we be virtuous to win love. This man used the life so preserved to break the heart of a good man to whom he owed gratitude, and of set purpose he did it, and broke and ruined his lot utterly. But thus also he caused the weal of a nation, and wrought mightily in the world; moreover, I lived to see his life, rather than his death, become the harsh and heavy punishment of his sins. So mayhap the God scourged where he seemed to save, and also wrought this nation a great service. Come, then, my child, hear this tale; for though I be so old, the gift the Gods gave has not wholly failed me, that by the weaving of words I cause men to forget, for a space, the burden their follies have bound upon them. Nay, come! He who is dead loved my tales, when he was little enough to sit upon these old knees and listen; listen thou also, child, and cease for a while to weep.

I, of noble birth in my own country, was seized by a horde of robbers when I was a child ten years of age; they attacked a band of pilgrims amongst whom were my parents. My father

was slain, after he had slain my mother to save her from their hands; but I was taken alive and sold in the market of a distant city. Thence I was brought by land and sea to this country, and sold again to a master who loved to have comely slaves of quick wit and graceful bearing. But he was very harsh with me and I was unhappy, save when I called my fellows about me and made them forget their work and their fear of punishment in listening to my words. Once (I was then fifteen years old), I sat astride a low wall by the river, among the blossoming rose trees, and told a tale of battle. The lads and maids who were my fellow slaves left their work to listen. I told of one who was sprung of a great race, but on his birth was the stain of bastardy; as I told of his wild life by land and sea, they forgot all save my words, and I was glad when I saw how I could grip and hold them. Suddenly I heard a voice say: "Now I see whose is the blame. I have the idlest household in the city."

It was my master's voice, partly laughing, partly angry, and —why I knew not—uneasy and troubled. I leaped from the wall and saw the scourge as my certain portion. Beside my master was another, younger than he; as I saw him my heart leaped to him, and I almost forgot the coming punishment. He was but four years my elder, but he looked three or four years more than his age; he was very tall and of great strength, his face was the comeliest ever I saw; he was magnificently dressed; he had the bearing of a soldier, yea! of a warrior-king; his eyes compelled the soul. Never in all the years of this long life did I see one so moulded for strife, rule, and conquest. When he was present, be the assembly what it would, no other man was there. He was like a living forceful flame, he consumed lesser men, and they were not. Now he was death-white, and his lips were quivering; my master looked afraid, because he was moved; I knew I should receive a severe punishment, though why this stranger should care so much because I had made some slave boys and girls idle, I could not see.

He—that other, not my master—said to me:

"Come here."

I obeyed, shaking from head to foot; I think I never was a coward, but I was only a boy, and a slave; and I have seen

many a man—and a free man—shake when he was angry. He looked at me, and I bit my lips to keep from crying. He sat on the low wall by the river and said :

" Stand there."

I stood in front of him, trembling.

" Finish me that tale," he said.

I tried to obey ; but I stammered, and stopped.

" Finish me that tale," he repeated ; and I, being but a lad, burst into tears. I think he was half pleased. He loved power, and just then he was smarting sorely under humiliation. He rose, laid his hand on my shoulder and said, kindly :

" What do you fear, Curly-pate ? It is a good tale. I wish to hear the end."

He laughed and pulled my hair. They were a straight-haired race ; hair that curled was rare. I was often mocked because of mine. I feared no longer ; I told that tale better than I ever told one in my life before. When I ended he was silent for a few minutes. He was thinking—but not of me. At last he looked up, and said :

" Do you know who I am ? "

I answered, rather timidly :

" No, sir."

He turned to my master.

" Do you think the boy lies ? " he said.

My master answered :

" Probably. They all do."

I dared not speak ; but I looked at him and my eyes filled with tears. He smiled and said :

" Why do you cry ? "

I replied, because I did not lie. I never lied ; and I did not want him to think I did. He rose, put forth his hand, and pulled me towards him.

" Sell him to me," he said—and my heart leaped. " You live your life. I mope through mine as best I can. The lad's tales may kill a long hour for me here and there."

So my master sold me ; and he took me to the suite of rooms in the king's palace which were his. There I learned who he was. He was kind to me. I had but to wait on him a little,

and tell him tales when he was gloomy and restless. Never, during the six years I was helpless in his hands with no appeal against him, did he strike me, or even speak harshly. He prided himself on being able to exact obedience from man or beast by the sheer power of his voice and eyes alone—in the main I believe he was right; his horses and dogs were the most tractable, and his slaves the best disciplined in the city. He never used harsh methods; only both beasts and men felt, had he seen fit to use such, there was no consideration of mercy—nor yet, I think, of justice—that would have stopped him. But to me he showed a kindliness and a friendship that forged a link betwixt us that held me his slave when my body was free. This was his state and fortune when he became my owner: He was the king's son, but not the king's heir. When the king was a prince, and his brother stood between him and the throne, he loved a beautiful singing woman; she was of free birth, but lowly rank; she came of a wandering people. She held the prince with so strong bands of love that he wedded her three months after the birth of her son. She was his wife, but she could never be his queen. Therefore when the king and the heir apparent were slain in the same day by the overturning of a chariot in which they rode, the prince knew that neither this son, nor any other son his low-born wife might bear, could sit upon his throne. Then his love for her turned to hate; no man of this country, be he king or peasant, may be the husband of more than one wife; and death alone breaks the marriage bond. When her babe was but a year old the king's wife died; some say by her own hand; others say the king sanctioned her death; others that she was slain by those who thought to do him service. She died; the king wedded a princess, who bore him an heir when his elder son was three years old.

As the elder youth grew to manhood the king hated him. He put upon him every humiliation he could inflict; he humbled him in the people's sight; he kept him under his eye; he gave him apartments in the palace, slaves, and luxury. But he forced him to lead the life of an idler, and the lot was hell to a young man of such fierce strength, inborn desire to rule, large ambitions and wide mind. He was ever weaving plans, and brooding and

pondering upon large matters concerning men and nations. The king watched those whom he visited and with whom he talked; he surrounded him with spies; and he strove to lead him to a life at once idle and dissolute. Idle it was, perforce; dissolute it was not; and no temptation which the king flung in his way could make it so.

As for the heir, he was a learned and sober young man; he had a generous nature and a kindly heart; he grieved concerning his father's usage of his brother, whom he frankly and generously admired. This land, now so great, was then a little kingdom. It was a home of great learning and most subtle wisdom. Many, from alien nations, wished to enter our colleges; but the king and the nobles barred them rigidly out. The little land was like a golden casket of jewels, locked and sealed, lying alone in the centre of a barren land where men strove for bread.

I was happy in my new life. My master made me his comrade rather than his servant. He asked me of my country and my birth, and how I came to be enslaved. We hunted together, when the king would let us go a hunting; we fenced, wrestled, and swam; we talked and jested together; I made tales to please him; sometimes, when he and I were alone, he made me sit at his table and eat with him. At last he gave me my freedom, and from that hour treated me wholly as his equal in rank. I was then twenty-one years old, and he was four years my elder.

I knew there was somewhat in his mind; there were turbulent warring peoples on our frontier; soldiers were being sent to guard the land from sudden invasion.

One day I fashioned the shaft of a hunting spear; I sat in a window that looked on a small enclosed garden full of grass and roses, where was a little fountain, and white doves that ran to and fro. The alcove where I sat was like a small room; a curtain hung before it. I heard the clash of metal rings as another curtain at the far end of the room was flung aside. I heard the king's voice say sternly:

"You have written to me, sir."

My master answered freely and boldly, as a strong man to his equal.

"I have written. There is war on your frontier. I am

young and come to my full strength. I lack neither wit nor muscle. You are the king, and you need fighting men. I ask no more than any other subject might ask ; the right to offer you—my sword."

"It seems you have taken the right," said the king.

"I have. I offer your majesty what I have to give. Is it accepted ?"

"No. It is not."

"Why not ?"

I heard his breathing go deep and slow.

"Because I do not trust you."

"Why ? Because you have wronged me ?"

"Because there is much in blood—and birth."

"I am your son ; therefore perhaps you are wise not to trust me."

"Be careful !" said the king. "I will endure no insolence from you. If you do not bridle your tongue, I will force you to offer me a public apology."

The room was still for a little space. I dared not stir—for his sake ; yet I was ashamed to stay.

"If you have sufficiently returned to your senses to listen with the respect due to me," said the king, slowly, and forming each word very clearly, "I will answer your letter by word of mouth. There is but one man in this kingdom, save myself, who has seen that letter. That is my chief councillor. He and I, sir, are the only men in this land whom you cannot wind as a girl winds a hank of yarn. You shall stay here, with the sword you offer me sheathed."

I could stay no longer, for shame's sake ; I threw back the curtain. The king rose with an oath. He—my friend and master—started. Then he caught me by the arm.

"Stay ! Alys," he said. "There's no man save yourself, having heard so much, would have dared to make it known. Your majesty is wrong in this. There is a third man whom I cannot wind like yarn, he stands here ; and to him I am true. To you also I purposed true service. Remember it, if one day that sheathed sword is unsheathed——."

"As a rebel ?" said the king. "If you be willing your freed

man should hear what I purpose to say to you, there is no other need care. If he repeats words of mine I shall find means to silence him. Few would have used you as I have done. You live in luxury."

"I live in prison."

"Take care you do not learn, in good earnest, what these words mean. You live in ease. You—a source of danger to the Throne. I have had sterner counsel concerning you, I promise you! Till now, I have not listened. Do not force me to listen. You—the son of a peasant—."

"And of a king."

"Because the son of a king leniently dealt with. I know you as I know the fingers of this hand of mine. Your eyes are on the Throne; they have been fixed there these seven years and more. You are a strong man, sir; strong and brilliant. You would win the soldiers' hearts; they would place you on the Throne when I am dead. Sooner than that should be I would hang you from my own roof-tree, son or no son. Never, while I live, shall you have the chance of action, of winning men to serve your purposes. You may live as you live now; or you may live in prison; take your choice of these. Never, if I can prevent it, shall these fools oust your brother to set a bastard on the Throne."

He spoke the last words at the door; then he left us, and the sound of his footsteps died away. My master flung himself face downwards, on a pile of skins; his clenched hands were flung above his head; he was grinding his teeth; his body quivered with fury; I heard his hard deep breathing. I stirred slightly; he heard me (he had the ears of a lynx) and leaped to his feet. His face was grey with passion; there was a little stream of blood trickling from his lips, as though he had bitten them in his rage, and was too wrath to feel or heed the pain. He glared at me, like a trapped wolf; then he drew breath more easily, and laughed.

"I had forgotten you," he said. "Alys the Truthteller, not many men would have admitted their presence at a family council such as you have heard. I am glad you heard him, Alys. You are loyal. I am loyal. We are all loyal men, the Gods

forbid else! The Gods guard our Lord the King. Cry: The Gods guard him, Alys."

He laughed. If I had been the king I would rather have heard him curse and threaten me.

"Offer him your sword," he said suddenly. "Offer yours, as I have done mine. You are a free man. Why, if I must lead the life of a dancing girl, must you do the like. Get you away, and leave me."

"You have honoured me by calling me your friend," I said. "Should I leave a friend whose friendship so honours me?"

"Do you laugh at me, Alys?" he said bitterly.

"If I do," I answered, "deal with me as it is fit a slave should be dealt with if he laughs at and mocks his master."

"You heard his words to me?"

"It is not for me to say his words shamed the king," I answered. "But if they shamed him not, then they shamed no man."

"You do not think I deserved them?" he said quickly.

"I wish any other would ask me that question," I said, "unless it were my lord the king; and, even to him, I should speak somewhat."

His eyes met mine still; but his pale face flushed from brow to throat.

"My lord the king has not shamed me overmuch," he said quietly, "but you have a greater skill than he. Sometimes you shame me in good earnest. I wonder I do not hate you."

He laid his hands on my shoulders and pushed me towards the door, half laughing.

"Get you away," he said, "I am not fit company to-night even for my best friend."

Three days later the king lay dead. He was found dead in his chair; bitten, some said, by a serpent, for his body was black and swollen. When they brought the news of that death we were alone. He did not speak for a long time; at last he rose, stood beside me, and touched my shoulder.

"Alys," he said, "why do you not speak to me? Look at me."

I looked up. I was seated, and he stood over me.

"Well?" he said sharply.

"But what do you think I shall say?" I asked.

"The king is dead," he whispered. "My chain is broken."

"I am glad of that," I said.

"He is dead," he repeated; then—almost peevishly—"Gods! why can't you speak to me?"

"What should I say?" I asked, bewildered, "I cannot make merry at a man's death; and I cannot honestly sorrow for his majesty's."

"You think somewhat," he said. "What do you think?"

"There'll be great changes," I replied, "I hope they will be fortunate ones for you."

"They will," he answered; "and if for me—then for you—I shall make your fortune with mine—" he broke off abruptly. "What a fool I am!" he said with a laugh, "We are friends still, are we not? If it be so, clasp hands on it."

He held out his hand, and as I took and wrung it, he caught his breath with what sounded like a sigh of relief.

There were great changes, and they were prosperous ones for him. He offered to his brother the service his father refused. It was accepted; and he rose to great honour; his genius blazed like a flame, and lit his upward path. Through him the strength of the army was increased; he caused the king to send him on long tours of inspection, so that his face was better known throughout the land than the face of the ruler; he went to each town that was garrisoned and reviewed the troops; the soldiers worshipped him. He brought reports to his brother, towards whom he showed a more than common affection and loyalty. He dwelt in the palace still, but now his household occupied a whole wing, and he lived in almost regal splendour. At this I marvelled a little, for he loved a hard and frugal life; he owned to me he was happiest when he and I were hunting together alone, yet he surrounded himself with all the pomp and splendour that could impress men's minds, save when he was in the field, when he was simple and hardy as the simplest and heartiest mountaineer who served in his host. I, a lieutenant of his guard, attached to his person, lived beneath his roof, as in the days when I was his slave. He never took me on his journeys of inspection; he took,

as his immediate follower, a young man of about my age and standing. But all regarded me as his closest friend and confidant, to whom he told his affairs. On one occasion he came back after a long absence, bringing with him a great host to be personally inspected by the king. There was to be a great gathering and display of the military strength of the kingdom. The men who came with him encamped without the city. The young man who had accompanied him came to my apartments; he was excited and full of talk; he had, I think, been drinking more wine than was common with him. He spoke of a matter of which he seemed assured I knew; he said the time was ripe, and we need wait but forty-eight hours at farthest. When I asked him what he meant, he laughed, saying:

"Discreet! Have no fear, sir; I am of his mind in this; you know no more than I, I promise!"

"Perhaps I know less," I answered.

"Then I must be heedful," he said, laughing. I saw he did not believe me. "Come! in truth I know as much as you know."

"And how much is that?" I asked.

He, thinking he was proving himself of equal knowledge with myself, told me all that was purposed. Even now I feel the same cold horror grip me as when I first knew the friend I loved best on earth to be a hypocrite, a traitor, and a betrayer of his king and brother; for his plot was to raise the whole country, to fling down the ruler to whom he owed all he possessed, and take the crown for himself. The words of the old king seemed to peal sternly through the room: "Your eyes are on the Throne. . . . sooner than this should be I would hang you from my own roof-tree, son or no son."

I said nothing to the babbler. That night, when the palace was still, I went to *him*. It was late. He was writing in a room that overlooked a garden full of roses and jasmine; there was a great grey stone balcony full of the perfume of flowers; one could see thence the gleam of a shrine sacred to the God who protected the land, and once, it is said, incarnated as its ruler, when the country was in great need. A little staircase led from the room straight to the garden. I came in. He looked up.

"Late! Alys," he said. "But better late than never. You are the man I need. I am tired. Tell me a tale, as in the old days when thou wert a lad, I little more."

"I have come to tell you one," I replied. I told him what I had heard.

"Is this tale true?" I asked.

My voice sounded stern; he was not used to hear that tone in the voice that spoke to him; he started, then he seemed to be half amused.

"It is true," he said. "Alys, do not be hurt because you did not know my mind in this matter. It was no slight to you; it was an honour."

"What do you expect me to do now?" I asked.

He frowned.

"I expect," he said sharply, "nay, I order you, to hold your tongue, sir."

"I do not take my orders from a traitor," I said.

He sprang up; his eyes blazed with anger.

"Ten years ago I could have had you flogged or hanged for those words," he cried.

"You could," I answered. "Do you think the fear of either would have stopped my mouth?"

He was not angry now.

"No," he answered, "I do not. And you know, too, you would have had nothing to fear from me in saying them. You are the one free man in this city; and you have always been so. I did not think *you* would fail me, Alys."

"I have not failed you," said I. "I'm true to you soul and body; I would gladly be gibbeted as a traitor, so your name might be clear. I'd sooner see you dead than disgraced."

"Disgraced!" he said, laughing. "Let me alone, you meddler, and I shall win. I wish you were to be bribed, Alys."

"Win?" I retorted. "Win shame, you mean! Does a man's disgrace lie in the hoots of the mob; or his honour in the shouts of traitors as they crown a dishonoured king?"

"If you were any other than yourself," he said, "I'd stab you where you stand, and be rid of you."

"Keep your dagger for the man whose bread you eat," I

retorted. "Bind his hands before you strike; and bind your own eyes, lest his reproach you, and make your hand unsteady."

He sat down and began to sketch little plans on his tablets.

"We will not rail like a couple of scolds in the market-place," he said. "What do you mean to do?"

"I am going to ride with you from the city gates to-night," I said. "I shall make you leave the country."

"Make, eh?" he said drily.

"If you do not go, I'll seek an audience of the king to-night."

"You might do better for yourself, sir," he retorted. "You might ask him for my shoes when I swing on a gibbet in the market-place."

I did not answer him. I know there were tears in my eyes. He saw them.

"Why ride with me, Alys?" he asked, still sketching. "To keep me out of mischief, eh?"

"If you go to exile," I said, "you'll want a servant."

"I want a friend ——" he said gently. "I need one, sorely, Alys."

He threw down his pencil, smiled, and rose; he came towards me with the air of a boy who owns his faults, and begs for forgiveness; I have heard that man called "cold as ice," "hard as flint," "merciless as steel," and I believe he was all three; but he had sudden touches of tenderness; and when he showed them not ten in a million could refuse him aught he asked; nor, I believe, one remain unmoved. I have heard it said—I think unjustly—that they were the last of his stratagems when all the rest failed. But I do not suffer myself to believe that he tried to shake and fool me by his sudden change.

"I submit!" he said, with a rueful laugh, like a schoolboy caught in a mischievous trick and blamed for it; "I am sorry. I obey you. But—you are going to forgive me, Alys?"

He gave a little mirthful twist of his mouth and looked at me pleadingly:

"I'll ride through the gates within the hour," he said meekly. "And to show my penitence I'll ride alone."

His eyes twinkled.

"Forgive me, Alys," he said, in the tones of a wheedling woman.

"What are you going to ask of me?" I said.

He laughed outright.

"Nothing," he said. "We'll say good-bye at the gates. If you will not forgive me, remember I am going to forgive you."

I was stunned with surprise that he should take the matter so lightly. Later I understood. He walked to the window, pushed the curtain aside, and looked out. He dropped the curtain and stepped back quietly; but now his face was livid, and his eyes blazed at me.

"Hypocrite!" he said through his clenched teeth. "The garden's full of soldiers. You have sold me."

"It's a lie!" I cried hotly.

I flung the curtain aside. He exclaimed:

"Come back, you fool! They did not know I saw them. You'll bring a hornet's nest about us both."

He was right; but it was too late. Before I could spring back we heard the garden door forced. The king's guard seized us; with as little noise as might be we were overpowered, bound, and forced silently from the wing he occupied to a hall in the king's palace. To this hour I can smell the roses and jasmine of the gardens, the hot dust, and the stones yet reeking of the day's sunshine. I hear the fountains bubble, and the night birds call and sing; I see the moonlight in the hall, the flare of a torch or two; the few dark quiet figures gathered at that swift, silent midnight tribunal, and he, whom they judged, his face white as death, set and fixed as stone. The king's chief councillor suspected him from the first; it was he who forced the king to strike a quick, noiseless blow. He knew the rebellion depended on this one man; the rest they could punish at their leisure. He forced the king, who was shaken to the heart, to deal sternly, to pass sentence. We—he and I—were tried and sentenced in one short hour of the sultry night. It struck me afterwards, I think it also struck him, but it occurred to neither of us at the time, that he might have told them I was innocent. His plans had failed, and he forgot me. They planned that doom should follow quickly on that sentencing, so that when the sun rose the terrified

would-be rebels should see the body of their leader, the king's brother, hanging dead in the market-place, on the great tree beneath which the women gathered to chatter and chaffer. I, his friend and accomplice, was to hang beside him. He did not defend himself, nor speak a word. They locked us in a room that looked on the palace gardens, and told us we had one hour of life left to us. I smiled at him.

"A wise hypocrite," said I, "would have bought the safety of his own neck in selling the life of his master."

"O you fool!" he answered. "Do you think I meant it? I did not tell you my plans because I was ashamed to tell you; I knew you'd sell your own honour sooner than mine. I am sorry you will hang with me."

"What do I care?" I said. I sat by the window. He walked up and down. There was a small band of soldiers without the door whence they would lead us when they were ready. They were sitting idly on the grass, waiting; they were quiet, lest any should know what was to be done. Beyond the grass were winding walks between sweet smelling hedges; far away was the shrine, and the palace gates, which were strongly guarded. I walked softly right along the balcony; there was a narrow ledge running beyond it to the corner of the wall, it carried us many paces from the group of soldiers. I looked, and came back.

"We'll creep along the ledge at the end of the balcony," I said, "thence we'll leap into the garden."

"You'll have a spear through you before you have gone three steps," he answered.

"The ledge is in shadow," said I, "we'll leap, and make a dash for it."

He rose, and counted the men.

"Ten against two," he said, "a poor chance!"

"We shall make a dash for it," I repeated; "they will not expect us. We shall break through."

"And then I must devise means for getting clear of the gardens and city," he said laughing, "you and your dashes, Curly-pate! I know you of old! You stop there."

He had not called me so, since I was a boy.

They were not ready, as I knew they would not be; we leaped, surprised them, and broke through. Then the chase began. In and out the winding walks we raced; the sound of the running feet of the guard behind us. Once a spear flew past my head so close that the wind stirred my hair; for the most part however they could but chase us. I think, in truth, I never enjoyed aught in my life more than I did that run. Past and future vanished; we went so fast I could only feel the joy of quick motion, the swing and suppleness of my own limbs, and hear the pit-pat of my feet on an earth that seemed to fly beneath me. He seemed to be able to think and run too; for he panted "The shrine. To the right. Make for it!"

I sorrowed to stop running, but I obeyed. We had distanced the guard; we dashed like madmen up the steps of the shrine. It was lighted by an ever-burning flame. We halted: the shrine was not empty. A man stood within it. He—my master—leaped towards him. I shuddered; for I thought he was about to kill a priest of the shrine. Three paces off he stopped, and staggered back. He stood as though he was frozen. The man descended the altar steps; he was not dressed in the garb of our country; all about him flickered a faint delicate light; his eyes were steady and unwinking; he did not look at me, but at my companion. About his head there seemed to be a circlet like a phantom crown of flame. He signed to us to follow him; I hesitated to obey; but he, who was commonly less rash and trusting than I, turned like one who walks in sleep, and followed. He led us out of the shrine; at the foot of the steps were the guard; we walked past them, and they did not seem to see us. He led us through the gates of the palace, and through those of the city unchallenged. Upon the plain without he passed from our sight. I fell on my knees and shook, and asked why the Gods saved traitors, and let true men hang. That traitor whom I loved gave me his hand.

"Stand up!" he said. "I am fated, Alys. I was so from birth. I have been marked and chosen. Make haste! Climb the little hill to the right."

We climbed; on the top was a heap of brushwood, carelessly disposed.

"Now mark," said he.

He set it alight with flint and steel, and it blazed up. Lo! as it blazed, another answered, and another, and another, and yet another, till the whole country was lit with lurid light, and humming with the sound of gathering hosts. I heard the clanging of weapons and the tramp of men on the hill; they reached us and hailed him as their leader, and their king to be. He smote his hands together with a cry of glee.

"I've won," he cried. "Have I not won, Alys, have I not won?"

"Your shame!" I answered, "and, I believe, your sorrow too. Perhaps even a traitor may be a weapon in the hand of a God. But woe to him who fashions that weapon with the fire of his own greed."

He laid his hands on my shoulders; the gentleness came back to his eyes.

"You see," he said, "I had not to ride far from the city gates. I said I would forgive you, Alys. And I need a friend as sorely as ever I did."

Again his voice was like that of a wooing woman. I looked at him sadly. I could not speak.

"Which way do you go, Alys?" he said, quietly. "Yonder's my camp. There's the city. I shall enter it to-morrow. Which way?"

I pointed citywards.

"They'll hang you," he said.

"Am I free to go?" I asked.

"You are free," he replied. "And if they've time to hang you before I come (and they need bestir themselves now they have forced me to action), tell them this: If I find your body on the market tree to-morrow, I'll hang every man that's left alive in the city, from the king my brother downwards. Tell them so, Alys."

He entered the city the next day, and the people crowned him. The kindly king who had set him so high, died three years afterwards in prison, broken-hearted and alone.

But that usurper made the country great; from a little people it has become a vast empire; and the learning and wisdom

the dead king prized, shone like a lamp of glory and lighted the minds of men far and near. Truly the work of the traitor I loved was a great work! Great, too, was the man himself, though for a space he walked the way of darkness. He, beyond all other men that ever I saw, was both a ruler and a leader of the people. For these oftentimes are not one but twain; he who rules compels the ruled to walk the way he bids them tread; while he who leads cries rather: "I go! Who follows me?" and straightway many cry in answer, "I!" But this man ruled, or led, as he saw fit, according to the needs of the hour.

Twice I saw him. Thrice he offered me high place and dignity, coming once in person to beg me to return to him.

"You have no need of me," I said. "The exile might have had me. The king does not want me."

"It may be so," he answered, looking at me wistfully. "But the man wants you, if the king does not. Will you come?"

I shook my head. Afterwards I saw him once. His eyes looked restless and hungry; his face was worn with pain. His queen played him false; he slew her and the man she loved. His daughter, whom he prized, died when she was a maid of nineteen, near her wedding day. His sons plotted against him; the son he loved best conspired against his life; he signed the youth's death warrant with his own hand. Men said he never smiled again; they lied; a man can smile and laugh, too, when his heart is breaking. He was lying on a couch when I entered. A slave woman was fanning him; he fretfully bade her give me the fan, and leave us alone. I fanned him slowly; he could not breathe unless he was fanned.

"You have health, Alys?" he said, gasping.

"Yes," I said.

"Will you stay with me now?" he asked, with a groan.

I nodded.

"Ah!" he murmured, panting. "Then I am dying. They —are all—such—liars."

He did not speak again, save once, when I heard him mutter peevishly that he could not breathe.

MICHAEL WOOD.

OVER THE BORDER

(CONTINUED FROM p. 142)

WHY then should we go flying round in all this chaos and confusion; for even a cursory glimpse of the astral plane suggests that there is more disorder there than on this one? I should say for two reasons: firstly for the formation of character, and secondly to try to leave that world better than we found it—to try and bring cosmos out of chaos, and establish law and order where we find ignorance, vice, folly and disorder.

And everyone can do something in this direction, psychic or no psychic, because the astral plane we have always with us, more especially in what we call our "leisure moments."

If when you are sitting around after lunch, dreaming over the daily paper, you allow useless thoughts to course through your head, you are making a dusty corner that some one will have to brush out.

Perhaps you are saying to yourself: "Always did think Smith was a congenital idiot. Don't see why they make so much of him. He's so conceited already, etc., etc."

Someone will clear away when you have finished, but nature will put it in *your* account. Of our leisure moments we may well remember: "*Pereunt et imputantur*," which is, being interpreted: "They go by very fast but they're all put down in the bill!"

There seem to be three means of effecting an entrance to this world, where thoughts are not dead things but "have hands and feet."

Firstly, natural development, or what we should call heredity, assisted by favourable physical circumstances and especially by association with people more fully developed than ourselves. Psychic states and conditions of the physical nervous system favourable to psychic growth are as infectious as influenza, as I have sometimes known to my cost!

The second means is by drugs, which are all most undesirable, and I may say at once that I have never, to my knowledge, taken any narcotic drug or stimulant strong enough to make me "see visions" or "dream dreams," and I hope I shall never feel any temptation to do so.

The third means is sanctity pure and simple, and this qualification I must also disclaim.

The strange parallels to many of our modern phrases describing the astral plane which are to be found in the writings of many Catholic saints of centuries ago, who had never heard the word "plane," shew that they must have had the same experiences, though their ignorance of any theory to explain them, makes them confuse physical and psychical in the most curious way.

The astral wind which is the first symptom that you are "going out," is often mentioned. S. Theresa felt herself carried away in a storm. S. John of the Cross describes in a mystic poem how his hair "floated on the breeze which blew from the turret." "Forth unobserved I went, my house being now at rest." "O happy lot! In darkness and concealment, etc." The "house" is, of course, the body. And Rossetti says in that exquisite poem, "Insomnia": "And thin alas the shred of sleep that wavers with the spirit's wind."

Breeze is hardly the word for it when you feel as if your brains were being literally blown out and your very bones shake like so many matches, a rattling thunder deafens you and an icy cold makes your flesh creep. These feelings are alarming at first, until you understand that they are imaginary, that is that they are not happening to your physical body at all, and you will not wake in the morning with congestion of the lungs or a slight touch of brain-fever from the terrible noise.

Now is your chance to let go of the body entirely. Hold your mind like a vice on some abstract idea, and you will launch off at once with immense speed and a feeling of freedom which cannot be described.

Then through the gloom you will see strange faces peering at you, and strange forms crowding round you—landscapes of great beauty will open out before you, you will hear noises to any

extent, pleasant and unpleasant. Pay *no* attention to these if you wish to get real benefit and some higher experiences. But keep right on ; hanging on to your abstract idea like a bull-dog. Then you will probably go into a second sleep, that is, you will probably pass on to a higher level, where few, very few, are conscious, and when you wake in the morning you may feel that you have heard or seen something most interesting and delightful—but your physical brain is a blank ; at least mine is, so I must return to a few more anecdotes from what is evidently the astral plane, having nothing better at present to relate.

I remember once finding myself in a miserable tenement house, dark and dirty and noisy. In a small wretched looking room was a little child about two years old, lying with hardly any covering on an untidy bed. I heard a woman in the next room wrangling in loud tones and some men's voices. I tried in vain to attract her attention and tell her the child was perishing with cold, as the window was wide open beside it and it was a cold winter's night. As I was trying to re-arrange the coverings, standing with my back to the window, I noticed that the child opened its eyes and seemed attracted by something behind me, and it lifted one of its hands, trying to point.

I turned round and saw instead of the dirty, broken window, what I thought was a marvellously beautiful stained-glass window, dazzlingly rich in colour, with the morning sun streaming through it. In it was the figure of a man reminding me in its general outline of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World." It seemed to be over life-size and there was an aureole of light round the head. It was only an instantaneous flash of light and colour and then it was gone, leaving the room again in darkness.

I forget what I did afterwards but I woke up very soon with a feeling of great delight and tried to recall the beautiful raiment and face of the figure, but I could not do so.

I think I once saw what may have been a record left in the astral light. It was in the middle of the night, and I woke suddenly to see to my surprise and horror two figures seated at a small square table on which was a big duplex oil lamp covered with a dark green shade. The figures were two young men in smoking-coats, opposite each other, playing cards. The shade

obscured one of the faces, but the other man's was down lower in the full glare of light. He was staring at his companion with a white set face and an expression of fear and misery in his eyes.

After rubbing my eyes I looked again and in a few seconds the whole scene slowly faded away, light and table and all.

Now there was no square table in the room, and we had gas all over the house, ever since we had taken it. But before that it had belonged to a certain Col. R., who had a son living at home, and they often had young army men staying in the house, and in his time there was no gas. I only ascertained this by chance after my dream, and I also found by the old names written under the call-bells on the attic landing that the room I then occupied was "Mr. R.'s."

Putting two and two together I think it may be that I saw a scene that had actually occurred and had been impressed so to speak on the astral light of the room; or else it was the astral bodies of the men themselves, one of whom I know was alive at the time, repeating a painful episode. In any case I was a most unwilling intruder.

My only other waking experience was I think a "real live ghost." He must have awakened me by coming because the room was pitch dark and perfectly quiet. Anyhow I woke with a start to see a dignified, motionless figure in white, sitting, if you please, on a chair that used to stand by the head of the bed. (I removed it next morning.) His hands were folded in his lap, his face was slightly turned towards me and his eyes were fixed on mine with an intense penetrating look I shall never forget. I promptly buried my head under the eiderdown in a ghastly fright. After a minute or so I looked out cautiously with one eye, and there he was still looking at me with his unwinking eyes, and I fancied I saw a gleam of something like amusement flash through them.

Dear reader! it is all very well for you to say: "Why didn't you behave better, perhaps he wanted to speak to you!" All I can say is, if people *will* come in the middle of the night without even telling you the day before, and sit down like that without being asked to, looking right through you with their gimlet eyes,

they will have to address an empty room or a shivering heap of clothes under a quilt.

When I looked out again he was gone, and I lit a match to assure myself I was awake ; and so I was, because the match was there next morning. Whoever he was he was perfectly at home in his astral body—rather too much so, I thought. And he was quite aware that I saw him and knew that he could see me. He had a face of great dignity and purity, but there was something implacable about his expression that I did not like. His complexion was pale olive, and his black hair just touched his shoulders and waved slightly. He wore a plain white robe without a collar. If he came with any definite intentions, benevolent or otherwise, he failed in his mission. I considered he was an extremely cool card, and I shall continue to think so, and I don't mind if he casts his unwinking eye on these pages !

A very slight but curious incident occurred not long ago when I was certainly wide awake, so it may perhaps be fittingly inserted here. I was listening to a lecture in a private house one afternoon, sitting in a corner by myself. Suddenly I could have sworn I felt someone touch my elbow, and I saw (mentally) the lecturer standing beside me. At that same instant he stopped in the middle of a sentence, staring at the floor in a dazed way.

After a moment's pause he said : "Well ! I entirely forget what I was saying." Someone repeated for him the beginning of his unfinished sentence, and he went on successfully.

What the explanation of this and indeed of all "astral" phenomena is, I, for one, do not pretend to decide. There are so many complex possibilities connected with telepathy, unconscious cerebration, auto-suggestion, thought-projections, deliberate and self-conscious glamour and deception, that I, for one, should not label anything at present. I would rather leave the readers of multifarious psychic experiences sitting on a gate. It is a position not without joyous possibilities !

ECHO.

OF PRIVATE REVELATIONS

THE phrase is one familiar to all readers of Catholic spiritual books. Besides the Divine Revelation which is, for a Catholic, to be found only in the pages of the Bible, it is recognised by theologians (in this point wiser than the majority of modern philosophers), that from time to time persons of special holiness and stern asceticism of life have been visited by inspirations which have lifted them, like S. Paul, to the third heaven; and that what they have done their best to write down of the unspeakable words they heard is entitled to be regarded with respect as a "private revelation" which may contain truth of great value.

It is to the manner in which these revelations are treated by the Church to which I desire to draw my readers' attention; for it has lessons which it seems to me may be of use to us at the present time. They are by no manner of means received with enthusiasm. It is taken for granted that there is a strong probability that they are the work of the *lower* powers, not of the Divine Spirit; and not until they have been minutely examined as to their consistency with the Higher Revelation are they allowed to be published. So strong is the *à priori* prejudice against them that even a Saint Teresa was for over thirty years treated by her confessors and superiors as being deceived by the devil; and not until she came under the direction of one who was a Saint himself and understood her was there any end to her persecutions. But more than this (and here is the point which specially concerns *us*); when admitted, these revelations are allowed to be read as edifying matter for meditation, but *never* used as authority for doctrine. In the whole range of Catholic theology you will not find the most trifling point put forward on the authority of a Saint's vision; all doctrine is to be justified solely by the exercise of our human reason upon what is taken as authoritative revelation from God.

Now, doubtless in this way much truth was suppressed; many a poor soul was worried and persecuted to the death for having seen something more than the theologians themselves understood of the true Faith; but, after all, was this not a less evil than to give free course to private imagination? The point is one we have far better means of clearing up than the Catholic Doctors had; we know *what* it was which happened to these ecstatics, and how it came about that so much mistake and even absurdity mixed itself with deep and precious truth in their visions. We know that in their descent from the height of their ineffable converse with God, even the highest of them had to pass through the astral plane of illusion before their consciousness re-entered their bodily frame. Of the many who were *but* mediums, and rose no higher than the astral at any time I need not here speak; we are here concerned with those who did succeed in rising above it. Now on that plane—the place of blossoms, each with the serpent coiled about its stem—all met, not indeed a devil desiring to destroy their souls, as the theologians imagined, but nevertheless abundant occasions of error. The elementals, whose chief enjoyment it seems to be to confuse and baffle their human superiors; the solid and almost permanent thought-forms of the popular religious conceptions which they shared; and their own and others' imaginations, all to them realities in that world of thought—all these could not but unconsciously colour and shape the ideas they brought back to their physical brain and tongue, until, instead of the pure Truth their Higher Selves beheld in the Vision, you get such strange confusion as most of these revelations present.

Allan Kardec's *Spirits' Book* suggests another source of error. His clairvoyants were evidently in communication with spirits who *had* passed through death, and could give a fairly accurate account of the first few days after it, but who evidently knew no more. As a man shipwrecked upon a new country could tell you only of what he had seen and experienced, but would know no more than you of the country beyond the shore; so it is clear that as to all before and after they were simply echoing his own thoughts and feeling, having no real information to give.

But of course the palmary example of all this is Swedenborg.

Here you have a man of education and intelligence, gifted with a complete development of his astral senses (used in full consciousness on the physical plane), unmistakably in communication with powers who could teach him the actualities of the higher planes, and whose writings do (in point of fact) give us priceless hints of such things here and there. For once in the world's history we have a window opened into the other world. But, alas, the window proves to be chequered with all the colours of the rainbow—is thick in one place, thin in another, distorting almost everything we see through it out of all natural shape and form; and instead of a true picture of the universe, we have from him only another illustration of what the Masters teach us, that the Truth can only be obtained on a plane far above the astral, and that it needs a training of many lives to be able to bring our cupful down to the physical without having it spilt or befouled on the way.

So much for the general principle; now for the "practical applications." When we speak to the world of the picture of our future life given us by the Masters, we are constantly met with the objection that none of the ordinary clairvoyants see anything of the kind; nay, that the "spirits" they meet positively deny it. Our answer to this seems sufficient, though I confess it sounds rather—well, what shall I say ?—patronising; it is, that (speaking broadly) such "spirits" as *they* meet are not likely to know; that they are newcomers on the astral plane and have much yet to learn—that as they grow older, they will know better. But hitherto we have taken it for granted that *our own* seers, who have gone through the elaborate training to see correctly and from planes higher than the astral which they have often described to us, must (by the nature of things) agree with one another and with the Masters who have taught them. Take, for example, Mr. Leadbeater's account in *Manual* V., p. 12. He says: "In the case of a student of occultism trained by a Master such a mistake (as reading 139 for 931) would be impossible except through great hurry or carelessness, since such a pupil has to go through a long and varied course of instruction in this art of seeing correctly, the Master, or perhaps some more advanced pupil, bringing before him again and again all possible

forms of illusion, and asking him 'What do you see?' Any errors in his answers are then corrected and their reasons explained, until by degrees the neophyte acquires a certainty and confidence in dealing with the phenomena of the astral plane which far exceeds anything possible in physical life."

And yet, but two pages before, he warns us that what he has to say "is only the result of the investigations of a few explorers, and must not, therefore, be taken as in any way authoritative." "On the other hand," he says, "every precaution in our power has been taken to ensure accuracy, no fact, old or new, being admitted to this Manual unless it has been confirmed by the testimony of at least two independent trained investigators amongst ourselves, and has also been passed as correct by older students, whose knowledge on these points is necessarily much greater than ours."

Of late, however, this wholesome rule has been broken through; and whilst one of our writers has given us a new theory of the earth of which all he tells us is that it has been received "under conditions that, for me at all events, guarantee its accuracy"; another has published a large book which certainly seems, at first sight, to revolutionise our view of the life after death, avowedly on his own private authority as a seer. Now I should not have felt it my duty to remark upon this in the REVIEW on the strength of any feeling of my own on the subject; but the question has more than once been put to me in a shape somewhat like this: "I am told that there has been of late a very important modification in the Theosophical doctrine of the after-death state; will you explain and justify it?" I have reason to believe that a certain amount of uneasiness of this kind is rather widely felt, though not (for obvious reasons) openly expressed. I need hardly disclaim any intention to raise any dispute on the actual facts, as to which I have no personal knowledge of any kind; but a few quotations will show one, though not the only one, of the points which certainly, at first sight, seem novel; or, at least, if old friends, then undoubtedly with very new faces.

What I may perhaps without offence call the old view is well laid down in the *Perfect Way*. "The true ghost," says Mrs

Kingsford, "consists of the exterior and earthly portion of the soul; that portion which, being weighted with cares, attachments and memories merely mundane, is detached by the soul and remains in the astral sphere, an existence more or less definite and personal, and capable of holding, through a sensitive, converse with the living. It is, however, but a cast-off vestment of the soul, and is incapable of endurance *as ghost*. The true Soul and real Person, the *Anima Divina*, parts at death with all those lower affections which would have retained it near its earthly haunts" (p. 71). Subsequent to this we had the direct teaching of the Masters, which I think I am not wrong in summing up that our physical world is the World of Causes, and the state after death that of Results; where the pain or bliss due to the actions of our earth-life work themselves out, but that no new karma can be generated except under circumstances very unusual and much to be deprecated.

The first modification of this view, as far as I know, was made in the Notes to the later editions of Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*. On p. 120 (edition 1888) he says: "The earlier processes through which the soul passes at death may be described at this date somewhat more fully than they are defined (in the text). The nature of the struggle that takes place in Kama Loka between the upper and lower Duads . . . appears to be a very protracted and variegated process, and to constitute—not, as some of us may have conjectured at first, an automatic or unconscious assertion of affinities or forces quite ready to determine the future of the spiritual monad at the period of death—but a phase of existence which may be, and in the vast majority of cases is more than likely to be, continued over a considerable series of years. And during this phase of existence it is quite possible for departed human entities to manifest themselves to still living persons through the agency of spiritual mediumship."

But that this did not reach to Mr. Leadbeater's present view is shown by a preceding paragraph of the same Note, which is well worth reproducing in this connection. "The spiritual state," says Mr. Sinnett, "which immediately follows our present physical life is a department of Nature, the study of which is almost un-

healthily attractive for everyone who once realises that some contact with it is possible even during this life. . . . The experience of Spiritualism has supplied us with facts concerning it in very great abundance. These facts are but too highly suggestive of theories and inferences which seem to reach the ultimate limits of speculation; and nothing but the bracing mental discipline of esoteric study in its broadest aspect will protect any mind addressed to the consideration of these facts from conclusions which that study shows to be necessarily erroneous. . . . It is impossible to exaggerate the intellectual advantages to be derived from studying the broad design of Nature throughout those vast realms of the future, which only the perfect clairvoyance of the Adepts can penetrate, before going into details regarding that spiritual foreground which is partially accessible to less powerful vision; but liable, on a first acquaintance, to be mistaken for the whole expanse of the future."

Finally, on p. 52 of *The Other Side of Death* (1903) Mr. Leadbeater lays down: "This new life must by no means be thought of as merely a life of results. It may be little more than that for some men, but that is entirely their own fault. The astral plane is one stage higher than the physical, and *therefore*, its possibilities, both of enjoyment *and of progress*, are in every way very much greater than those of the lower level. . . . If in the earlier stage a man has learned to delight in unselfish actions, and to work for the good of others, the astral life will be for him one of the most vivid joy and the most rapid progress!"

Now it is very far from my intention to hint that these two ways of viewing the astral world are irreconcileable; but I think none of my readers can fail to see that they *are* two different views, and that they need reconciling very seriously. The first is connected with the older conception of man as a compound of various Principles; the second with the later view of him as the One Self enclosed in successive Sheaths. Both are understood to be true, according to the side from which Truth is seen; but when the first works out that the intermediate state is one which it is a privilege (rarely granted) to escape from, and the second that the same state is one so enormously surpassing our earth-life that it becomes necessary to supply serious dissuasions (as in the

work under consideration) from committing suicide the more speedily to attain it !—why, I think we may fairly claim that those who have the power to see as well as Mr. Leadbeater should break their silence and tell us distinctly if, in this case also, the new doctrine is confirmed by their testimony and "has been passed as correct by older students." It is quite impossible for any discussion of it by us, who cannot see for ourselves, to be of any avail to clear up the matter.

In the meantime I venture to suggest that we take Mr. Leadbeater's own advice (p. 51): "Unless this commends itself to you as utterly reasonable, do not rest contented with our assertion; look into these things for yourself as fully as you can, along any or all of the many lines which are open to you, and then you will be in a position to speak to others as authoritatively as we do." And until we have done this and are all agreed upon the result it may be well to answer our friend's questions as to the supposed new departure as I do, something in this manner: "I certainly see that the new view *does* seem to contradict the old; but I don't feel called upon to volunteer any explanation. At present, what has sometimes been called Theosophical Orthodoxy is in no way implicated; it is simply our friend's Private Revelation—exceedingly interesting and edifying, but until it has been examined by those who know, and declared to be conformable to the real facts of Nature—to furnish a solid foundation upon which our reasonings can safely rest, I do not choose to make myself responsible for explanations I cannot give to any satisfactory effect." I can appreciate the suggestion that Mr. Leadbeater is speaking of souls far more advanced than those considered in the earlier view, and can see, though vaguely, that a time *may* come hereafter when something like this statement may be correct. But to give it out as the present condition of things creates a confusion in default of further explanation. We certainly require fuller information before accepting it as "Theosophical Doctrine," though everyone to whom it *does* commend itself as utterly reasonable can do himself nothing but good by accepting it.

I have taken this point as sufficient by itself to explain my hesitation; there are many others. When on p. 407, after quoting

his own eloquent and exhaustive enumeration of the risks of deception at a Spiritualistic *séance* he adds, "I know very well that these are possibilities only, and that in the majority of cases the dead man gives his name honestly enough," we have a sufficiently startling variation of *proportion* of truth to error to "give pause" to us who were educated in the older school. But, as I have already said, I do not wish in any way to be taken as entering into controversy. My paper is strictly limited to a declaration, not of War, but of Independence. Personally, nothing would please me better than to be assured by those whom I can trust as authorities that I may receive every word of the book without breach of the allegiance I profess and yield to those who know more than any of us, and whose published words seem to me in my ignorance to carry another meaning. It is not a question of veracity; no one of us can for a moment doubt that our friend sees and honestly reports what he sees; but for us there are authorities above and beyond the private revelations of the most highly gifted amongst us. For me (I speak for myself only) it is easier to believe that one of our best seers has mistaken his vision than that They can have taught us amiss; but, on the other hand, the vision *does* commend itself to me as reasonable, as far as my small knowledge goes, and I wait anxiously for permission to take it as truth. But beyond this I cannot go; I need hardly remind my readers to what a condition "Theosophical Doctrine" would be reduced if we were to become like the Christian church of which Paul writes,—one having a prophecy, one a doctrine, one a revelation; and each one speaking as "authoritatively" as the rest. It would be a fall—a precipitation—from the rational and intelligent system given us by the Masters to the intellectual chaos of the Spiritualist position, for our belief on the most important articles of our faith to waver and alter at the bidding of any single seer; and I am sure that others besides myself must have already found in their intercourse with the world outside that the very suggestion of such a thing has lowered us in public opinion. It seems to me that we have here (in the words of the old poet) "a knot worthy of a God's untying," and with this I must leave it, for the discussion of those better qualified to speak.

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON THEOSOPHY

ἀλλὰ λαλοῦμεν θεοῦ σοφίαν ἐν μυστηρίῳ, τὴν ἀποκεκρυμμενην·

'Tis God's Wisdom in mystery—the [Wisdom] hidden [in mystery]—about which we speak.

PAUL, I. *Corinth.*, ii. 7.

I.

WHY should I not for a change wander "in maiden meditation fancy free"—though I am afraid there will not be much of the "maiden" about it—instead of labouring forth some set treatise under-pinned and under-girded with "sources" and "literature," and the rest—in brief *bien documenté* as the folk beyond the "Sleeve" say? What prevents by which the less—as we used to say at school with much inelegance when struggling with the subtleties of Latin prose—why I should not follow my fancy whithersoever its foolishness may lead? I pause for a reply, and meantime will wander off and wonder.

I often wonder what induced my dear old friends who founded the Theosophical Society to write up that name of all others on their sign-board, as the outward and visible indication of their endeavour, and of their undertaking. Will anyone, I wonder, be offended if I were to suggest that as far as they were concerned it was simply because the word "Theosophical" pleased them, rather than as the result of some deeply thought-out naming appropriate to what they clearly foresaw was to be a great movement, reviving many and many a memory of a greater past? In those infant days of our fellowship, most things seem to me to have been done—even as they are mostly done now—on the "snap-shot" principle of "Here's a church; come, let's be married," rather than as the result of much study of the experience of the past and a nice appreciation of times and tendencies.

But even so, I wonder whether after all the name Theosophy did not come as a "flash"—a spark from some intelligent fire. Who knows? For there is much in names, and the name-giving of a great movement would seem to demand more care than the apparently casual christening of what was at the time a microscopic association with a programme little resembling the objects and scope of the present Theosophical Society. Is it then so foolish to wonder whether after all the very naming may not have been "in mystery," hidden from and in the "foolish things" of this world, as Paul would have called them.

Theosophy! How will you define it? What value will you assign to this now common counter? What *is* Theosophy? Will philology help in this; will it even avail to know who was the first to use the word in history? I think not.

For if you say: Theosophy means "wisdom or knowledge in divine things"—I shall venture to rejoin: But what of natural things and things human; are not these equally divine to a true lover of wisdom?

If again you say: Porphyrios the Philosopher—a *Neo*-platonic dreamer rather—was the first to use the term somewhere about the year 275 A.D., and if you don't believe it, see *De Abs.* 327 and *Ep. ad Aneb.* 30, 15—(N.B.—This has almost invariably more effect on those who do not know what "*De Abs.*" or "*Ep. ad Aneb.*" mean than on those who do)—I would further rise to remark: Porphyry's Theosophy (even if he *really* were the first to use the term, and nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the MSS. of the mystics and wisdom-lovers of the early centuries had not disappeared)—the Syrian's Theosophia was nothing new; it was but the Gnosis of many and many a school before him, the Sophia of God of Paul, the Epistêmê of Plato, the Mathêsis of Pythagoras, the Tao of Lao-tze, the Bodhi of Gautama, the Brahma-vidyâ or Âtma-vidyâ of ancient Ind.

And Gnosis is the conscious beginning of the Way, the end of it is God; and Sophia is the spirit and power of God; and Epistêmê is true knowledge of one's self, and not opinion about the appearance and the show of things; and Mathêsis is the reminiscence of one's true self; and Tao is the mysterious Way

on which there is no traveller, for way and wayfarer are one, and he who tells of it knows it not, and he who knows it doth not tell it; and Bodhi is cessation from sorrow and conquest of self, intensest enlightenment; and Brahma-vidyâ is God-gnosis, knowing God, or Self-knowing.

Yet is Âtma-vidyâ, Wisdom; and Bodhi, Wisdom; and Tao, Wisdom; and Epistêmê, Wisdom; and Gnosis, Wisdom; and each and all are Theosophy, and Theosophy is Wisdom—the Wisdom of God, whether it be hidden in the mystery of divinity, or spoken of in the mystery of man, or shadowed forth in the mystery of nature.

But how, I wonder, have I made the idea of Theosophy any more acceptable to those who love not the word by introducing a procession of Barbara Nomina, strange names from foreign climes and other days, a motley assemblage of unfamiliar faces to the unknowing, to them perchance unlovely masks of fiendish forms rather than fair veils of angel shapes. Perhaps I have but frightened them off by the masks of these mysteries; still, if they will but have patience, the time will come in the great drama when the players will lay aside their masks and hand and hand circling in the mystic dance will blend in one—the Wisdom, Spouse of God.

But for me the goddess-of-many-names is worthy of all worship, just because of her many names and infinite variety; and all her names are fair to me, for they proclaim aloud her worship by the best minds of the best races in many a clime and many an age. She is indeed worthy of all worship—Wisdom hard to seek, hidden in the secret chambers of the heart, her shrines the inmost of the innermost—the temples of the Holy Spirit—the Wisdom of God, not an abstraction, but God's Wisdom, the Spouse of the Beloved, the Power of God,—Wisdom not science, Wisdom not philosophy, Wisdom not religion, Wisdom not art.

Not that because we have sensed an Infinitude transcending their greatnesses we are in our weakness and foolishness to think little of art or religion, of philosophy or science. By no means; for these sublime greatnesses have breadths and heights and depths as yet undreamed of by our insufficiencies; fulnesses and

treasures of infinite variety, seventh heavens of seventh heavens, eluding our keenest observation, transcending our subtlest intellect, surpassing our holiest aspiration, beggaring every expression of our sweetest harmony or fairest beauty.

And yet we dare to think, we little folk as we seem to be, that even these stupendous greatnesses are things conditioned by time and space,—shows, appearances, phenomena of Wisdom, not Wisdom Herself the Eternal Mother, the Wise Infinitude; even these are ever-becomings, inbreathed with Life and illumined by Light, but not eternities in the very essence of that Being where Life and Light are eternally at-oned.

But some will say: My good sir! what, in the name of common sense, do all these rhapsodies mean? Your Barbara Nomina—your strange names—were really less incomprehensible than all this jargon of seeming sense. We plain-thinking folk are not mystics. We tell you frankly, as level-headed business people, the modern mind will spurn your Theosophy as unpractical, will laugh it off the market as dream-stuff, will dub it the sciolism of Cloud-Cuckoo Land.

My good practical friends, you may be right—and you may be wrong; or, better than either, you are most probably mixed, as we all are. I have just been using the tongue of some of the earliest philosophers of Christendom. You don't like their language; it means nothing to you? Well, I see no particular reason why it should. It meant, however, something to them, and means still something to those kin to them. Let us then try another language together, if you don't like this one.

"We plain-thinking folk are not mystics," you say. Now by that—and I pray you, my dear straw folk (for I have set you up for the pleasure of knocking you down again if I can)—I pray you pardon my frankness (which some may call rudeness), which you may very well do, seeing that even if I have not quite created you, I have, at any rate, put the words into your mouths, as any one who knows my style can see—by that, my dear *alter ego's* or *sosies* in the argument, you mean: We are hard-headed, clear-thinking folk, dealing with the realities of life, and have no time to waste over the vague imaginings and unsubstantial dreams of obscure mystics; in brief, we have something better to do

than lose ourselves in the incomprehensibilities of *your* Theosophy.

Oh, la, la! I wonder what after all *my* Theosophy really is! But from the start, you dear normalities of the age, you strong folk, you very sane people—for mark you I love you as I love myself, for you are my *sosies* and I am your *alter ego*—from the start I make you a present of such mystics as you despise. I have no wish to plague your practicality with long-haired dreamers, and babblers of incomprehensibilities; I'll clear them out of the drawing-room and put them in the cellar now you have come to call—for after all, you know, even they have a right to exist somewhere, and may even on occasion do some good in spite of the incomprehensibility of their imaginings and the length of their locks. By the bye, why after all *should* a man wear short hair? That *tabu* has always seemed somewhat incomprehensible also to one aspect of my thinking apparatus. However, there is no reason why these dreamers should be allowed to jangle your practical nerves—for the moment, at any rate, my dear folk of straw whom I have set up, myself to mock myself.

The mystics about whom I trouble myself are such men as a Gautama, a Pythagoras, a Jesus. By the bye, I wonder whether Jesus actually did wear long hair. I should think he did. But be that as it may be, he was a mystic; and by that I mean he was not solely a scientist, nor a philosopher, nor a religionist, nor an artist; he may have been each and all of these as well, but what constituted him a mystic, in the only sense in which it is really worth while using the word, he was a hearer of Wisdom and a shower-forth "in mystery" of the sacred things of Her treasury, as witness the sacramental formula, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Yet was he practical, though teaching "in mystery," most practical, I say, for through him, and because of the Wisdom that was in him, the face of the western world and beyond the west has been changed; and so too with Pythagoras, for the germ of the Wisdom that was in him has grown into the banyan tree of modern science.

What then the Christ as Jesus taught was a teaching of Wisdom, and whatever anyone else may mean by the term, that is what I mean by Theosophy. Now the teachings of Jesus have

ever been said to be specially adapted for the plain and simple; they are far other than the incomprehensibilities of a dreamer. Should someone here object: But modern Theosophical treatises are very different from the simple teachings of the Gospel—I reply: No one is better aware of the fact than the modern Theosophist.

And here let me run off a little. Why Theosophist? Why Theosophist because one belongs to an association calling itself the Theosophical Society? Why Theosophist even when one writes a book about Theosophy,—and thereby, according to the ancient Taoist sage, plainly proclaims to the wise that he does not truly know the real mystery? Simply, I suppose, because of the modern imbecility of names. This may be nicely paralleled by the question: Why Christian because a man goes to church? Or even, why Christian even when he writes a Life of Jesus? Personally I do not quite like the name Theosophist; and why? Because I have a poor opinion of a *sophistês* of any sort, desiring as I do some day somehow to become *sophos*. And yet, after all, *sophist*, whether *theo* or otherwise, is a very good name for most of us, and very correct; so perhaps those of us who don't quite like it had better grin and bear it. In France they manage this better, for they have the two words *théosophe* and *théosophiste*—the latter signifying one who has an interest in Theosophy, while the former denotes one who has achieved some distinct growth in knowledge of the Wisdom. In ancient Greek, however, *theosophos* and *theosophistês* are hardly to be distinguished, while in English though we have the rare form Theosopher it *sounds* somehow or other (at least to myself) worse than Theosophist.

In drawing a parallel between the terms Christian and Theosophist we should perhaps do well to remember that the Christians did not at first call themselves Christians. It was a name first given them from without, and, moreover, not intended by the outsiders as a good naming, but rather a designation of turbulent and revolutionary folk—"Messianists"; it was only subsequently adopted for themselves by "those of the way." We members of the Theosophical Society, however, have consented to the term Theosophist from the very beginning by deliberately choosing the name Theosophy for our ideal, and

must now abide by our choice. Perhaps then, after all, it is well that the form of our calling contains *sophistês*, for so it can ever be explained as denoting not *sophos* or the man who is wise, who has attained to wisdom, but rather the man who speaks about being wise, using the term *sophist* in its Socratic and later sense, or, better still, the man who is trying to be wise.

Even as Paul's fellowship at Corinth were spoken of by him as "those being saved," and not as the "saved," so with us we are those in the state of seeking after Wisdom. We are then as Theosophists seekers, hearers simply, and to us pre-eminently is addressed the Saying of Wisdom which in its full form has just been unearthed from the rubbish heaps of Behnesa: "Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder; wondering he shall reach the kingdom, and when he reaches the kingdom he shall have rest." For, indeed, the beginning of philosophy—the love of wisdom—is, as Plato said, wonder; doubtless also the "fear of God" is also the "beginning of wisdom," but that is another mystery and a more tragical one.

"He who wonders, shall reign"—he shall be "king," lord of himself, ruler of his realm. He shall be the anointed king initiate, the Christ, the Buddha, the Jîna, the Conqueror. He shall then rest from his labours; he shall enter into that "peace of God which passeth all understanding"; he shall enter the Nirvâṇa, the endless rest that is the fulness of activity, the Self that is in all things and all things in the Self.

But to return to the simplicity of the Jesus teaching as set forth in the Gospels and the objection that modern Theosophical treatises are very foreign to this simplicity. It might be argued that some few are not; but let that pass. Surely the fundamental mistake of such objection of our amiable critics lies in the supposition that modern Theosophical treatises are written either to replace or to rival the simple story of the Gospel writers. Every Theosophist, that is every seeker after Wisdom, would, I take it, gladly and enthusiastically refer to the Gospel teachings as to one of the most precious forms of the Wisdom teaching—so simple and yet so profound, plain for the plain, deep for the deep. They form one of the Theosophists' most precious scriptures. There

can then be no ground of dispute between the lover of Evangelical simplicity and ourselves, for we can honestly and easily accommodate him, and so continue our intercourse in friendship on the common ground of the Gospel teachings; and so also with regard to any other objector in the interests of his own special tradition.

And this leads one to think of the enormous mass of Theosophical and allied literature put into circulation during the last quarter of a century, and to look forward in imagination to what in all probability will be by far the vastest literary activity of the twentieth century. There is a strong leaven working and the ferment is widespread; there is a potent light shining and piercing here and there with dazzling brilliancy through the darkness; but all is at present mixture and muddle—chaos and disorder mostly, as it has ever been in human affairs. For, mark well, Wisdom is ever revealed "in mystery," never just as we expect it in the respectable clarity of exact repetition; it never comes in the same forms. Yet are there, as there ever have been, unnumbered folk who look for the re-coming of their Lord or Lady only in precisely the same forms in which they were last seen in their tradition; for such the form is the test, the dress is the person. This is a strange foolishness of old clothes, not a sane philosophy that seeks to pierce the disguises of Wisdom, to pierce through the show of things, beneath the appearance of the true, under the surface of the depth. Wisdom in mystery, Wisdom in foolishness, Wisdom in the unexpected, Wisdom in the despised! Out of the mouth of babes!

Who, who knows intimately the history of the present Theosophical movement, has not again and again asked himself the question: Why this, why that? What mistakes, what foolishness! Theosophy lives and grows and thrives *in spite of* its exponents! So it seems, so it apparently is; but are we after all quite sure that it is all as it seems to be?

Supposing that instead of the seeming happy-go-lucky mixture which is seething in the crucible of our modern movement —this very human mixture of all classes and races, creeds and sexes, ignorance and instruction—the compost is the natural and inevitable matter which the protoplasts must begin upon if they

would foster the continued and orderly growth of human evolution. Supposing that instead of this sending out into the highways and hedges of the world and gathering them in, there had been a selecting of chosen minds who would have put forth with utmost tact, and in the most correct clothing of accepted forms, observing every *tabu* and convention of the established order of things respectable, the root ideas of Theosophy, which are now household words in many a humble home—would it then have been a natural and spiritual growth without distinction of persons? I think not; it would have been kept for the privileged few, for an aristocracy of mind and a heredity of feeling, who would have naturally kept all for themselves in fear of the mysteries being profaned by the vulgar.

Are you, then, some one may ask, an "Ebionite" in things Theosophical; are you a "poor man's" friend alone; are you an envier or despiser of the "rich," of those more highly endowed in intellect and feeling? By no means, for I really believe that God—that Wisdom—is no respecter of persons; that there is no distinction—beyond the distinctions we make for ourselves, distinctions, however, apparently more powerful for the majority than even nature. There is, however, a true aristocracy of the mind that smiles at the normal "respectability" of thought, at the timorousness of the average mental *tabu*, marks of a veritable intellectual *bourgeoisie*, characterised by all the *convenances* of traditional thinking, which ethically and spiritually considered is little better than the calculated commercialism of "*le parfait comptable*." This mental *bourgeoisie* is so subtle that few can even detect it; it is enthroned in high places, in church and chair of science and philosophy, in literature and in art. But the true aristocrat, or timocrat rather, of the mind is free of these conventions and passing municipal restrictions; he is sure of his birth, is conscious within him that this stands in no need of certificate from any herald's office, much less is it dependent upon the good opinion of the townsfolk's gossip.

On the other hand, there are the little thinking who imagine that because a woman wears a smart frock or a man puts on dress clothes, they therefore cannot be genuine Theosophists! Or again people dine late; how untheosophical, plain living and high

thinking should be our motto! And so on in a thousand forms, the same elementary fallacy comes up. For what does all this mean after all than that objectors of this order desire the Theosophical Society to be not without distinction of caste, class, and the rest, but with very numerous distinctions indeed? A Theosophist, a searcher after Wisdom, can wear any sort of clothes or none, I take it; if he lives up north he can clothe himself in skins, and if he live down south he can be a gymnosophist, go naked, be a *digambara, a bairâgî*—if the police regulations permit it and he so choose. So too for his food and the times thereof and the rest of such matters. If we want to lead a "food reform" or "dress reform," well and good; only let us call them by their right names and not insist they are fundamental Theosophy; and, above all things, do not let us regard our fellow strivers after Wisdom as backsliders because they do not see their way to adopt our ideal diet or whatever else it may be.

All of these things seem to me to be ephemeral compared to this science of self-conquest and the winning of self-knowledge, and I am more and more persuaded, as years roll on, that there is no guarantee that a man will necessarily reach even to moderate attainment by simply following out—even if he be very diligent in the matter—all the personal recipes of this nature of another whom he thinks has accomplished much that he desires to achieve. Each has his own way, and he must find it for himself. I can hardly believe that the rule will make the sage; it may make the monk—but that is a different thing, and we are talking about Wisdom; and, unless I am greatly deceived, two men in similar circumstances may do absolutely different things and yet both grow in wisdom thereby; it depends on the men and their attitude to their environment. For one man's meat is another man's poison, and the municipal ethics of the police regulations are good for the mental town in which we live, but the Regulations of Wisdom, the Laws of the Divine Economy, as drawn up for the good order of the world citizens, are other.

G. R. S. Mead.

"OCCULT" GEOLOGY

It is a commonplace of Theosophical discussion to point out the difference between what are called the Eastern and the Western methods of study and investigation, but although one hears so much of "occult" teachings and "occult" facts, much misconception obtains regarding the scope and object of occult study, and in our new-born enthusiasm for what are to us, as a race, unfamiliar studies, we are apt to think we have at last found the royal road by which learning can be obtained without labour. We are apt to forget that Eastern and Western science has each its proper field of usefulness in the cosmic scheme, and, above all, that capacities of quite a different order are required by each from the student.

There is, moreover, a latent tendency to suppose that facts and theories which come to us by the exercise of faculties other than normal ones are entitled to general acceptance without being submitted to the ordinary tests which would be applied as a matter of course to facts physically observed. A special validity and importance indeed seems to be attached to anything that savours of the "occult," and we seem by neglecting to use our common-sense, to be in danger once more of being stifled by so-called "authoritative" statements.

It appears to me that this unfortunate tendency is due, in part at any rate, to the obliteration in our minds of the distinction between the occult and the pseudo-occult, once so plainly set forth by H. P. B., and to the too hasty assumption that we have passed beyond the region where Science, in the Western sense, is valid, into that where "we know even as we are known."

Mrs. Besant, in the first of her lectures upon *The Evolution of Life and Form*, has dealt with these points very clearly indeed, and it were well if every student could keep in mind the first principles there laid down, when engaged in discussing matters

which, like geology, have hitherto been believed to fall primarily within the field of Western science—the study of form. I trust I may be pardoned for drawing attention for a moment to the different scopes of the two methods of study, the extent of the limitations of each and the different qualifications which they demand from the student, in order that I may, a little later on, apply the general principles which emerge from these considerations to the discussion of the immediate subject of this paper.

One way of trying to describe the difference between the two is to say that Western science studies as it were from the outside of a sphere, and that the finite intellectual faculties of man can only subtend a certain very small angle in its total circumference; hence this kind of science includes all concrete facts, and such concrete facts only, in short everything that comes under the category of knowledge. It can, however, never grasp the transcendent whole.

Eastern, or occult science, on the contrary, attempts to penetrate to the centre of the sphere, and once having attained it can, sitting in the centre and directing its forces outwards along any radius, comprehend the whole. It is, therefore, not concerned with concrete intellectual facts at all, and cannot with propriety be introduced into discussions of concrete subjects. Another way of trying to realise the difference is to compare it to that existing between the inductive and deductive processes of logic, always remembering, however, that in so far as we are dealing with intellectual knowledge of any kind, we are dealing with the form side of the universe, and, therefore, that both these processes in reality belong to the domain of Western science. Such comparisons, though possibly of real assistance to some minds, to others will be without clear meaning, so that perhaps it is better to confine oneself to the general statement that Western science studies the form—by observing it, while Eastern science studies the life—by living it.

It will, I think, be readily granted that so long as we are dealing with the facts about matter, whether physical plane matter or otherwise, we are dealing with the form, and therefore our proper instrument is the (Western) "scientific method." It does not

matter whether we are employing our physical senses, or our astral or mental faculties, but what does matter is that these senses and faculties should be employed in a scientific manner.

As an example of the use of the scientific method and the exhibition of the scientific temper in theosophical work, one need only turn to the two admirable "Manuals" on the Astral Plane and the Devachanic Plane. These manuals, interesting and suggestive as they must be to all, are of value to the student not at all because they contain information gathered by the use of faculties other than the physical senses, and still less because they were written by Mr. Leadbeater, who can see things for himself, but because the author obviously does not depend upon hearsay, or even upon his own observations only, but has checked and corrected these in a scientific manner by the independent observations of others. As hinted above, there is a possible case, but one which in the nature of things must be so rare that for everyday purposes it scarcely comes into account, where the scientific method is not applicable. When we *ourselves* have evolved to such a point that we are enabled not merely to function upon the astral or mental planes, not merely to receive direct communications from loftier intelligences (still less to receive them through a third person whether in the body or not), but to perceive (though that is not the word) the subject and materials of our study ourselves from the life side—from the central standpoint;—then and then only is it possible to transcend the scientific method. It is hardly necessary or possible to discuss the qualifications involved, but it may be pointed out that they include the ability to identify one's own consciousness with that of anything and everything else. Of that state it has been written: "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way, and few there be that find it."

It is one of the principal characteristics of all mystical states, that the knowledge thus gained does not as a rule relate to physical plane matters at all, and that in any case it cannot be imparted to others by ordinary means. We have this on the authority of all those who at any time and under any circumstances have experienced the higher states of consciousness. It is indeed the hall-mark of all that belongs to that higher clair-

voyance by means of which *alone* we are more likely to learn what is true than what is false. From the time of that man who "was caught up into the third heaven and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter," through the long line of mystics down to the present day all with one voice proclaim that what they know passes understanding.

Professor James has discussed this matter very fully in his recent book, *Varieties of Religious Experience*, in the chapter on "Mysticism" (p. 379 *et seq.*), and a clear distinction is drawn between the true mystical knowledge and the ordinary information given to the world through abnormal channels, which has to be weighed and tested like any other information. It is obvious that the possibility of communicating the higher "knowledge" at all depends upon the possession of evolved faculties by the would-be recipient as much as on the powers of the teacher himself. Imperfections and errors in transmission must always be expected, and it follows from the above that the higher the source of such direct information the more likely is the ordinary man to misunderstand and misinterpret it, and in its own degree the same applies to any kind of information received through the exercise of abnormal faculties. Instead therefore of accepting teachings upon physical facts with greater readiness and less alert criticism because they are believed to come by abnormal means direct from a very high authority, the converse ought in fact to be done. The utmost care should be taken to test and correct the original superphysical observations, and then, where the observations relate to physical facts, they should be subjected to the most rigorous analysis and comparison with known facts of physical science; not in a spirit of antagonism but in one of open-minded enquiry.

In connection with the weight to be attached in general to knowledge mystically acquired, a further great service has been rendered by Professor James. While insisting (p. 379) upon the reality of mystical experience, he also points out that the revelation thus gained, though absolutely valid for him who has experienced it, carries and should carry no authoritative weight for others, for, as he shews, many of the interpretations of fact given to the world by mystics are mutually contradictory. And

from the theosophical point of view this conclusion of Professor James seems to be entirely justified; for so soon as that which is life, and which has been lived or experienced, is described in words, the life thereby clothes itself in forms, and becomes the object of science, to be tested, compared, and judged by the lower intellect. Any other conclusion would lead us straight into the bog of "revelation" and "authority" from which it has cost so much to escape.

In claiming the right, and preaching the duty, of using the scientific method in dealing with the world of form, I am very far indeed from wishing to tie anyone down to the theories, facts, or beliefs, of contemporary science. What I claim is that the scientific *method* should be used when dealing with all the lower planes of nature, *i.e.*, below the level which is described as "arûpa" at any rate, and for aught I know even beyond that exalted level. By all means let us investigate the physical, astral, and mental planes by all faculties and every instrument at our disposal, but let us investigate soberly, calmly and critically, by the methods and with the precautions that experience has shewn to be the most effectual.

Now in dealing with the physical plane we moderns start with a vast ready-made equipment of definitely ascertained and verifiable physical facts, which in many cases have been summarised and formulated for us as the so-called "laws of nature." These are of course not "laws" in any sense of compulsion, but represent merely those sequences of phenomena which are found to occur with perfect regularity. When it is thought that a new fact has been discovered, never mind by what means, the first thing to be done is to compare it with other known facts, or in other words to see if it is consistent with the known "laws of nature" (*i.e.*, physical nature). If not, there is a very strong presumption that the "fact" has been incorrectly observed. In such a case the fact must be tested and verified by experiment, and until it has survived these tests it not only need not be accepted as true, but it is morally indefensible so to accept it.

A very important matter in all such tests is that the original method by which the fact was discovered should be carefully

worked over again and again by other observers in order to eliminate personal errors; that different instruments should be used in order to eliminate instrumental errors; and finally, and most important of all, that totally different methods should be employed in order to eliminate errors which may be inherent in the method first used.

These precautions are doubly necessary when the discovery appears not merely to be at variance with previously observed though isolated facts, but to involve the existence of laws of nature hitherto unknown, or the modification of known laws.

It is further an axiom of scientific investigation that when difficulties arise the solution should first be sought in the known properties of matter and the known processes of nature, not by the ascription of new properties or the invocation of unknown laws. This is of special importance when the explanation so offered is itself at variance with other observed facts, or some other known law of nature valid for the order of facts which is being investigated; in such a case there is an enormously strong presumption that the explanation is wrong. Thus we do not nowadays ascribe the unaccountable presence of prehistoric structures or monoliths to the agency of the devil, nor should we seek to bolster up shaky theories by appeals to the astral plane. For, in fact, the higher realms of nature can only act upon the lower through the "laws of nature," which are valid for the lower.

It comes to this, indeed, that the scientific method is universally valid in all regions of existence with which most of us have anything to do; and that physical facts are to be judged by trained experts on the physical plane, in the light of the known laws of physical nature, astral facts by those who are trained on that plane, in the light of the laws of that plane, and so on; in effect we must "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"; and no "authority" has the least validity as such for anyone but himself.

W. WYBERGH.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

"CONTEMPORARY PSYCHOLOGY"*

THIS very useful volume, which sees the light under the auspices of Professor Muirhead of Birmingham, in the Library of Philosophy of which he is General Editor, is in many respects the best and most comprehensive *general* survey of psychology as a science which is to be found in English. In the first place it is thoroughly up to date; in the second it gives a much fuller and more satisfactory account of Continental work in this department than is to be found in most English treatises, while at the same time it gives full weight and appropriate importance to the work of English and American psychologists, a feature which is so often wanting in French and German treatments of the subject. Moreover, it is convenient in size, well printed, and written in an easy, natural style, which shows in its English garb little or no traces of being a translation. In short, Signor Villa's work fills a gap which has long been felt by those interested in psychology, and should be read by everyone who wishes to make himself familiar with the main outlines of a subject which is rapidly coming to occupy a most important, if not a leading position in the world of thought of this new century.

The chief criticism to which Signor Villa's work seems open is that he has perhaps indulged in an excessive amount of repetition. To some extent this was necessitated by the method of treatment adopted, but I cannot help feeling that it might have been considerably reduced with advantage, and that such condensation would have provided space for a somewhat fuller and more detailed discussion of the most important points. As it is, one finds repetition principally in the shape of recurrent restatements of historical sequences and developments in relation to differing portions of this subject, and though not without their advantages these sometimes appear not altogether necessary.

Having thus briefly dealt with the work on the lines of an ordinary notice, I propose to take advantage of the opportunity it

* By Guido Villa, Lecturer on Philosophy in the University of Rome. Revised by the Author and translated by Harold Manacorda, Attaché to the Italian Embassy in Paris. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; 1903. Price 10*s*. 6*d*. net.)

affords to endeavour to place before the readers of the REVIEW some slight account of the present position of psychology gleaned from its pages, with perhaps a few remarks upon the bearing of that position upon the fundamental problems which are of such vital concern to every one of us.

I shall pass over the short but very lucid account of the historical development of psychology which forms the first chapter, merely remarking that it is particularly useful owing to a well-selected series of references to leading authors and their works, and come at once to the question of how we are to define the object and scope of psychology. We are first introduced to the older definition of the more or less spiritualistic school of thinkers for whom psychology was the science of the inner phenomena in man; and then, after considering various intermediate phases, we come to the opposite extreme, the view of the materialistic school, in whose eyes a psychological science, in the proper sense, can have no *raison d'être*, since they hold that the comprehension of mental phenomena must follow as a natural result from the knowledge of the brain processes. This is so because, for them, the only reality is matter, and what we take to be phenomena of consciousness are only apparently such. And it must be borne in mind that this attitude has left very perceptible traces in the works of many psychologists who are by no means to be classed as materialists in philosophy.

Following up the course of thought on the subject, our author shows that psychology may be most properly defined as the *science of direct subjective experience*, in contrast to the natural sciences, which, collectively, may be regarded as the *science of indirect objective experience*, and he then proceeds to show how this conclusion has been reached and incidentally to touch upon several points where psychology touches philosophy proper. He emphasises rather strongly the view that psychology cannot properly concern itself with the relations between the physiological and the mental phenomena, but must stop at the mental manifestations, considering physical phenomena only in so far as they complete the former.

In taking up this position, Signor Villa seems to have the support of the main drift of the best psychological work during the last twenty years, and thereby he is enabled to indicate for psychology its due place in the hierarchy of the sciences and to secure for its special problems that independence and distinctness of treatment which is so vitally necessary.

But it is not easy to maintain this standpoint, even when it is clearly recognised, especially in a historical treatment of the subject, and thus we are presented with a chapter on "Mind and Body," in which the various historical positions taken up by the leading thinkers who have dealt with the subject are very ably sketched—though with a considerable amount of repetition, some of which, at least, might well have been avoided, especially as a good deal of the discussion trenches upon what is properly the domain of philosophy. Signor Villa has been evidently much influenced by Wundt, who on the whole may perhaps be regarded as representing the general position as regards this question which is most in favour among psychologists at the present moment.

Wundt accepts as an empirical fact, that strict parallelism of the two series of phenomena, the psychic and the physical, which is technically called psycho-physical parallelism; but he gives to this doctrine an interpretation which, partially at least, avoids some of the difficulties of the old Cartesian dualism of "extended" and "thinking" substances side by side. He does not admit, for instance, that either of the two causal series—*viz.*, the series of inner states and the series of brain-changes—can enter into or modify the other, still less absorb it, and thus gets rids of the Cartesian *influxus physicus*, through which the "mind" was supposed to act upon the "body." So he succeeds in keeping clear of overt dualism, while at the same time he professes to adopt neither of the extreme alternatives—neither a spiritual nor a material theory. In short, he tries to confine himself to a pure empiricism, though at any rate in his language, and I think too in his thought, he not infrequently slips into phaseology which seems to imply a material *causation* of mental states, if construed strictly. But avowedly he again and again repudiates any such position as philosophically tenable.

This represents a sort of mean position and may well serve for the present as a working basis, but I venture to doubt whether it can long maintain itself satisfactorily. For though it has the great advantage of securing an accurate description of the phenomena, when regarded from the point of view of abstraction, yet it is dangerously easy to slip insensibly from it into talking about states of consciousness being *caused* by cerebral processes, and the like. Hence it seems as if, sooner or later, a change must come and the balance incline permanently to one side or the other. All the signs seem to point to a swing towards an idealistic or spiritual view as that which will

come to be ultimately adopted by philosophy and also by psychology; so it is to be hoped that the old errors and fallacies may be avoided, and a really fresh and new point of view be obtained before the end of this new century.

Meanwhile the position of psychology, as a science, is simply this, that psycho-physical parallelism must be considered as merely an empirical statement that certain physical and physiological conditions correspond to mental processes; that the content of a sensation, and ultimately of an act of thinking, has always a physical side; and that feelings and acts of willing, while referring indirectly to perceptive processes, are accompanied by more or less accentuated physiological phenomena.

Again following the historical method, Signor Villa next gives us a sketch of psychological methods, beginning with the introspective, then describing the rise and development of the experimental method initiated by Weber and Fechner, and so leading us on to those now generally adopted. Unfortunately this method brings up again in new forms problems already discussed, but on the whole the treatment is lucid and clear. It seems to me, however, that—in common with most of the official text-books on the subject—insufficient attention is given to the significance of those methods of enquiry of which hypnotism is one, and which I believe may be expected to contribute far more valuable and significant data for psychological generalisation than laboratory experiments on reaction-times, or even statistical enquiries such as those at present so much in favour. It is in this respect that Signor Villa appears not quite up to date; but he might perhaps reply that such methods as hypnotic experiment are as yet not thoroughly orthodox, large as is the amount of psychological material already accumulated by their means. At any rate he assigns a preponderating value to the introspective method, and there can be no doubt that it is and must continue to be the method of most fundamental importance in psychology.

As regards the problem of the fundamental psychical functions; cognition, feeling and will—modern psychology has come to regard them in a manner very different from that of the older school, which treated them as "faculties" belonging to an abstract entity—"mind" or "soul." It is an interesting and instructive task to trace the way in which, from the old Greek conceptions of the "rational," "vegetative," and "animal" souls in man, human psychology has passed through varying views and theories of "higher" and "lower,"

"inner" and "outer" schemes of faculties, and the like, to the latest view which regards knowing, willing and feeling as the three indivisible, primitive mental factors, which are not separate "faculties" or "souls," but properties of one and the same phenomenon. But to do so here would take too long, and I must content myself with emphasising the growing reaction against a predominantly "intellectualistic" view, and to the rapidly increasing importance which recent research has assigned to attention and volition, which, coupled with feeling, are now regarded as being "deeper," more "inward" or subjective than cognition in all its forms, though, of course, all the best modern authorities are unanimous in recognising that these three basic mental properties, *viz.*, cognition, feeling and willing, are really inseparable. "Thus," remarks Signor Villa, "the unity of consciousness is now regarded as an accepted fact; consciousness is not divided into higher and lower faculties, because it is composed of elements which mingle and separate in continually changing formations. Its primary elements are reduced to two—sensations and simple feelings. From the former are evolved the various presentative and ideational complexes; from the latter the emotions and volitional processes. The will is not, properly speaking, a mental factor, but something more. It is the primary impulse which sets in motion the development of conscious activity and regulates the formation and various combinations of psychical complexes." This view brings us rather near to Schopenhauer's doctrine of the primacy of the Will, and again we find ourselves confronted by the problems of metaphysics. Indeed, I am inclined to think that, however we may struggle to avoid it, some form of metaphysic, either implicit or overt, is bound to run through all our sciences, whether physical, moral or mental, and I strongly believe that it is far better that our metaphysic should be explicit and clearly perceived, for nothing is more misleading than an implicit metaphysic of which we are not consciously aware, running through all our work, such as may be noticed in nearly every writer who deals with any of the wider and deeper problems, whether of science or of life.

An interesting feature of Signor Villa's work is the way in which its perusal brings home to the mind the remarkable, though gradual, change of standpoint which has come about in psychology during the last twenty or thirty years. Instead of looking, with the more materialistic school, to a growing knowledge of cerebral processes for an *explanation* of psychological laws and facts on the one hand, or with its

opponents seeking a solution in the conception of "mind" as an entity endowed with faculties, on the other, we now find it clearly recognised that man must be regarded as a psycho-physical being, each aspect of his dual nature possessing no less "reality" than the other, each too obeying *its own laws* and each having to be dealt with according to its own canons, but none of them being explicable in terms of the other. This has now come to be recognised as the true standpoint of scientific psychology, and while it obviously leaves the fundamental problem of the real relation and connection between mind and body unsolved, it none the less marks a very important advance in the search for such a solution, inasmuch as it affords a sound basis for that experimental and empirical research from which alone we can hope to obtain such data for philosophy (to whose province the mind-body problem properly belongs) as may eventually lead to an adequate solution of this basic question.

But the reader cannot fail to recognise in this changed attitude a distinct defeat for the over-confident dogmatists of the materialistic school, a defeat the more serious in that this new standpoint of psychology involves a rejection, in respect of the processes of the mind, of that *mechanical* view of psychical causation which found its expression in the theory that consciousness was a mere accompaniment of the mechanical processes, an "epi-phenomenon," playing no real part in the drama of evolution, on the one hand, and in the still more untenable view of Büchner that the phenomena of mind were the *products* of brain activity, on the other. Hence we may not unreasonably hope that in due course scientific psychology will contribute a fresh and energetic impulse to the progress of philosophy.

In this connection, Signor Villa's chapters on the Composition and Development of the Mental Life, and more especially that upon Consciousness, are peculiarly significant, for they bring out very clearly indeed the metaphysical implications of the various standpoints adopted by the leading writers in a lucid and definite manner. Such a study as this leaves no room for doubt that all attempts to maintain a purely "empirical" standpoint simply land the investigator in unconscious metaphysics of one kind or another, and, as I have noted above, such "unconscious" metaphysic is in a high degree misleading and dangerous. Thus the need for further active progress in the domain of philosophy proper is constantly brought home to one in surveying such a field as this, and the rapid accumulation of new and accurately observed data gives good ground for the hope that in the

near future a determined effort will be made at least to clear the way for a fresh renaissance of philosophy. And I feel sure that such broad and lucid surveys of important fields of work as Signor Villa has here given us will contribute materially to bring this about.

B. K.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A Convenient Version of the Tao Teh King

The Canon of Reason and Virtue (Lao-tze's Tao Teh King). Translated from the Chinese by Dr. Paul Carus. (London: Kegan Paul, etc.; 1903. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*)

We are glad to see that Dr. Paul Carus has republished his translation of this famous tractate apart from the text and transliteration, critical notes, etc., of his larger work. Whether or not this King is indeed by the Old Philosopher himself or represents the tradition of his school need not disturb us; it is a Way of the Wisdom, and we may rest assured that Lao-tze did not invent it. Dr. Carus boldly cuts the knot of the Tao difficulty by translating it Reason and identifying it with the idea of the Logos. In his Foreword he writes:

"Lao-tze's *Tao Teh King* contains so many surprising analogies with Christian thought and sentiment, that were its authenticity and pre-Christian origin not established beyond the shadow of a doubt, one would be inclined to discover in it traces of Christian influence. Not only does the term *Tao* (word, reason) correspond quite closely to the Greek term *Logos*, but Lao-tze preaches the ethics of requiting hatred with goodness. He insists on the necessity of becoming like unto a little child, of returning to primitive simplicity and purity, of non-assertion and non-resistance, and promises that the deficient may be made entire, the crooked will be straightened, the empty will be filled, the worn will be renewed, those who have too little will receive, while those who have too much will be bewildered."

There is but one fault we have to find with Dr. Carus' translation —not, however, that we are personally in any position to check it with the original—the attempts at versification of the original verse

scattered through the prose text are doggerel, and beneath the dignity of their prose environment.

G. R. S. M.

Aether and Gravitation.

Aether and Gravitation. By William George Hooper, F.S.S. (London: Chapman and Hall; 1903. Price 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Students of Theosophy have reason both adequate and cogent for mistrusting any and every kind of orthodoxy and not least the orthodoxy of Science. Hence, however revolutionary and new a theory, a suggestion, however much both method and manner may seem unusual or unconventional, any well-thought-out views which actually throw light on the nature and constitution of things are sure of a welcome and of most careful consideration at their hands. And so in the book under the above title, I was in hopes of finding something both fertile in suggestion and new in conception; I approached it with pre-conceived readiness to find enlightenment and to cry: Well done! Alas! I am disappointed and its three hundred and fifty large and well-printed pages leave behind them only a keen regret at so much wasted time, industry and money, which might all have been saved had the author taken a two or three years' course of Physics in the Schools so that he might understand the writers, from Newton to Lord Kelvin and Sir Oliver Lodge, whom he quotes so extensively.

Mr. Hooper aims high; he professes to give a new view of the Aether (as he calls it) which shall explain gravitation—and a few other trifles as well. But when we try to grasp his conception of the Aether we find that he regards it as consisting of rotating vortices of oblate spheroidal form (on the analogy of the earth) *which attract each other according to the gravitational formula;* and matter, as we know it, is built up of these aetheric atoms. But this is nothing more than a re-statement of Newton's theory, pushed one step back; a bare substitution of the words "aetheric atom" for "particle" in the formula: "Every particle of matter attracts every other particle, etc." Hence Mr. Hooper explains nothing at all, for it is nowhere made apparent how or why his aetheric atoms attract one another. Moreover, of what are his atomic vortices themselves made? For he scoffs at the notion of a friction-less, homogeneous fluid, as unthinkable, and hence his vortices must be made of still smaller vortices and so on, *ad infinitum.*

It is really pathetic to see how he sometimes blunders for want of merely elementary accurate knowledge, in spite of very wide reading

and really wonderful industry. For instance, he believes in the existence of an actual *centrifugal force* impelling the planets in their orbits, not knowing that it is merely a figurative expression even as used by Newton for the resistance offered to the constant change of speed and direction of the moving body. Or again when he repeatedly mixes up friction with mass and inertia, in his argument, as if they meant the same thing, or when he speaks of the fact that the Newtonian rings formed between a lens and a piece of glass expand when the glass is heated, as due to the rings being *repelled* by the heat! As if the rings were something material and "heat" a "repulsive" force! Or again, when he argues for the need of a continuous "shove" or force of some kind to *keep the planets in motion* and the like.

But all this would be of small account if only his theory of the Aether threw the very smallest light either upon gravitation or upon the nature of the ether. But it does neither, and though I believe he regards some of the views stated by H. P. B. and other Theosophical writers as anticipating and supporting his own, I regret to say that I can find no consolation in that, since I have long sought in these suggestions and statements for anything which could be worked out into a coherent theory of ether and gravitation. But my own efforts have failed entirely, and Mr. Hooper's volume does not to me appear to make the problem any less difficult or even to suggest a more hopeful line of investigation and enquiry.

B. K.

A Bibliography of "Occult" Works

A Catalogue Raisonné of Works on the Occult Sciences. By F. Leigh Gardner. Vol. I. Rosicrucian Books. With an Introduction by W. Wynn Westcott, M.B. (London: Privately Printed; 1903. Price 5*s*.)

We are glad to see that at last an attempt is being made to catalogue the chaos of rare and strange literature dealing with the occult arts and all that mass of magical and mystical writings which medievalism has bequeathed to us and with which the modern revival of psychic research has filled our shelves. The volume before us contains a list of 604 works and pamphlets dealing with "Rosicruciana," and is interspersed with useful notes by the Honorary Secretary of the Rosicrucian Society in England (Soc. Ros. in Anglia); and the whole is prefaced by a sober introduction from the pen of our colleague Dr. W. Wynn

Westcott, who holds the office of M.W. Supreme Magus in the same Society.

Bibliography, especially critical bibliography, is a difficult art, but the bibliography of books on the occult arts and allied obscurities is a Herculean labour and requires not only a special genius but the incarnation of a Minos and a Rhadamanthus, of a Solomon and a Daniel, conflated, to judge justly. Nevertheless we thank Mr. Gardner for making a start and hope to see a number of volumes as the fruit of his industry. Why, however, this catalogue should be "privately printed," and 300 copies only run off and the type distributed, we do not know, except that perhaps Mr. Gardner has unconsciously been drawn back by the dust of these ancient tomes into the atmosphere of medievalism.

G. R. S. M.

A Tribute to Mme. Meuleman

In Memoriam P. C. Meuleman-van Ginkel. (21 Mei 1841—23 November 1902.) Door een Aantal harer Vrienden en Leerlingen. (De Teosofische Uitgevers-Maatschappij: Amsteldijk 79, Amsterdam; 1903. Price 6*s*.)

No less than sixty-eight friends and admirers have offered their tribute of affection, recognition, and gratitude to our late colleague in this well-printed collection of appreciations. Besides the letterpress it contains no less than six photographs of the well-known features of her whom Colonel Olcott has rightly called the "Mother of Theosophy in Holland." Sixty of these *encomia* are written in Dutch and eight in English, so that it cannot be said of Piet Meuleman, as one of the Logia has it: "A prophet is not acceptable in his own country, neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him."

G. R. S. M.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, November. The President-Founder, being still detained in Paris at the time of writing and thus unable to continue "Old Diary Leaves," is moved by the circumstances to give a very practical treatise on "Bequests to the Society." "Members," he says, "in different countries have been leaving us money in their wills, of which a good deal has been lost through their careless use of

language and ill-digested plans." The essential point of the matter is that the Theosophical Society is not a legal entity, and that money left to the Society, without more definition, simply falls into the residue of the estate, and is lost to us. The same result will take place if money be left to the British Section. And the moral of the matter is that all such bequests should be framed by a professional lawyer; or as the Colonel says (better still), "All possible mistakes would be avoided if the would-be donor would only ask *me* how his money should be given or bequeathed." The legal form for a bequest to what is now known as the British Section is given on the second page of the cover of this Magazine. Next comes a portion of Sir William Crookes' most important Address to the Congress of Applied Chemistry at Berlin, delivered on the 5th of last June, describing the present condition of what is known as the electric theory of matter. A quotation from Sir Humphry Davy so long back as 1811 is applicable to all investigators: "It is the duty of a chemist to be bold in pursuit. He must not consider things as impracticable merely because they have not yet been effected. He must not regard them as unreasonable because they do not coincide with popular opinion. He must recollect how contrary knowledge sometimes is to what appears to be experience." The chemists have learned the lesson; when our psychic researchers have learned it, perhaps they too may have something valuable to show. Next comes the conclusion of F. Davidson's interesting paper on "Hawaiki, the Ancient Home of the Maori," from which it seems that they have distinct traditions of their residence in the lost continent of the Pacific, and of the existence there of a complete system of Initiation and a fully organised Lodge of Initiates—all destroyed on the submersion of their country. Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "Clairvoyance in Space"; H. Whyte's "A Buddhist Philosopher"; Miss Kofel's account of Mr. Tilak's valuable work entitled "The Arctic Home in the Vedas"; and a very thoughtful paper by H. Gordon entitled "The Great Illusion," in which the Indian view of the identity of knowing and being is set forth with much freshness of statement and illustration, form the remaining contents of an interesting number.

Prasnottara, November, opens with a study of "Purity," and continues Miss Edger's "Thoughts on the Zoroastrian Gâthâs," and Mrs. Besant's lectures on Myers' *Human Personality*. We are sorry to see that Mrs. Besant had to recognise that she "has not yet succeeded in reaching the great mass of Hindus with regard to our College; the

English-educated Hindus have, for the most part, heard of it, but only a small minority have helped it financially"; and that she has to start various schemes of collecting for it in small sums. But those who do not care enough for an object to make *great* sacrifices for it are still less likely to make *small* ones,—that's human nature. The "Questions and Answers" contain some valuable replies signed "A. B."

Central Hindu College Magazine, November. In this we have a notice that in the two higher classes double fees will have to be paid by married pupils,—another step for the discouragement of child-marriages. The literary contents are well up to the mark, and the "Letter Box" has some useful answers to questions.

Theosophic Gleaner, October. Here Narrain Rai Varma gives "A Pretty Anecdote about a Fair Vedântist"; N. F. Bilimoria in "Ethics of Zoroastrianism" makes an attempt to put more life into the creed of his co-religionists. In the next article St. Michael of the Christians is identified with Mithras; and various notes on matters of science and archeology make up an interesting number. It seems from the "Notes and News" that the high and dry orthodoxy of the Pârsî priests is beginning to discover itself endangered by the spread of Theosophical teaching; this is a good sign.

The Dawn, October, has amongst other good papers one by M. Townsend, "The Truth about Oriental Patriotism," which should be read and laid to heart by all who care for India.

Indian Review, October, gives portraits of the late Justices Ranade and Telang. A notice of the Sanâtana Dharma Series is illustrated by a picture of Mrs. Besant, in her well-known white garments, sitting native fashion on a tiger skin. It says: "While there is a good deal of empty talk going on in the press and on the platform about the necessity of religious and moral education in Indian Schools and Colleges and the difficulty of finding out suitable text-books for the purpose, the authorities of the Central Hindu College, Benares, deserve to be congratulated on the practical steps they have taken in the matter. The credit of this is due not a little to the self-sacrificing labours of the noble English lady—the founder of the College. We sincerely hope that the master-hand which designed and has worked up the institution to its present successful position will be spared long to realise her cherished ambitions for making India as noble and great as she once was in the past." "The

Vedântic Doctrine of the Future Life," by Sîtânâth Tattvabhushan, is a paper which has much interest for us.

East and West, for November, opens with a long and serious article by Mr. F. C. O. Beaman, continuing his study of Theosophy. It seems to us a model of fair and reasonable treatment of the subject *by an outsider*, and one well worthy of being reprinted in one of our own magazines. He begins by setting aside the vulgar abuse arising from the calumnies against H. P. B., saying: "If in our own times a few individuals, some of them possessed most unquestionably of the highest talents, but also displaying many gross and deplorable infirmities alike of character, intellect and method, sought to rekindle in the West a light that had begun to burn dimly under the accumulation of materialistic forces and the strongest antagonistic currents of thought, setting towards formalism in preference to the realities under formalism, it is surely unjust and unphilosophical to jump to the conclusion that the light itself must necessarily be bad, because those who raised it were full of imperfections. . . . . Blavatsky is not Theosophy. Before Blavatsky came Pythagoras, Plato, Manu, Buddha, Christ; later Swedenborg, Behmen, all the Mystics; later still Whitman, Emerson, and now the tremendous and rapidly growing school of American mentalists—all of whom can easily be seen to have been, or to be—some perfectly, others very imperfectly—exponents of the Ancient Wisdom which is the spring of all true religion. . . . If we take what is most distinctive in each and all of the great works I have mentioned, we shall find that this distinguishing quality is a more or less approach to the Theosophical synthesis." We hope this series will be reprinted in permanent form; we could not have a better statement of our case, as I say—for outsiders. In an editorial headed "Ranade and his Times" we find the promoters of the Congress making the same complaint as Mrs. Besant, but with a bitterness which a foreigner dare not use. The editor says: "How has *East and West* been received by the (Indian) public? They hailed its appearance with enthusiasm, but when it came to paying the bills, the enthusiasm cooled down gradually." A friend circulated 4,000 copies of the prospectus amongst the members of the National Assembly, with the result of *three* subscribers "two of whom deserted when in sight of bills a few months later. The *Indian Spectator* and the *Voice of India* have the same tale to tell—one copy read by ten readers and the one subscriber sometimes in arrears. . . No wonder the press in India draws but few men of character and talent." Evidently *if* India

is to be saved by the press it is in a bad way; but that is a large "if."

The Lotus Journal, for December, gives as its illustration a good reproduction of the Sistine Madonna, and the contents are a pleasant mixture of grave and gay.

Bulletin Théosophique is the first to announce a forthcoming work from the prolific pen of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, to be entitled *Sketches of Occultism, Ancient and Modern.* Besides the activities of the French branches we are introduced to the course of studies of what seems a promising lodge at Sofia in Bulgaria, whose energetic President, Capt. Ftitcheff, has already translated a very considerable portion of our literature into the Bulgarian language.

Revue Théosophique, November, continues Dr. Pascal's "Law of Destiny," and gives translations of Mrs. Bell's "Theosophy and Family Life," and papers by H. P. B., Mrs. Besant and Mrs. Cooper-Oakley.

Theosophia, November. The original contents of this number are an Editorial entitled "Forbearance," and a paper on "Concentration," by Mrs. C. E. Knauff-Grüntke. Translations from Mr. Leadbeater, Mr. Sinnett, Bhagavan Das, and Michael Wood, fill up the remaining space.

We have also to acknowledge *Théosophie*, with a translation of the Golden Verses of Pythagoras; *Sophia; Teosofisk Tidskrift; Theosophical Messenger; South African Messenger; Theosophy in Australasia; Sophia* (Chile); *Theosofisch Maandblad;* and the seventh *Annual Report* of the Rangoon T.S., a very encouraging summary of work done.

Also, *Modern Astrology; Mind; Dharma; Psycho-Therapeutic Magazine; Light; Humanitarian; Lo Nuevo; Brotherhood; The Wise Man.*

From C. W. Daniel, 5, Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, we have a nicely got up set of 3*d.* tracts, entitled *The Christian Mystics*, by W. P. Swainson. The first three are S. Francis, Swedenborg, and Geo. Fox. Also, *Out of the Heart*, by R. D. Stocker. Mr. Swainson gives us very useful summaries of the lives he treats of, and grows enthusiastic over Geo. Fox, but feels it needful to apologise for Swedenborg's not being a Socialist; thus marking his own point of view.

W.

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THE

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

"WITHOUT distinction of race." So runs part of the familiar wording of the first object of the Theosophical Society. For those of us then who try to realise this ideal,

"Without Distinction of Race"

Theosophy can be the monopoly of no race, the peculiar property of no nation. The world-creed, or rather the creed of the world-citizens, cannot be limited by national prejudices and predilections. The wisdom-lover, the world-citizen, must accordingly extend his sympathies without reserve to man as man, whatever be the colour of his skin or the heredity of his blood. Now we often speak of the world-faiths, meaning by that the great religions of the world, but, as a matter of fact, it is somewhat of an inaccurate description, if taken in any but a very loose sense. There is no actual world-faith in the formal elements of any of the existing creeds; but among the great religions some are national and some international. Among the former are Brâhmanism and Judaism, among the latter Buddhism and Mohammedanism. Christianity is, of course, also international, but, speaking in general terms, it is only in the Roman communion that the international nature

of the faith is distinctly and intimately realised ; the Protestant and Eastern communions are, for the most part, split up into national churches which practically if not theoretically have little to do with one another. Indeed, there is a certain atmosphere in general meetings of the clergy of the Roman Church which brings home the idea of a "catholic" Christendom "of every tongue" and out of "every nation under heaven" in a way that it is difficult to realise in ordinary Protestant assemblies. This air of international comity and culture has to be experienced to be appreciated; it is an outward and visible sign of the greatness of the undertaking; it is, as it were, a foretaste of the nature of that true universalism which the Church believes she realised in her œcumenical gatherings, at which she claims the Holy Spirit assisted. To work towards the true and ungainsayable realisation of this ideal is the ambition of the Theosophist, no matter what his race or formal creed may be; and, therefore, this comity and this culture must form a very necessary factor in the education of our international fellowship, if that ideal is in any way to be properly realised and we are not to slip back into the barbarism of a surly isolation or the conceit of an ignorant chauvinism—racial or credal.

* * *

The Federation of the European Sections

But grandiose and sublime as the ideal of a fellowship without distinction of race may be, we cannot pretend that the *dharma* of race-distinction is at an end, and that the immediate future looks to a universal "mingling of castes." By no means; "union in diversity" seems rather to be the counsel of perfection, and hence even in an association like the Theosophical Society we have had to proceed with great care and circumspection lest any should be offended. Accordingly, as soon as ever it was found possible the branches of the Society in Europe have been organised on their natural lines of national cleavage. While this organisation was proceeding it was found convenient to make London the general centre, but now that Sections exist in the chief Continental countries, London has resumed its position as Headquarters of the British Section only. There is thus a danger that the international character of the movement, which

was so conspicuous at our annual gatherings, may be somewhat lost sight of, and this is the last thing that anyone desires; for it was just the meeting of colleagues of other nationalities that made the chief charm of our Conventions for most of us. It has accordingly been decided that the European Sections should federate together for the purpose of holding a yearly Congress, to take place in succession in the various Sections and coincidently with the Convention of that Section. The first Congress was held in London last year, when ways and means were discussed and preliminaries settled. It was decided to hold the next Congress in the coming summer at Amsterdam, and our colleague Herr Johan van Manen was appointed secretary. From him we have received the following preamble and announcement, to which we give with pleasure the greatest currency in our power.

* * *

THE general aim of the Federation is to strengthen the bonds between Theosophists of the constituent countries. These bonds are of different kinds: there are personal ties, the ties of mutual friendship and esteem; and there are intellectual ties, resulting from common ideas. And both these sets of ties it is intended that the Congress shall strengthen.

First Object of the Congress

The general underlying sympathy with one another in which Theosophists of all lands share, becomes immeasurably fuller and deeper when individual relations are established; and much of the success of our future work will depend upon the personal friendships that a Congress makes possible. Such friendships encourage those intimate expressions of experience and comparison of modes of thought and work, and of national colourings, which are so much needed to keep our minds always open to the best of the living ideas. This social side—this personal aim—of the purpose of the Congress is first in importance, since its value in the service of the International Idea no one can overrate.

* * *

BUT the number of those who are able to share in this phase of the Federation's work is, from the nature of things, only a small proportion of the number who are yet deeply interested in the International Idea. To the majority, the secondary aim of the Congress will naturally most appeal. This aim is to gather together and organise for use the results of the studies and researches of students in all the constituent countries. For the want of some such organisation much labour is, if not wholly wasted, at least squandered in innumerable small and ephemeral ways. Without direction, without

Second Object

objective, not knowing if their work be valuable or useless, without encouragement or incentive, ploughing their lonely furrows—scattered students labour year in, year out, often unprofitably, except for themselves, and for themselves not most profitably.

For the lack of this organisation of labour, whole fields of research lie yet untilled; our propaganda is rendered less effective; and every member becomes of necessity a pioneer, doing over again the work that has already been done many times before. We need, if the Theosophical ideas are to be brought into power on this plane, a system of research such as prevails in the great sciences of the world. Therein it is possible for the remotest and most solitary thinker or investigator, with the most peculiar and personal faculty, to add at least one stone to the edifice, and to feel that his work has been necessary. Thus in every science there exists an accumulating body of research to which each student or group of students may add according to his or to their combined strength, and from which each may draw according to his need.

To become some such permanent storehouse of research for the Theosophical Society is the secondary aim of the Congress, and in this aim every serious student is invited to join. Work of almost every conceivable kind is required in every one of the main departments of our total ideas: work of original research, of careful and patient collection of material, of literary transmutation of technical terminology, of special investigation in obscure phenomena or remote historical events, of adaptations of great doctrines to problems of modern life;—and all this is within the power and indeed within the business of single students, but more especially of groups of students, to accomplish.

* * *

Programme

LET it be understood that it is not propagandist Papers that are here needed, but Papers embodying original work and individual thinking—not the restating of Theosophical doctrines merely, but of their bearing upon any department of human thought, feeling, or action. At the Congress, if anywhere, a student may feel that he is addressing fellow-students as keenly interested as himself.

I venture to appeal on behalf of the coming Congress for Papers on the lines here sketched out. Notice of such Papers should be sent to me without delay, and the Papers themselves, if intended for publication in the Transactions of the Congress, should reach me on or before the last day of April, 1904. Offers of Papers from which a selection may be made for reading at the Congress and for printing in the Transactions, should be accompanied by the full titles of the proposed Papers, and by a brief indication of their scope and length. A concise, workmanlike statement of the results of study or research is the desirable form. Such Papers as from their nature must needs be of some length, while being printed in the Transac-

tions in full, if intended for reading at the Congress, should, for that purpose, be put into as brief a form as possible.

The following table of proposed Sections indicates more exactly the areas of thought so far mapped out which will come within the four corners of every annual Congress:

Section A.—Brotherhood. (*a*) Historical. (*b*) Philosophical. (*c*) Practical.	Representing 1st Object of T.S.
Section B.—Comparative Religion, Mysticism, Folk-lore, etc. Section C.—Philosophy. Section D.—Science (including "Borderland" Sciences). Section E.—Art. Section F.—Administration, Propaganda, Methods of Work, etc.	Representing 2nd Object of T.S.
Section G.—Occultism.	Representing 3rd Object of T.S.

The official language of the Congress is English. This is no less courteous than necessary. The chief writings of Madame Blavatsky are in English, the official language of the Headquarters of the Society is English, and the major part of original Theosophical literature is also in English. Papers may, however, be sent for the Congress in French, German, Italian, or Dutch, as well as in English, and may be printed in any one of these languages in the Transactions. Where translation into English is preferred, the notification should be made along with the first promise of a Paper. All correspondence should be addressed to me, and marked on the outside "Congress." Correspondence may be in English, German, French, Italian, or Dutch.

* * *

Good Wishes

OUR heartiest good wishes for the success of the next Congress are the least we can offer and we hope that many will be moved to contribute of their best to the general good. The programme is practically unlimited as far as the letter is concerned; while as for the spirit of the undertaking it should be marked by the characteristics of that true humanism which is the ideal of the Theosophical movement, that effort to co-operate towards the realisation of a wise fellowship which shall allow for the full development of all sides of our human nature, while subordinating that growth to the guidance of the diviner possibilities in which we believe but which we cannot as yet understand. Further information concerning the Congress may in this country be obtained from the

Hon. Secretary of the British Sub-Committee, Miss Spink, Hawkswood, Baildon, Yorkshire.

* * *

Broad Views

We give a most cordial welcome to our new contemporary *Broad Views*, not only because it is edited by our well-known and experienced colleague, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, but also because a monthly periodical "dealing with subjects of general interest without regard to conventional habits of thought," is a pleasing new departure. As might well be expected with such an editor, space is willingly given to a consideration of "the numerous investigations of profound importance relating to the ultra-physical aspects of Nature," and all those problems in which our readers take interest. That there is room for just such a review as this is true enough, for as Mr. Sinnett says in his Preface to the first number:

> No doubt there are special papers and periodicals devoted to every variety of belief in religion or psychic investigation; to every separate predilection which can engender a political faith; but these merely circulate among their own devotees. They do not reach the cultured classes generally. They stereotype the connections out of which they spring; they engender new forms of conventionality within the limits of the school to which they belong, and have no influence as regards the presentation of the ideas they deal with, in the cultivated world at large.

For, as he very well remarks a little later, "but too often the Specialist is, above all others, the Conventionalist in his own line."

The first number is very readable; the general articles deal with current topics of importance, among which the paper by Dr. Gennadius, entitled "A Record of International Arbitration," showing the deep debt that modern civilisation owes to Ancient Greece, has specially interested us, while the editor is responsible for an instructive paper on "Reincarnation."

* * *

Radium and "Occult Chemistry"

In "Passing Events" Mr. Sinnett utilises what little has been stated on the subject of "occult chemistry" in an attempt to elucidate the puzzling phenomena of the new found Radium—that veritable Erôs among the elements.

Thus he writes:

Enough was ascertained by clairvoyant investigation to show that the atoms of any substance of low atomic weight contained fewer ultimate—or to use the expression employed by occult students—"etheric" atoms, than the physical atoms of higher atomic weight. Among bodies known to ordinary chemistry, hydrogen has the lowest of all atomic weights, and it was found that its atoms consisted of no more than eighteen fundamental atoms revolving in definite orbits within very restricted confines. Later observation showed that bodies of higher atomic weight, in some cases at all events, contain primordial atoms in a proportion corresponding with the ratio of their atomic weights. Now, the atomic weight of radium, which exceeds that of any other known substance, has been given by some of the authorities as 258 (that of hydrogen being one), and, if the law holds good the number of primordial atoms in each of its atoms should be 4,500, or a little more. It is easy to conceive that a system so complicated has over-passed the limits of molecular stability. One would expect such a molecule to show signs of breaking up, and if, as seems still probable, the world is in possession of radium in only very minute quantities, that is intelligible, on the hypothesis that the resources of inorganic evolution were exhausted when the structure of the radium atom was achieved.

* * *

Sir William Ramsay on "Alchemy"

In a lecture delivered by Sir William Ramsay before the London Institution on November 26th on the properties of Radium, were several passages of more than ordinary interest to our readers and especially to those who have followed with attention the able papers of our colleague Mr. G. Dyne which have recently appeared in our pages.

The work of Newlands and that of Mendelejeff, however . . tended to turn back on the critics of the alchemists the scorn they had directed on those who had dared to believe that the baser metals might be converted into gold. It made it appear more than possible that all the elements—oxygen, hydrogen, copper, tin, and iodine, for example—are but allotropic modifications of one kind of matter, the "protyl" of Professor Crookes. Dalton's atoms could not be actually weighed, but their relative weights could be ascertained by several methods. It was found that if the elements were arranged in the order of their atomic weights certain strange relations were to be observed. To put it simply, such a list resembled a piano from which certain notes were missing. The investigators perceived this, and they made allowance for the gaps. It so happened that the elements seemed to run in octaves, the second in the list being in unison with the ninth, and bearing the same relations to its immediate surroundings. They went to work on the list, just as a musician might with the mutilated piano we have

described, and they left places for elements which they took to be existing, but as yet undiscovered. These they described as minutely as they could have done had they been provided with plentiful supplies of the metal or gas and given a year or two in which to experiment. When some of the elements were at last discovered, the experiments made only confirmed what they had foretold. It thus appeared that the properties of an element depended entirely on its atomic weight, and the idea of the unity of matter became more popular. If the mere method of arrangement of particles of exactly the same nature accounted for differences so extreme as those which exist between the light gas hydrogen and the heavy metal lead, it seemed that the dreams of the alchemists were not such folly as the wiseacres had thought, even though their methods did amount, as someone has said, to little more than "a sort of cookery." It might happen that in time the changing of tin into gold would be no more difficult than the manufacture in the laboratory of an indigo which has practically displaced the natural product.

* * *

The above is taken from the account of *The Morning Post* of November 28th, but in *The Daily News* of November 27th there is a still more striking passage which approximates in interest to Mr. Dyne's more highly elaborated "lemniscate" arrangement. Sir William briefly sketched the outline of the "periodic law" which is beginning to force upon all the idea of some real identity between all those various substances we call "elements," and then continued:

The "Spiral" of the "Elements"

We are accustomed to think of gold and lead, sulphur and carbon, as distinct and inconvertible, from all eternity, but the "periodic law" shows that there is a curious and as yet unexplained relation between them all. Everybody knows that the atomic weights of the elements differ vastly, ranging from such light substances as hydrogen to the newly-discovered "radium," which is the atomically heaviest substance known. But the new fact is that if you draw a diagram in the form of a spiral like a watch-spring, and then mark on the curve each element with its atomic weight measured in terms of the square of the distance from the centre, a remarkable structural relation will be apparent.

The elements, instead of being promiscuously scattered along the line, will form a rough approximation to sixteen radiatory straight lines, like the points of a compass. And the groups lying along each radius will be elements with known similarities of character.

Thus on one line will appear those metals with a voracious appetite for oxygen, which can make even water burst into flame, such as sodium, lithium, potassium, and rubidium. Those smelly chemist-shop substances, such as fluorine, chlorine, bromine, and iodine are on another line, and gold and silver are found related in the same way.

"OCCULT" GEOLOGY

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 466)

HAVING cleared the way by a statement of general principles I come to the more immediate subject of this paper, namely Mr. Sinnett's recent pamphlet on "The Constitution of the Earth." And if, from the scientific standpoint, I feel impelled to criticise his theories somewhat severely, I trust that as a Theosophist, albeit in this life, at any rate, only a new-made one, I am animated by no unsympathetic feeling towards Mr. Sinnett himself. Though I have never had the privilege of meeting him, I am, in common with all other new or old members of the Theosophical Society, under more obligations to him than I can enumerate, or probably than I am conscious of, and I can only hope that no such criticism of his theories may be taken as presumption or ingratitude.

I propose to examine these theories with a view to finding out how far they are in accordance with those laws of nature which appear to be of universal validity on the physical plane, and with other well-authenticated physical plane facts. If a discrepancy then appears, it is necessary to enquire what steps have been taken to verify the new facts and prove the new theories.

The most universal of all the physical laws of nature of which we have any knowledge are the laws of gravity. It is not necessary for the purpose of this discussion to enquire what gravity is, or how it works; it is sufficient that we know what its results are, and this we do with extreme accuracy. The fundamental law is that the attraction between two bodies is in direct proportion to their mass, and in inverse proportion to the square of their distance from one another; that is to say, that a plummet is attracted four times as strongly by a mass which is 1,000 miles away as by the same mass at a distance of 2,000 miles. If, then,

the earth is a homogeneous mass, it follows that its attractive force, commonly spoken of as the force of gravity, must, at every point of its surface, vary *exactly* according to the distance of that point from its centre. If, on the other hand, the material of the earth is distributed, as Mr. Sinnett says it is, with huge solid masses concentrated around the poles, and with large spaces containing much less dense liquid or gaseous matter opposite the equatorial and tropical regions, the force of gravity must be very much greater at the poles than at the equator.

Now, what are the actual facts? The force of gravity has been measured with extreme accuracy at many points of the earth's surface; the measurements are so accurate and so delicate that the proximity of a hill, or even of a large building such as a cathedral, noticeably affects the results. The effect of such a distribution of the earth's mass as Mr. Sinnett suggests, can, therefore, easily be imagined. Yet, when due and calculated allowance is made for the differences brought about by the earth's speed of rotation, the result is precisely that which is demanded by the truth of the accepted theory. Either, then, these measurements are wrong, or the law of gravity is wrong, or Mr. Sinnett is wrong.

But the law of gravity puts him in a still more awkward predicament, for another of its effects would be, if Mr. Sinnett is right, that in high latitudes, as we get near the Arctic circles, the presence of these large masses about the extremities of the polar diameters would cause a plumb line no longer to point to the centre of the earth, *i.e.*, vertically downwards, but to be deflected towards the north or south; this, however, is notoriously not the case—hence the same dilemma in an aggravated form.

The only way out of it would be an assumption that, owing to compression, the liquids or gases filling the "interstitial spaces" were indistinguishable from solids as regards their specific gravity. But this is untenable for several reasons. For one thing the solid masses, being also subjected to the pressure, would probably have their intensity increased, though possibly not proportionally. But what, in the present state of our knowledge, appears to be a fatal objection, is that liquids are practically incompres-

sible and therefore their density cannot be increased by pressure, and in some cases this compressibility diminishes at high temperatures.

If the interstitial spaces are filled with gases the difficulty is not removed, for although where small pressures are concerned the law of Boyle holds good and the density increases with the pressure, nevertheless, where great pressures are concerned the compressibility of gases diminishes very rapidly. But, however this may be, and it would be unreasonable to press unduly an argument based upon conditions which can never be directly observed, it would surely be a most unheard-of coincidence if the complicated arrangement described by Mr. Sinnett, brought about for reasons among which the misleading of mankind may be presumed to have had no place, should by its distribution of diverse materials, simulate precisely the phenomena of gravity which would be presented by a homogeneous structure.

The most crushing and final objection to the argument that these gases are condensed to such an extent that their specific gravity is the same as that of the surrounding solids, is furnished by Mr. Sinnett himself in a later portion of the same pamphlet. When he wishes to explain certain phenomena connected with the propagation of earthquake waves, he uses the argument that the density of the gases in the interstitial spaces is *not* the same as that of the solids. The dilemma above referred to cannot then be removed by supposing that it *is* the same, and moreover, if it were, the result is practically to explain away the whole idea of "spaces" within the concentric crusts.

If we now turn to the question of friction, itself governed by the laws of gravity, we meet with a fresh difficulty. In dealing with it, however, it is not easy to follow Mr. Sinnett, because, after discussing the matter in scientific phraseology, he finally resorts to certain "forces," not otherwise specified, emanating from the "Spirit of the Earth." This would seem to be a recognition of the impossibility of explaining away the difficulties by scientific arguments. With the legitimacy or otherwise of such a begging of the question I have already dealt, and it only remains to discuss the scientific side of the matter.

Mr. Sinnett estimates the outer crust at a thickness of 700

miles or thereabouts, and it is plain that this implies an enormous pressure both upon his "interstitial spaces" and upon the surfaces of contact at the polar regions. As he remarks, the gaseous friction would depend upon the density, which would certainly be considerable, though less than that of the solid mass. But apart from this, which cannot be calculated at all in reality, the extraordinary statement is made that the friction at the polar surfaces of contact would be very small. A very elementary calculation, however, shows that, if these surfaces were only 500 yards across, the pressure of the solid mass 700 miles thick must be at least 1,050,000,000,000 tons, and it hardly requires demonstrating that such a pressure would cause friction sufficient to stop the motion within a comparatively short geological period.

But the real point is that if there were any friction whatever the machine could not be kept going without recourse to the "supernatural." For the pressure, amounting to 300,000 tons per square foot, would crush the hardest granite, if, as Mr. Sinnet states, opportunity is given for it to move or change its form by the provision of huge polar shafts, and if the crushing took place the whole arrangement must inevitably collapse.

Another question connected with the subject of gravity is that of the rigidity of the earth as a whole. Mr. Sinnett lightly passes over Lord Kelvin's calculations, which shew that it must have at least the rigidity of a globe of solid steel. It appears doubtful whether this would be the case with Mr. Sinnett's alternate crusts and spaces, but I am not in a position to follow up the point in a mathematical analysis.

As also connected with the question of gravity, a brief reference must be made to Mr. Sinnett's explanation of the manner in which his "concentric shells" were formed. Here, again, though dealing with physical matter, he runs his head against the laws of gravity, only in this case he is dealing with them as they may have been in the past, and not as we see them working around us, as in the questions already discussed. He appears to realise that if these laws were working at the time of the condensation of the earth, whether it took place in different stages or not, the earth could not have taken the form he says it has. Once more he has recourse to some vague hypothetical laws of

(physical) nature which only come into play when planets are formed.

A large part of Mr. Sinnett's paper is devoted to shewing how inadequate are the explanations of volcanic phenomena current in the scientific world, and how much more reasonably they may be explained in accordance with his theories. Before discussing this subject in its broader aspects, however, reference must be made again to the "polar shafts" reaching into the interior of the earth.

Mr. Sinnett admits the necessity of supposing that these are shut off from his "interstitial spaces," otherwise they would be in continuous and violent volcanic eruption. He does not see, however, that though shut off from the gaseous reservoirs they would in any case be, if they could be kept open (which they could not by any physical agency known to us), the channels for a continuous and violent eruption of molten rock. For the space and diminution of pressure thus afforded would enable the solid rock to expand and melt, and reach the surface as lava.

But to return to volcanic phenomena in general. At the beginning of the paper three different theories are set forth as held by modern scientists regarding the condition of the earth's interior, and a fourth view is afterwards given as that of Sir A. Geikie, namely, that although the temperature of the interior is high enough to melt the solid rock, yet owing to the enormous pressure the earth is, as a matter of fact, solid throughout. It may be said incidentally that this is the view not only of Sir A. Geikie but of almost everybody else. The remarkable thing about Mr. Sinnett's argument however is, that when he comes to discuss volcanic phenomena, he entirely ignores this view, and assumes that the current scientific theory is that there is what he calls a "top dressing" of heated matter (does he imply that the rest is cold?) about twenty-five miles below the surface which is responsible for volcanic phenomena; in short, he indulges in the process, which is so common, of setting up a dummy for the purpose of knocking it down again.

Every scientific man will admit that the immediate causes which produce any given eruption are frequently obscure, but it is fairly well established that eruptions are ultimately due to the

uneven contraction of the earth's mass, and to the variations in tension and pressure thereby occasioned in the outer portion of it. A very close connection between earthquakes and volcanic phenomena has also been established, and finally, the close connection of both of these classes of phenomena with lines of folding and fracture in the earth's surface. All these facts are granted by Mr. Sinnett, but not only are they all not inconsistent with the general solidity of the earth's interior, as he seems to imply that they are, but they are even susceptible of a direct explanation on this basis. For instance, take the fact of the emission of lava, *i.e.*, rock in a liquid form. It has already been stated that the solidity of the interior of the earth is conditioned by pressure. When, therefore, the contraction of the earth through radiation results, as it does, in foldings and fractures of its outer surface, the fissures thus formed (often with the accompaniment of earthquakes) bring about a local diminution of pressure along the lines of fracture, and this gives an opportunity for the intensely hot, but hitherto solid, rock at the bottom of the fissure to liquefy and expand, ultimately reaching the surface along the line of least resistance, and establishing equilibrium again. The fissures are of course liable to be temporarily or permanently closed by the same kind of forces as those which produced them.

Take another instance—the presence of large quantities of steam in all eruptions, or nearly all, which seems to Mr. Sinnett unaccountable except upon his theory. There are several ways of accounting for the presence of steam and gases, consistently with the known laws of nature. I will give two of them. It is well-known that both solids and liquids have, especially under pressure, the power of holding in solution or combination enormous quantities of gases. A familiar example is the solution of carbonic acid gas in soda water.

It is thus quite possible, and even probable, that the solid mass of the earth contains in combination an immense volume of the gases which at ordinary temperatures and pressures form steam or water. Any sudden diminution of pressure or temperature would cause these gases to be disengaged, just as the removal of the cork of a soda-water bottle causes the water to effervesce, and often to overflow with violence. As already ex-

plained, similar conditions exist at the formation of fissures and fractures in the outer portion of the globe.

Again, it has often been observed that lines of volcanic activity correspond remarkably with the boundaries of continents and other great lines of folding and fracture, and it has been conjectured that the percolation of sea water into regions of high temperature has some connection with the presence of steam in eruptions. The objection is raised that water could not penetrate so far, owing to the back pressure exerted on itself by the steam which would be formed. The analogy of the water injector as applied to the ordinary steam boiler, by which water is forced into a boiler by the steam there generated against its own pressure, may perhaps make us hesitate to say this is impossible, but apart from that, it is surely possible in a region of constantly altering pressure and constant rock movement that large masses of rock, saturated with water, may be suddenly forced down into a region of high temperature by movements of folding and contraction, accompanied, as they so often are, by earthquakes.

This is an explanation less far fetched and less improbable than that of Mr. Sinnett; but even if this were not so, the latter, at any rate, is exposed to an absolutely fatal objection. If the immense reservoir of gases under enormous pressure which Mr. Sinnett believes in, ever came into communication with the outer air, there would be nothing which could stop the gases from continuing to rush out till they had all escaped and the surface of the earth had become as flabby as a punctured tyre. The tendency, indeed, would be for the escape to take place with ever-increasing rapidity, for, as Mr. Sinnett says, the sides of the rent would be melted and ejected as lava, and, consequently, the rent would become larger and larger. He would appear to see the force of this objection, for he again has recourse to "the operation of forces we do not as yet fully comprehend" to explain how the hole gets stopped up again.

Let us now take the phenomena of earthquakes, which Mr. Sinnett mentions, but apparently only as an afterthought, and from which he seeks corrobation of his theories.

He quotes some observations of Professor Milne, admittedly one of the leading authorities on the subject. These observations

shew that the vibration of an earthquake is transmitted to every part of the globe by three different ways, the first through the earth, the second round the outside by the shorter way round, the third by the longer way round, and an explanation consistent with the homogeneous structure of the earth is forthcoming. If this were all it would be open to Mr. Sinnett either to shew that the explanation is insufficient, which he does not attempt to do, or to give a better one which fits in with his own theory, and accounts for all the facts. It is not legitimate, however, to omit mention of facts which are inconsistent with his theory, and in this case he has omitted a most important fact to which special reference is made by Professor Milne. This is, that through whatever diameter of the earth the shock is propagated, the rate of transmission *through* the earth is practically invariable, and accordingly there is very strong *direct* evidence that the structure is homogeneous. This is a piece of positive evidence, like that furnished by the invariability of the force of gravity, already discussed, and, as in that case, it is directly against Mr. Sinnett's theory and in favour of that which is ordinarily accepted.

I do not know whether Mr. Sinnett has calculated in detail the question as to how far the shock would, upon reaching the "interstitial space," be cushioned and distributed over a large surface, but it appears quite likely that the deadening effect would be so great that the shock might be indistinguishable upon reaching the other side of the globe. It also seems pretty clear that the *rate* of propagation through the less dense gases would be so small in comparison with that through the solid crust, that, instead of being the first to arrive, the wave that came through the centre of the earth would be very far indeed behind the others. As a matter of fact, of course, the rate through the centre is known to be greater, and the difference corresponds with the difference of density, upon the assumption that both centre and crust are solid. If this is not the case we have another instance of a most remarkable coincidence, as in the case of the argument from gravity already discussed, and the chances against both such remarkable coincidences occurring together would be almost incalculable, even if the ordinary theory did not, as it does, offer a perfectly satisfactory explanation.

Mr. Sinnett in this case makes no suggestion of a hitherto unknown law of nature to explain the difficulty of his theory, but this may be only because he does not realise that any difficulty presents itself.

It would take too long to follow Mr. Sinnett point by point through his extraordinary mixture of scientific language and unscientific method. I have merely attempted in this paper to bring out a few of the more striking inconsistencies.

To sum up the facts from the point of view of physical science:

(1) The new theory of the constitution of the earth is directly negatived by facts which can be verified by any person at any time. Among these are the following:—the force of gravity and the direction of that force upon the earth's surface; the effects of friction between rock surfaces; the movements of solids and liquids under pressure; the temporary and intermittent character of volcanic eruptions; the rate of propagation of earthquake shocks.

(2) Moreover, it is inconsistent with the results of mathematical calculations. These calculations are based upon the idea that the reign of law is universal in the physical world, and upon certain observed laws, and therefore, until laws are proved to exist other than those upon which such calculations are based, they are entitled to rank nearly as high as observed facts. Among these are the following:—Lord Kelvin's calculation of the rigidity of the earth, and the condensation of nebulæ into a homogeneous mass (not into a mass such as this theory asserts) in accordance with the law of gravity, and independently of whether that condensation took place by stages or otherwise.

How then does Mr. Sinnett meet these difficulties? Has he adopted the procedure which has been shown to be obligatory upon investigators and students under such circumstances? Has he carefully explained the methods by which he arrived at his "facts" and theories, and have these methods been applied by independent students, and the observations checked and tested by independent instruments, or faculties, or methods? Of all this Mr. Sinnett at any rate tells us nothing.

Again, how has he dealt with those observed facts and those

accepted theories which conflict with his views? Upon analysis he appears to have dealt with them in three ways:

(1) By ignoring the facts and the known laws of physical nature, and omitting to disprove the theories of physical science.

(2) By assuming the existence of several hitherto unknown laws of physical nature, which, however, are not further specified, *e.g.*, one to explain how the gaseous matter ever came to be enclosed in "interstitial spaces" by the solid crusts, another to explain how the polar friction is overcome, another to explain how the polar shafts are kept open, another to explain how volcanoes, after being once started, ever get stopped up.

(3) By an appeal to authority, that is outside all possibility of verification by the ordinary student.

Mr. Sinnett is evidently prepared to find that persons with a knowledge of the validity of scientific evidence may not consider his arguments or his assumption of authority to have any weight, but he appears to think that some, at any rate, will consider his method of meeting difficulties a satisfactory one. But if my summary of his methods is at all a correct one I venture to think that few will be found, either now or hereafter, to endorse them. And though it is always possible, occasionally and by accident, to stumble upon facts which are correct, even when employing methods and arguments which are unscientific, yet few will deny that the nett result may be harmful. What is the value of the facts of physical nature contained in a hundred learned books, compared with the harmfulness of illogical methods and the stifling of thought involved in the word "authority"? An example of clear thought, scientific method, and intellectual honesty, seems to me, at any rate, to be worth more to the Theosophical Society and to the world than all the information published by all the investigators in the Society since its foundation, whether they be "occult" investigators or mere ordinary persons. For by the practice of these things we are enabled to be independent of all second-hand information, and in the fulness of time to obtain for ourselves all the knowledge we require, as it becomes necessary for our evolution.

W. WYBERGH.

THE SORCERESS OF ANTINOË

Some twelve months ago Mons. Al. Gayet, the French Antiquarian and Egyptologist, among many other interesting discoveries in the necropolis of ancient Antinoë or Besa (on the east bank of the Nile opposite Hermopolis, lat. 27½N.), unearthed the body of a woman magician named Myrithis. The tomb of this lady consisted of a single chamber some 3 by 2 mètres. The body was draped in a rose-yellow robe, covered by a purple woollen mantle. It lay on a bed of leaves of the sacred *persea*, the "tree of life" in whose shade the Gods "renewed themselves" according to the myths of ancient Khem. Moreover round her head was an aureole of palm leaves, the palm-tree being also a symbol of renewal. With her were also found a figure of Isis-Venus, showing that she was initiated into the Isiac mysteries; the fragments of a magical text; a small drum or tambourine of gazelle skin; a lamp with seven wicks; and a small round mirror in an ivory box, the sides of which were pierced with holes which could be closed with ivory plugs, the glass itself was convex and silvered, and the holes were arranged to let the light from the lamp fall on it in different ways; there was also a small image of Hermes and a rough terra-cotta dog (Anubis), a lustral vase and several phials. The mummy of Myrithis is now in the Musée Guimet, arranged in a glass case as nearly as possible exactly as it was found.*

In an exceedingly interesting article, entitled "Civilisation byzantine en Egypte," which appeared in *La Renaissance latine*, in September last, M. Gayet tells us a good deal about these magic instruments found with the mummy of the lady Myrithis, and of his efforts to explain the use of the various objects, and especially of the mirror. In fact magic mirrors seem to have

* The above is taken from an interview with M. Gayet, reproduced by M René Le Bon in our contemporary *L'Écho du Merveilleux* of July 1st last.

somewhat got on his nerves; so he invited one of the "adeptes de l'occultisme" to come and see. The "adepte" came and saw and said he would send yet another "adepte," who fortunately happened to be a psychometrist. The rest of the narrative is worth giving in M. Gayet's own words, or rather in the English of them.

* * * *

"For several days I awaited with anxiety the visit of the mysterious disciple. At last I got a word, appointing a meeting. When the time came I found myself in presence of a man with a full face, yet contracted as it were by the tension of fever. His mobile light blue eyes had an extraordinary glitter in them; certain abrupt gestures betrayed an over-excitement which however made his personality very attractive.

"'Yes,' said he as soon as we met, 'it is true I have the gift of seeing scenes and deeds of the past, even the most distant that one can think of, provided I have contact with an object that comes from that past and has been connected with the scene. The first things I see are connected with the more immediate past, and so I get back to the earliest times. Matter lives; it keeps adhering to its surface* the atoms which are fixed there in consequence of successive contacts. These atoms retain also their own life. One by one every molecule comes to life again. So much for the *rationale* of seeing. How is it that everyone has not the gift of seeing? That is owing to a reason which you doubtless already know. The brain cells vibrate at 54 pulsations a second. This rate of vibration is not sufficient to revive the vision. But for people like myself, who have more than 100 pulsations a second, it is enough to put a fragment of the object on the forehead for their thought to identify itself with the living atoms on the surface. Shall we begin?'

"I took some of the *persea* leaves which had covered the dead lady, her mirror, and her magic parchment. Placing myself at a table, facing my visitor, I waited, note-book in hand, ready to take down every word.

"I had not long to wait. M. X. blew on one of the leaves to remove the dust, looked at it attentively and placed it on his

* We reproduce the account of M. Gayet without comment.

forehead; he then dictated to me his impressions as follows, which I took down in the exact form in which they were uttered.

"'It's very hard owing to contact with the corpse for so many centuries . . . this leaf is quite impregnated with it. . . . I shall need a moment to get beyond. . . Ah! I see a flat country; blue sky, marvellously clear . . . there are mountains. . . . On a hill commanding the sea,* a house; a white terrace, with frescoes painted all round and small columns forming a veranda. There are two entrances; the main one on the left, on the side of the mountains. Oh! those mountains! They are rose and lilac! Entering the house, it is paved with mosaics. No doors; the rooms are divided from one another by curtains; yellow, with variegated patterns on them. Some have red stripes at the borders and are dotted over with symbols of the sun.

"'In the middle of one of these rooms is a group of five people squatting on a mat round a large flat vessel of brown earth. These people are of different races; one is white, another red-brown, with prominent cheek-bones. Ah! there's a white woman with fair hair beautifully dressed with pearls. . . . On her breast she wears a necklace of oblong sapphires.

"'They're all gone. . . . Opposite the house, on the sea, a boat is gliding. It is wonderfully graceful; sails embroidered with gold, like a bird's wings. At the stern is a sort of red awning supported by small sculptured columns. It is a pleasure yacht, filled with dancers and musicians. I see their harps of gold, the heads of them are made to represent hawks' heads.

"'Ah! The river shore is the scene of savage incursions. There are men wearing a sort of red Phrygian cap, armed with bows and lances. In the mountains there are terrible fights; they kill one another with round clubs shot with iron spikes. . . . On the hill I now see a group of priests in white robes. They stretch their hands over the combatants. One has a diadem in form of a bird; others wear branching crowns. Behind

* At Antinoë the Nile is 1,200 mètres broad. The Egyptians called it Pa Inia—the Sea; the Arabs also—el Bahr.

them is an altar on which is a statue. What slaughter! Ah!'

"Fatigue, almost suffering, was visible in M. X.'s face. I took away the leaf which told me nothing of the magical secrets. After several minutes of silence, I gave him the mirror and waited anxiously.

"His first sensation quickly reassured me. Hardly had he taken hold of the mirror when his features contracted; a convulsive fluttering of the eyes betrayed a strong emotion, and it was difficult for him to fix his gaze on the glass.

"'Images of the unseen float across this glass; it is a thing of the occult'—said he in a solemn voice. As though to keep it from him he put his thumb on the narrow lens; but a violent spasm made him tremble, and he bent forward in painful collapse.

"In a few seconds he shut his eyes; then, with an effort, he at last placed the ivory box on his forehead; but his breathing was very difficult.

"'It is more than occultism; it's magic,' at length he began. 'I'm in a kind of vault with white walls; it is shut in with low arches, covered with inscriptions in hieroglyphics. In the middle a caldron is placed on the floor, in the midst of a big fire. Round it, in a circle, are five people. A woman, very yellow, her scanty locks streaming over her shoulders; she's draped in a blue garment with black embroideries, among which I can make out kabbalistic signs. All of them hold a mirror like this one and look fixedly at the centre. Oh! . . . There's blood everywhere. . . . It's a sacrifice; no, it's more than a sacrifice; it's black magic! The blood is put in the caldron. Everywhere there are birds' hearts, pierced with tiny needles. In this vault are no doors or windows. How then do all these people get there now? Ah! by a sort of very low passage, which is made in the mountains, and comes out in a temple. I understand all now: it is an initiation scene but corrupted. Above, in the temple, the faithful assist at a legitimate rite; others descend by the underground way, to indulge in scenes of forbidden magic. Blood! Blood everywhere! Oh! It's ghastly!'

"Once more I broke off the seeing; it seemed to be

becoming too painful. Besides I had been decided on the part played by the mirror, and knew that it had been associated with magical operations; for the moment the detailed scenes of which it had been witness were of little importance.

"There still remained an object of chief importance with which to experiment—the parchment covered with kabbalistic signs. I had made out on it some sun figures, the formula found at the beginning of Hebrew Bible texts, a group of linear hieroglyphics, among which I thought it possible to read the word *Per*—opening, beginning. Without a word, I gave it to M. X., he was silent for an instant, subject to some fresh disturbance, but at length said:

"'I see a man, in a coat of mail over a red tunic, filling a parchment like this with mystic signs. There are embroideries bordering his cloak and among them I see birds' heads. Near him in a corner is a naked sword, with a cross-shaped handle, and the pommels ornamented with heads. Ah! They are heaping up human heads in a corner of the room! The man stops writing and puts himself in an attitude of defence. The room is filled with people, of different races, just as I saw them a moment ago in the cavern! . . . The desert now! Broken columns. . . . I'm in a temple under the ground. Ah! Again a group of women at the feet of a statue, scenes of sacrifice! Men are having their throats cut one by one, and the blood is carried off in the caldron! . . .'

"And the scene was repeated like the one which had just been seen. I brought these terrible evocations to an end. When, some days afterwards, I saw the occultist again, and told him how much I had been struck with the extraordinary precision of the description of the country given by M. X., who had never seen the desert of Antinoë, and yet had pictured for me its smallest windings, he answered with a smile: 'And the other scenes are just as faithful; don't doubt it for a moment!'"

* * * * *

The interest of the above is that a man of science has not only called in the aid of clairvoyant psychometry to help in the solution of a problem of antiquarian research, but that he has been so struck with the lucidity of the scenes that he, apparently,

accepts the visions as highly probable, and not only does so privately, but has no hesitation in publishing the matter to the world.

As to the visions themselves, all we need say is that they are just what we should expect the seer to see and add nothing to our knowledge, while M. Gayet had doubtless every sinuosity of the Antinoë desert stamped on the tablets of his living memory. The seer in this case, moreover, knew about initiations and the rest. On the other hand there is no reason why the seer did not see some ancient scene though not clearly, for such association of ideas as "*in a corner* a naked sword with a cross-shaped handle, and the pommels ornamented with *heads*" (the shape of the magic sword would be familiar enough to anyone who had seen the pictures in Éliphas Lévi's *Dogme et Rituel*), and "Ah! They are heaping up human *heads* in *a corner*," is pure "astralism" of the ordinary protean sort.

G. R. S. M.

WILL, DESIRE AND EMOTION

(CONTINUED FROM p. 334)

The Training of Emotion

EMOTION is, we have seen, the motive power in man; it stimulates thought, it impels to action; it is as steam to the engine; without it man would be inert, passive. But there are many who are the continual prey of their emotions, who are hurried hither and thither by emotions, as a rudderless ship by stormy winds upon the ocean, who are tossed high and dragged low by surges of joyous and painful feelings, who alternate between exaltation and despair. Such a person is swayed, subjugated by emotions, continually harassed by their conflict. He is more or less a chaos within, and is erratic in his outward actions, moved by the impulse of the moment, without due consideration for surrounding circumstances, such consideration as would make his actions

well-directed. He is often what is called a good person, inspired by generous motives, stirred into kindly actions, full of sympathy with suffering and eager to bring relief, plunging quickly into action intended to aid the sufferer. We have not here to do with the indifferent or the cruel, but with one whose emotions hurry him into action, before he has considered the conditions or forecast the results of his activity beyond the immediate relief of the pain before his view. Such a person, though moved by a desire to help, though the stimulating emotion is sympathy and desire to relieve suffering, often does more harm than good in consequence of the inconsiderateness of his action. The emotion which impels him springs from the love-side of his nature, from the side which draws people together, and which is the root of the constructive and preserving virtues; and in this very fact lies the danger of such a person. If the emotion had its root in evil, he would be the first to eradicate it, but just because it is rooted in that love-emotion whence spring all the social virtues, he does not suspect it, he does not endeavour to control it. "I am so sympathetic; I am so much moved by suffering; I cannot bear the sight of misery." In all such phrases, a certain self-praise is implied, though the tone may be one of deprecation. Truly sympathy is admirable, *quâ* sympathy, but its ill-directed exercise is often provocative of mischief. Sometimes it injures the very object of sympathy, and leaves him finally in worse case than at first. Too often unwise forms of relief are adopted, more to remove the pain of the sympathiser than to cure the ill of the sufferer, and a momentary pang is stopped at the cost of a lasting injury, really, though not avowedly, to relieve the pain of the onlooker. The re-action of sympathy on the sympathetic person is good, deepening the love-emotion; but the action on others is too often bad, owing to the lack of balanced thought. It is easy, at the sight of pain, to fill earth and sky with our shrieks, till all the air is throbbing; it is hard to pause, and measure the cause of pain and the cure, and then apply a remedy which heals instead of perpetuating. Right Reason must govern and direct emotion, if good is to result from its exercise. Emotion should be the impulse to action, but not its director; direction belongs to the intelligence, and its guiding prerogative should never be wrenched

away from it. Where the consciousness thus works, having strong emotion as the impulse, and right reason as director, there is the sympathetic and wise man who is useful to his generation.

Desires have been well compared to horses harnessed to the chariot of the body, and desires are rooted in emotions. Where the emotions are uncontrolled they are like plunging, unbroken horses that imperil the safety of the chariot and threaten the life of the charioteer. The reins have been compared to the mind, the reins that guide the horses, restraining or loosening as is needed. There is well imaged the relationship between emotion, intelligence, and action. Emotion gives the movement, intelligence controls and guides, and then the Self will use activity to the best advantage, as becomes the ruler of the emotions, not their victim.

With the development of that aspect of consciousness which will show itself as Buddhi in the sixth sub-race, and more completely in the sixth Root-Race, the emotional nature rapidly evolves in some of the advanced fifth Race, and often, for a time, offers many troublesome and even distressing symptoms. As evolution proceeds, these will be outgrown, and the nature will become balanced as well as strong, wise as well as generous; meanwhile the rapidly developing nature will be stormy and often distressful, and will suffer keenly and long. Yet in those very sufferings lies its future strength as its present purification, and in proportion to the sharpness of the sufferings will be the greatness of the result. It is in these powerful natures that Buddhi is struggling to birth, and the anguish of the travail is upon them. Presently Buddhi, the Christ, the "little child," will be born, Wisdom and Love in one, and this, united to high intelligence, is the spiritual Ego, the true Inner Man, the Ruler, Immortal.

The student, who is studying his own nature in order to take his own evolution in hand and direct its future course, must carefully observe his own strength and his own weakness, in order to regulate the one and correct the other. In unevenly developed persons intellect and emotion are apt to vary in inverse ratio to each other; strong emotions go with weak intelligence, and strong intelligence with weak emotions; in one case the directing

power is weak, in the other the motive. The student, then, in his self-analysis, must see whether his intelligence is well-developed, if he finds his emotions to be strong; he must test himself to discover whether he is unwilling to look at things in "the clear dry light of intellect"; if he feels repelled when a subject is presented to him in this light, he may rest assured that the emotional side of his nature is over-developed in proportion to the intellectual side. For the well-balanced man would resent neither the clear light of the directive intelligence, nor the strong force of the motive emotion. If, in the past, one side has been over-cultivated, if the emotions have been fostered to the detriment of the intelligence, then the efforts should be turned to the strengthening of the intellect, and the resentment which arises against a coldly intellectual presentation should be sternly curbed, the difference between intelligence and sympathy being recognised.

The Distorting Force of Emotion

One of the things most apt to be overlooked by the emotional person is the way in which emotion fills his surrounding atmosphere with its vibrations, and thereby biasses the intelligence; everything is seen through this atmosphere, and is coloured and distorted by it, so that things do not reach the intelligence in their true form and colour, but arrive twisted and discoloured. Our aura surrounds us, and should be a pellucid medium through which all in the outer world should reach us in its own form and colour; but when the aura is vibrating with emotion it cannot act as such a medium, and all is refracted that passes into it, and reaches us quite other than it is. If a person is under water and a stick is put near him in the air, and he tries to touch it, his hand will be wrongly directed, for he will put his hand to the place at which he sees the stick, and as the rays coming from it are refracted on entering the water, the stick will be, for him, displaced. Similarly when an impression from the outer world reaches us through an aura over-charged with emotion, its proportions are distorted, and its position misjudged; hence the data supplied to the intelligence are erroneous, and the judg-

ment founded upon them will therefore necessarily be wrong, however accurately the intelligence may work.

Even the most careful self-analysis will not entirely protect us against this emotional disturbance. The intellect ever tends to judge favourably that which we like, unfavourably that which we dislike, owing to the "refraction" above-named. The arguments in favour of a certain course are thrown into a strong light by our desire to follow it, and the arguments against it are thrown into the shade. The one seems so clear and forcible, the other so dubious and feeble. And to our mind, seeing through the emotion, it is so sure that we are right, and that anyone, who does not see as we do, is biassed by prejudice or is wilfully perverse. Against this ever-present danger, we can only guard by care and persistent effort, but we cannot finally escape it until we transcend the emotions, and become absolutely their ruler.

One way remains in which we can aid ourselves to a right judgment, and that is by studying the workings of consciousness in others, and in weighing their decisions under circumstances similar to our own. The judgments which most repel us are those most likely to be useful to us, because made through an emotional medium very different from our own. We can compare their decisions with ours, and by noting the points that affect them most and ourselves least, and that weigh most heavily with us and most lightly with them, we may disentangle the emotional from the intellectual elements in the judgments. And even where our conclusions are mistaken, the effort to arrive at them is corrective and illuminative; it aids in the mastery of the emotions, and strengthens the intellectual element. Such studies should of course be made when there is no emotional disturbance, and its fruits should be stored up for use at the times when the emotions are strong.

Methods of Ruling the Emotions

The first and most powerful method for obtaining mastery of the emotions is—as in all that touches consciousness—Meditation. Before contact with the world has disturbed the emotions, meditation should be resorted to. Coming back into the body after the period of physical sleep, from a world subtler than the

physical, the Ego will find his tenement quiet, and can take possession calmly of the rested brain and nerves. Meditation later in the day, when the emotions have been disturbed, and when they are in full activity, is not as efficacious. The quiet time which is available after sleep is the right season for effective meditation, the desire body, the emotional nature, being more tranquil than after it has plunged into the bustle of the world. From that peaceful morning hour will stream out the influence which will guard during the day, and the emotions, soothed and stilled, will be more amenable to control.

Where it is possible it is well to forecast the questions which may arise during the day, and to come to conclusions as to the view to be taken, the conduct to be pursued. If we know that we shall be placed under certain conditions that will arouse our emotions, we can decide beforehand on our mental attitude, and even come to a decision on our action. Supposing such a decision has been reached, then when the circumstances arise, that decision should be recalled and acted upon, even though the swell of the emotions may impel towards a different course. For instance, we are going to meet a person for whom we have a strong affection, and we decide in our meditation on the course that it is wisest to pursue, deciding in the clear light of calm intelligence what is best for all concerned. To this decision we should adhere, even though there is the inclination to feel: "I had not given the proper weight to that view." As a matter of fact, under these conditions, overweight is given, the proper weight having been given in the calmer thought; and it is the wisest plan to follow the path previously chalked out, despite the emotional promptings of the moment. There may be a blunder of judgment, but if the blunder be not seen during meditation it is not likely to be seen during a swirl of emotions.

Another method of curbing the emotions is to think over what is going to be said, before speaking, to put a bridle on the tongue. The man who has learned to control his speech has conquered everything, says an ancient eastern law-giver. The person who never speaks a sharp or ill-considered word is well on the way to control emotion. To rule speech is to rule the whole nature. It is a good plan not to speak—to deliberately check

speech—until one is clear as to what one is going to say, is sure that the speech is true, that it is adapted to the person to whom it is to be addressed, and that it is such as ought to be spoken. Truth comes first and foremost, and nothing can excuse falsity of speech; many a speech uttered under stress of emotion is false, either from exaggeration or distortion. Then, the appropriateness of the speech to the person addressed is too often forgotten, in the hurry of emotion, or the eagerness of strong feeling. A quite wrong idea of a great truth may be presented, if the point of view of the person addressed is not borne in mind; sympathy is needed, the seeing as he sees, for only then can the truth be useful and helpful. One is not trying to help oneself, but to help another, in putting the truth before him. Perhaps the conception of law as changeless, inviolable, absolutely impartial, may, to the speaker, be inspiring, strengthening, uplifting; whereas that conception is ruthless and crushing to an undeveloped person, and injures instead of helps. Truth is not meant to crush, but to elevate, and we misuse truth when we give it to one that is not ready. There is plenty to suit the needs of each, but discretion is needed to choose wisely, and enthusiasm must not force a premature enlightenment. Many a young Theosophist does more harm than good by his over-eager pressing on others of the treasures he prizes so highly. Lastly, the form of the speech, the necessity or the usefulness of its utterance, should be considered. A truth that might help may be changed into a truth that hinders by the way in which it is put. "Never speak what is untrue, never speak what is unpleasant," is a golden rule of speech. All speech should be truthful, sweet and agreeable. This agreeableness of speech is too often forgotten by well-meaning people, who even pride themselves on their candour when they are merely rude, and indifferent to the feelings of those whom they address. But that is neither good breeding nor religion, for the unmannerly is not the religious. Religion combines perfect truth with perfect courtesy. Moreover, the superfluous, the useless, is mischievous, and there is much injury done by the continual bubbling over of frivolous emotions in chatter and small talk. People who cannot bear silence, and are ever chattering, fritter away their intellectual and moral forces, a

well as give utterance to a hundred follies, better left unsaid. To be afraid of silence is a sign of mental weakness, and calm silence is better than foolish speech. In silence the emotions grow and strengthen, while remaining controlled, and thus the motive power of the nature increases and is also brought into subjection. The power of being silent is great, and often exercises a most soothing effect; on the other hand, he who has learned to be silent must be careful that his silence does not trench on his courtesy, that he does not by inappropriate silence among others, make them feel chilled and uncomfortable.

Some may fear that such a consideration before speech as is outlined may so hinder exchange of thought as to paralyse conversation; but all who have practised such control will bear witness that, after a brief practice, no noticeable interval is caused before the reply is uttered. Swifter than lightning is the movement of the intelligence, and it will flash over the points to be considered while a breath is being drawn. It is true, that at first there will be slight hesitation, but in a few weeks no pause will be required, and the review of the proposed utterance will be made too swiftly to cause any obstruction. Many an orator can testify that, in the rapid torrent of a declamatory period, the mind will sit at ease, turning about alternative sentences and weighing their respective merits ere one is chosen and the rest are cast aside; and yet none in the rapt audience will know aught of this by-play, or dream that behind the swift utterance there is any such selective action going on.

A third method of mastering emotion is by refraining from acting on impulse. The hurry to act is characteristic of the modern mind, and is the excess of the promptitude which is its virtue. When we consider life calmly we realise that there is never any need for hurry; there is always time enough, and action, however swift, should be well-considered and unhurried. When an impulse comes from some strong emotion, and we spring forward in obedience, without consideration, we act unwisely. If we train ourselves to think before we act in all ordinary affairs, then if an accident or anything else should happen in which prompt action is necessary, the swift mind will

balance up the demands of the moment and direct swift action, but there will be no hurry, no inconsiderate unwise blundering.

"But should I not follow my intuition?" some one may ask. Impulse and intuition are too often confused, though radically different in origin and characteristics. Impulse springs from the desire-nature, from the Consciousness working through the astral body, and is an energy flung outwards in response to a stimulus from outside, an energy undirected by the intelligence, hasty, unconsidered, headlong. Intuition springs from the spiritual Ego, and is an energy flowing outwards to meet a demand from outside, an energy directed by the spiritual Ego, strong, calm, purposeful. For distinguishing between the two, until the nature is thoroughly balanced, calm consideration is necessary, and delay is essential; an impulse dies away under such consideration and delay; an intuition grows clearer and stronger under such conditions; calmness enables the lower mind to bear it, and to feel its serene imperiousness. Moreover, if what seems to be an intuition is really a suggestion from some higher Being, that suggestion will sound the louder for our quiet meditation, and will lose nothing of force by such calm delay.

It is true that there is a certain pleasure in the abandonment to the headlong impulse, and that the imposed restraint is painful for a time. But the effort to lead the higher life is full of these renouncals of pleasure and acceptances of pain, and gradually we come to feel that there is a higher joy in the quiet considerate action than in the yielding to the tumultuous acting, and that we have eliminated a constant source of regret. For constantly does such yielding prove a cause of sorrow, and the impulse is found to be a mistake. If the proposed action be good, the purpose to perform it will be made stronger, not weaker, by careful thought. And if the purpose grows weaker with the thinking, then is it sure that it comes from the lower source, not from the higher.

Daily meditation, careful consideration before speech, the refusal to yield to impulse, these are the chief methods of turning the emotions into useful servants instead of dangerous masters.

The Using of Emotion

Only he can use an emotion who has become its master, and who knows that the emotions are not himself but are playing in the vehicles in which he dwells, and are due to the interaction between the Self and the Not-Self. Their ever-changing nature marks them as belonging to the vehicles; they are stirred into activity by things without, answered to by the consciousness within. The attribute of consciousness that gives rise to emotions is Bliss, and pleasure and pain are the motions in the desire-vehicle caused by the contacts of the outer world, and by the response through it to these of the Self as Bliss; just as thoughts are the motions due to similar contacts and to the response of the Self as Knowledge to them. As the Self knows itself, and distinguishes itself from its vehicles, it becomes ruler of the emotions, and pleasure and pain become equally modes of Bliss.

As progress is made, it will be found that greater equilibrium is attained under stress of pleasure and pain, and that the emotions no longer upset the balance of the mind. So long as pleasure elates, and pain paralyses, so that the performance of duty is hindered and hampered, so long is a man the slave, and not the ruler, of his emotions. When he has learned to rule them the greatest wave of pleasure, the keenest sting of pain, can be felt, and yet the mind will remain steady and address itself calmly to the work in hand. Then whatever comes is turned into use. Out of pain is gained power, as out of pleasure are gained vitality and courage. All become forces to help instead of obstacles to hinder.

Of these uses oratory may serve as an illustration. You hear a man fired by passion, his words tumbling over each other, his gestures violent; he is possessed by, carried away by, emotion, but he does not sway his audience. The orator who sways is the master of his emotions and uses them to affect his audience; his words are deliberate and well-chosen even in the rush of his speech, his gestures appropriate and dignified. He is not feeling the emotions, but *he has felt them*, and he now uses his past to shape the present. In proportion as a speaker has felt and has

risen above his emotions will be his power to use them. No one without strong emotions can be a great speaker; but the greatness grows as the emotions are brought under control. A more effective explosion results from a careful arrangement of the explosives and a deliberate application of the match, than by flinging them down anyhow, and the match after them, in the hope that something may catch.

So long as anyone is stirred by the emotions, the clear vision needed for helpful service is blurred. The valuable helper is the man who is calm and balanced, while full of sympathy. What sort of a doctor would he be who, in the midst of performing an operation, should burst into tears? Yet many people are so distressed by the sight of suffering that their whole being is shaken by it, and they thus increase the suffering instead of relieving it. All emotion causes strong vibrations, and these pass from one to another. The effective helper must be calm and steady, remaining unshaken and radiating peace. One who stands on a rock above the waves can help another to gain that vantage-ground better than if he were himself battling with the waves.

Another use of the emotions when they are thoroughly in hand is to call up and use the appropriate one to rouse in another person an emotion beneficial to him. If a person be angry, the natural answer to his vibrations is anger in the one he meets, for all vibrations tend to be sympathetically reproduced. As we all have emotion-bodies, any body vibrating near us in a particular way tends to cause similar vibrations in us, if we have in our bodies the appropriate matter. Anger awakens anger, love awakens love, gentleness awakens gentleness. When we are masters of our emotions, and feel the surge of anger rising in response to the vibrations of anger in another, we shall at once check this answer, and shall let the waves of anger dash up against us, while we remain unmoved. The man who can hold his own emotion-body quiet, while those of others are vibrating strongly around him, has learned well the lesson of self-control. When this is done, he is ready to take the next step, to meet the vibration of an evil emotion with the vibration of the corresponding good emotion, and thus he not only withholds himself from anger, but sends out vibrations that tend to quiet the anger-

vibrations of the other. He answers anger by love, wrath by gentleness.

At first, this answer must be deliberate, of set purpose, and angry people can be taken to practise on. When one comes in our way, we utilise him. The attempt will be, doubtless, cold and dry in the beginning, with only the will to love in it and none of the emotion; but after a while, the will to love will produce a little emotion, and at last a habit will be established, and kindness will be the spontaneous answer to unkindness. The steady, deliberate practice of answering thus the vibrations of wrong emotions reaching us from outside will establish a habit in the emotion-body, and it will respond rightly automatically.

The teaching of all the great Masters of Ethics is the same: "Return good for evil." And the teaching is based on this interchange of vibrations, caused by love and hate emotions. The return of evil intensifies it, while the return of good neutralises the evil. To stir love-emotions in others by sending to them a stream of such emotions, so as to stimulate all that is good in them and to weaken all that is bad, is the highest use to which we can put our emotions in daily useful service. It is a good plan to bear in mind a list of correspondences in emotions, and to practise accordingly, answering pride by humility, discourtesy by compassion, arrogance by submission, harshness by gentleness, irritability by calmness. Thus is a nature built up which answers all evil emotions by the corresponding good ones, and which acts as a benediction of all around, lessening the evil in them and strengthening the good.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED

BE resolute but not boastful; resolute but not haughty; resolute but not arrogant; resolute because you cannot avoid it; resolute but not violent.—TAO-TEH-KING.

A LESSON FOR TO-DAY FROM THE "THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS"

THE huge mass of Eastern tradition, folk-lore, legend, fable, and anecdote known as the "Thousand and One Nights," or, more briefly, as the "Arabian Nights," is far more extensive than the small selection of tales translated and abridged by Galland two centuries ago, and much that it contains is of profound interest and importance. One of the lesser-known stories, that of "Abd Allah of the Land, and Abd Allah of the Sea," contains a lesson so greatly needed by many at the present time that I propose to give a short sketch of it here.

It used to be said, "The sting of death is sin," but without disputing this well-known axiom, we may say that, even in cases where it is hardly applicable, the sting of death is in the temporary separation of friends; and although this is a sorrow which can only be completely extinguished when we are able fully to transfer our own consciousness to the level of those who have gone before, yet it is terribly aggravated at the present time by the total ignorance or uncertainty, and often actual disbelief in the existence, of any life but that of the material world. The stars are indeed frequently referred to as illustrating the vastness of the universe and the insignificance of man; but they are rarely regarded as having any direct connection with his destinies here and hereafter. And the perverse mistranslation of "Heaven" for "Heavens" throughout the English New Testament (*always* "ἡ βασιλεία τῶν οὐρανῶν," the "Kingdom of the Heavens" *not* the "Kingdom of Heaven") has utterly perverted Christ's teaching respecting the future state throughout a great part of the world, notwithstanding the explicit declaration that there are "many mansions." The hopeless manner in which many sincere Christians, and good men and women, regard death either as the end of all things, or as a terrible and mysterious dispensation, is

very lamentable, adding much not only to their own sorrows, but it is to be feared often inflicting much unnecessary suffering on their loved ones, who would be helped and encouraged by loving sympathy, and prayer. But many Protestants still look upon prayer for the dead as almost blasphemous, though even at ordinary Spiritualistic *séances* it is often asked for, which would certainly not be the case in a Protestant country if it were not desired, nor would it be in a Protestant country if such *séances* were impostures. But let us see how our mediæval Mohammadan author treats the subject.

Abd Allah of the Land was a poor fisherman with a large family, who possessed nothing but his net, relying on God for success in his fishing; but for several days he caught nothing, though a charitable baker every day gave him a supply of bread for his necessities on credit, and a little money besides to buy other food. At length, however, he entangled a merman in his net, who was a Mohammadan, and whose name was also Abd Allah. They made a compact by which the fisherman set the merman at liberty, who promised to supply him every day with pearls and jewels, in exchange for fruits of the land; so the fisherman became a rich man.

We may pass over the further adventures of the fisherman on land; but one day he was talking about the Prophet's tomb to the merman, who regretted his own inability to visit it, but urged on the fisherman the duty of his doing so, and invited him first to visit him in his own house at the bottom of the sea, when he would give him a deposit to lay on the tomb of the Prophet in the merman's name, and give him his salutations, and beseech his intercession. So the merman brought the fisherman some fat of one of the sea-beasts, with which he anointed himself, and then descended into the sea in company with the merman, who showed him all the wonders of the deep, introduced him to his family, and gave him his deposit to lay on the Prophet's tomb.

"Then Abd Allah of the Sea went forth with him to conduct him to the land; and he saw on his way people engaged in singing and festivity, and a table of fish spread; and the people were eating and singing, and in a state of great rejoicing. So he said to Abd Allah of the Sea, 'Wherefore are these people in a state

of great rejoicing? Is a wedding being celebrated among them?' And he of the Sea answered, 'There is no wedding being celebrated among them; but a person among them is dead.' Abd Allah of the Land therefore said to him, 'Do ye, when a person dieth among you, rejoice for him, and sing and eat?' His companion answered, 'Yes. And ye, O people of the Land,' he added, 'what do ye?' Abd Allah of the Land answered, 'When a person among us dieth, we mourn for him, and weep, and the women slap their faces, and rend the borders of their garments, in grief for him who is dead.' And upon this, Abd Allah of the Sea stared at Abd Allah of the Land, and said, 'Give me the deposite.' So he gave it to him. Then Abd Allah of the Sea took him forth to the land, and said to him, 'I have broken off my companionship with thee, and my friendship for thee, and after this day thou shalt not see me, nor will I see thee.' 'Wherefore,' said Abd Allah of the Land, 'are those words?' Abd Allah of the Sea said, 'Are ye not, O people of the Land, a deposite of God?' 'Yes,' answered he of the Land. And the latter rejoined, 'Then how is it that it is not agreeable to you that God should take His deposite, but on the contrary, ye weep for it? And how should I give thee the deposite for the Prophet (may God bless and save him!) seeing that ye, when the new-born child cometh to you, rejoice in it, though God (whose name be exalted), putteth into it the soul as a deposite? Then when He taketh that soul, how is it that it grieveth you, and ye weep and mourn? Such being the case, we have no need of your companionship.' He then left him, and went back to the sea." (Lane's translation, ch. xxviii.)

Comment on the above passage is needless.

W. F. K.

THE holy man embraces unity and becomes for all the world a model. He is not self-displaying, and thus he shines. He is not self-approving, and thus he is distinguished. He is not self-praising, and thus he acquires merit. He is not self-glorifying, and thus he excels. Since he does not quarrel, therefore no one in the world can quarrel with him.—TAO-TEH-KING.

PERSONALITY

MUCH is said in Theosophical works of the distinction between the individuality and the personality, much also on the fact that the personality is but a transient ministrant to the individuality, which is permanent, and very much indeed upon that selfishness which is the essence of the personal, and which needs uprooting, modification, transmutation, in proportion as its phases annul or impair the evolution of character, character being the Man, and its rounded attainment the object of his career. Some of what is said is not entirely clear; some requires modification in order that its conformity to reason may be more apparent; some so combats our instinctive thought that we are prone to resent and to reject it. Now I take it that the truth underlying the Theosophical teaching will be both more evident and more acceptable if we first grasp the teaching itself, and then note its entire analogy with the obvious facts of life.

The teaching is that the Ego, the Thinker, the continuous being, projects from his natural dwelling-place into the physical world a rootlet, as it were, from himself, and that this rootlet there encounters all the forms and vicissitudes of matter, absorbs all that it may of value during its abode, dies off when its function is completed, and transmits upward to its source the good it has accumulated. Or, to put the case differently, the individual, who is small and undeveloped at the start, becomes large and perfect as he acquires his growth through a succession of earthly personalities, each manifesting a portion of himself, each gaining here something of the material which is to make up the grand totality, and each disappearing when it has yielded its quotum to the whole.

The personal, then, is a part of the individual, plus certain traits, habitudes, possessions, peculiarities which accrue to it from active life in the surroundings of earth. The successive

personalities of one individual differ from each other because no one of them manifests all of the individual, and because the life of each is in a different age, nation, family, and environment. But all of them contribute to the enlargement of the individual, and when no further enlargement is possible through earthly incarnations no more personalities are formed.

In order that a personality, *i.e.*, a portion of an individual incarnating at a different time and place, may acquire its quotum of material and add it to the individuality, it must be an active participant in the life of its era, and be in contact with the many conditions which produce experience. But this means vitality, vigour, self-consciousness, and self-assertion. And the more specialised the personality the more marked will be these qualities.

Because of the inherent desire for a continuance of life in the physical world, with all its customary ways and associations, all feeding the nature with fresh sensations and new experiences, the selfhood becomes more intense, more pronounced, more eager. A conception is formed that it is the centre of all things, the measure of existence, the "No. 1" to which all forces are to be turned. The outcome is what we call "selfishness," a virtual separation in interest from the rest of being and of humanity, a concentration of vital power in the personality.

Now this, in accordance with the law of evolution, is universal in all early stages. Beasts and men are selfish in the beginning of their careers because they are conscious only of themselves and because they can at first grow only as they give attention to themselves. The early experience is one purely of learning the needs of life and how to supply these. Hunger and cold and the sexual instinct press perpetually on the nature, and satisfaction comes only as they are provided for. So we do not expect an altruistic sense in the beginning of any life. Not until wants have been satiated and the germ of affection is caused by environment to sprout does the incipient ego have time to look around and to perceive relations with its kind. But then the truly evolutionary process is started. Very feeble at first, but steadily growing as closer touch with surroundings and a dim sense of sentiment affect the spark of a soul, there comes about an ex-

tension of interest outside. It expands, strengthens, causes keener vibrations within. As the soul awakens it asserts itself, its emotions become more vigorous, its affections find more delight in outgoing and reciprocity than the body does in physical gratification, altruism is displacing egoism.

Thus the finer nature is becoming dominant. Successive incarnations foster the process. More and more of the individuality, the real being, is able to pour itself into the personality and express itself in intelligence, largeness, rounded interests. The man is less self-centred, better capable of identification with what encompasses him. The status of any soul is determined by the proportion of care which is spontaneously felt towards others as compared with self.

Nature gives us an illustration in a fruit tree. All its early energy is in absorption. Growth is then its function. It sucks from the soil and the air and the sunlight the materials for its own nutrition, returning nothing as yet, not concerned with helping Nature but merely taking in that itself may expand. Yet the same law which prescribes that at this stage there shall be only absorption, prescribes also that the absorption is for a purpose,—not mere size or grace or beauty, but the power to bear fruit. That is the end, the justification, the reason for the long-continued withdrawal of food from the bosom of Nature. And when the boughs hang thick with succulent refreshment for man and beast we know the object of the growth, perceive the warrant for the tree's prior history.

Just so with the evolution of the human. Man begins his career with an assimilation of food from without. The very purport of his surroundings is that he may extract from them the material for his development. As Patañjali puts it, "All Nature exists for the soul's experience." Yet that very experience is only a means, a means to the end, which is the outpouring of richer life that the world around may be uplifted and vivified and blessed. When the preliminary preparation is complete it is expected that the fruit shall be borne, that the service shall justify the outlay. In other words, a soul is matured in order that it may aid the maturing of others.

Human nature is very complicated, and the elements com-

posing it are combined in such varied proportions that until a high plane is reached the evolutionary process is irregular. It is possible for an intellect to be gloriously developed while the moral sense remains dull; for the general principles of human nature to be well understood though the man knows little of his own; for a conscientious character to be utterly callous to the rights of individuals; for religious convictions to have no influence on moral conduct; for affection to be selfish, greedy, united with bigotry and intolerance. Qualities inconsistent, even logically incompatible, co-exist in the same nature. Very often we are amazed at flagrant contradictions between beliefs and acts; they seem to imply insincerity, not mere weakness but pretence. Yet there may be no conscious hypocrisy; it may be only the principle of selfhood intruding itself in a region where it has no place. For the personal factor is still uncorrected, and it continues its influence in quarters from which it should long have been banished.

It is strange, sometimes painful, often amusing, to see how this quality of selfishness—the assertion of self—exhibits itself to the observer of his kind. One would suppose that the incessant outcroppings of it in almost all people with whom a man is brought in contact would force him into perception of its lack of dignity and into careful guard against like error in himself. Heine said that he was too proud to be vain. And yet with multitudinous instances surrounding all men every day, most men act precisely as if the fault was novel, and as if no warning sign-post had ever been erected. They do not see that an evil fruit means an evil fruit-bearer, that a personality which shows out in greed or self-assertion is a personality which is unlovely.

As I have said, it is one part of the work of evolution that the self-principle shall abate as its mission is accomplished, and that it shall no longer be the standing-ground from which a man looks out on other men and on life. There comes a time to each when this fact is distinctly perceived. Much of what has been accomplished, theretofore, has been wrought out by the pressure of experience; unconsciously, unwittingly, through the almost mechanical operation of continuous law. When something of that law is discerned there is generated a deliberate effort, and a

really growing soul undertakes to rid itself of a mental attitude which hampers growth. Still, it is not until the doctrines of Theosophy take hold of intelligence and will that any enlightened, scientific, habitual, purposeful policy is determined upon. Only then can the wide bearings of selfishness be perceived, only then is aroused a resolution that freedom in true evolution shall be achieved. One of the very first lessons a Theosophist receives is that he must get rid of selfishness, and he never learns its real nature and its ramifications until he has gone far on the Theosophic path.

In the meantime all of us need to see that this selfishness which Theosophy so deprecates is the bane of ordinary life, and that the practice of it is the cause of almost all the discords quarrels, enmities, miseries of human society. The injunction to suppress it is no fantastic or arbitrary dictum of a little-understood philosophy; it is the teaching forced upon us by a large proportion of the incidents of every-day occurrence. Take some illustrations.

1. In opinion. Except among the few who have been so greatly trained that they have learned their own limitations and their liability to err, almost every person considers his own views inherently correct. He may not have studied the subject; he may not even understand its terms; he certainly has not balanced the arguments *pro* and *con;* very likely he has just heard the name for the first time, and quite possibly does not even know its meaning; yet none the less is he ready with an instantaneous judgment which he supposes to be a finality. Probably all of us have encountered this when some point in Theosophy, say, reincarnation, is mentioned. "Absurd," "laughable," "impossible," "unscriptural," "crazy,"—such are the adjectives one is wont to hear from people who never met the word till then. The inner thought is that their discernment is so keen, their judgment so sound, their instincts so wholesome, that they can instantly detect truth and pass upon it without need of preparation. Theosophy is only one illustration. Every topic is another. We have all of us met men and women of very different grades in reading, culture, and mental strength; have we ever met a dozen who disclaimed ability to express an opinion because they

were not acquainted with the subject? And even where there is fair knowledge of it, is there not the same conviction that the personal opinion is inerrant, the personal judgment true? No suspicion arises that they may be wrong; a suggestion that they are not infallible might even be taken as an affront.

2. In taste. Identically this same curious habit of mind shows itself not only in matters of art but in all affairs of mere preference. Of course everyone has right to his own personal taste and to express it as such, but the general practice is to assert it as an objective fact, correct in itself, a finality to others. We see this in architecture, painting, sculpture, and literature, yet much more often in the small matters of everyday life—food, habits, methods of speech, action, demeanour. Almost all men and women utter personal likes and dislikes as veritable realities obligatory on others. At the root is the same unconscious presumption, as in opinion, of an interior infallibility which saves the possessor from error and empowers him to enjoin his preferences on his environment. It is not based on culture or on observation; it does not mean unusual ability or exceptional perception; when analysed it shows merely the conceit of self which so dominates people not specially trained out of conceit.

3. In action. Once more we see the personality at work in this department. An enormous proportion of the human race regard their own convictions upon what things should be done as of unquestionable wisdom. That there may be better ones, that there may be another aspect or a superior way, that even the certainty of a better way does not confer the right to enforce it,—are considerations which are not seen and would not restrain. We have all heard the eager advice proffered by tyros to experts, we all know the characters who understand the affairs of their neighbours better than do the neighbours, we are not strange to our fellow-citizens who are ready with instant endorsement or condemnation of public acts or private doings whereof they know not the reasons. I think there are a department of social life and a class in social life wherein the authoritative spirit is especially rampant. The *department* is politics. Men who favour a particular party or a particular governmental policy very often treat others who vote or work in opposition to it as

personal enemies. Nothing can be more absurd than to regard a free country as free only to such as are willing to vote as one does oneself, or to assume that policies different from one's own are reprehensible and traitorous, fit grounds for personal antagonism. The *class* is parents. When one remembers how easy it is to beget, and how paternity implies nothing whatever as to wisdom, sound judgment, experience, or age, the placid assumption that the possession of a child endows with sagacity in the management of the child and with right to enforce every crotchet or caprice upon it, becomes positively grotesque. Can there be anything more comic than the complacent directions to a nurse by a young mother who knows no more of infantile nature than she does of Hebrew verbs ; anything more piteous than the bullying of an ignorant and conceited father to a boy whose richer nature and larger possibilities make the paternal dogmatism the more vindictive because they are dimly sensed and resented ? We hear much in Sacred Books and in conventional twaddle about filial duty to parents as parents ; what about the parental duty which should cause self-analysis in character, perception of conceit, distrust of ability to discern, respect, and treat the differing temperament of a child ! In the whole field of personality as inflated, crude, vain, self-assertive, petty, mischievous, perhaps there is no section more needing reformation than that of paternity. Fatherhood and motherhood will doubtless exist for ages to come, but they can be made more intelligent, rational, and just.

Now all this self-complacency, this rooted idea in each man of his own inerrancy, of which I have spoken, perpetually manifests itself in the affairs of life, great and small. But there are two exhibitions of it which appear particularly virulent, and they have been the cause of incalculable injury, loss, and wretchedness. The *first* is dogmatic assertion in matters of opinion. It has been so brilliantly and pungently described by Lecky in his *History of European Morals*, Vol. II., page 375, that I can give it far better in his eloquent words

> It has always been the peculiarity of a certain kind of theological teaching that it inverts all the normal principles of judgment and absolutely destroys intellectual diffidence. On other subjects we find, if not a respect for

honest conviction, at least some sense of the amount of knowledge that is requisite to entitle men to express an opinion on grave controversies. A complete ignorance of the subject-matter of a dispute restrains the confidence of dogmatism, and an ignorant person who is aware that, by much reading and thinking in spheres of which he has himself no knowledge, his educated neighbour has modified or rejected opinions which that ignorant person had been taught, will, at least, if he is a man of sense or modesty, abstain from compassionating the benighted condition of his more instructed friend. But on theological questions this has never been so. Unfaltering belief being taught as the first of duties, and all doubt being usually stigmatised as criminal or damnable, a state of mind is formed to which we find no parallel in other fields. Many men and most women, though completely ignorant of the very rudiments of biblical criticism, historical research, or scientific discoveries, though they have never read a single page or understood a single proposition of the writings of those whom they condemn, and have absolutely no rational knowledge either of the arguments by which their faith is defended or of those by which it has been impugned, will nevertheless adjudicate with the utmost confidence upon every polemical question denounce, hate, pity, or pray for the conversion of all who dissent from what they have been taught, assume, as a matter beyond the faintest possibility of doubt, that the opinions they have received without inquiry must be true, and that the opinions which others have arrived at by inquiry must be false, and make it a main object of their lives to assail what they call heresy in every way in their power, except by examining the grounds on which it rests. It is probable that the great majority of voices that swell the clamour against every book which is regarded as heretical, are the voices of those who would deem it criminal even to open that book, or to enter into any real, searching, and impartial investigation of the subject to which it relates. Innumerable pulpits support this tone of thought, and represent with a fervid rhetoric well fitted to excite the nerves and imagination of women, the deplorable condition of all who deviate from a certain type of opinions or of emotion; a blind propagandism or a secret wretchedness penetrates into countless households, poisoning the peace of families, chilling the mutual confidence of husband and wife, adding immeasurably to the difficulties which every searcher into truth has to encounter, and diffusing far and wide intellectual timidity, disingenuousness, and hypocrisy.

The *second* is in a consequent persecution for opinion's sake. This occurs in private life, where members of a family endeavour to coerce each other because of divergent views, exhibiting bitterness and hostility as if all minds were bound to think as theirs. It occurs in public life, men ostracising others because on governmental policies or party platforms convictions are opposed. Friends separate, social acquaintances are tabooed, boycotts are

attempted, all on the implied claim that the aggressor is undeniably sound and his victim clearly in the wrong. But far beyond these minor and localised evils is that horrible persecution for religion which forms one of the most hideous and revolting chapters in human history. Because of differing views as to the nature of God or the method of worshipping Him, men have joyously inflicted fines, legal disabilities, rapine, torture, death, even massacre, and have exultantly claimed that the best service to Deity is the murder of His other children. No language can depict the horrors which in blood and flame have desolated families, territories, nations, in the wild desire to enforce uniformity of religious belief. If this age is spared such enormities as were common in many that preceded, it is not so much because true religion is perceived incompatible with rancour as because the secular spirit of freedom has laid its hand upon bigotry, and said with decision, "Thus far thou mayest go, and no farther."

Now when Theosophy is received within a human soul and begins its task of detracting him from human errors and starting his preparation for a superhuman development, its very first lesson is in the simplest application of common-sense. It points to the fact that almost every evil afflicting the race has for its root the notion of self-hood, the wish to enforce self-desire upon others. It points to the further fact that this means ignorance as to general rights, and a conceit without justification, and is both undignified and absurd. Nobody is infallible, least of all the one who thinks himself so. Nobody can think with assurance or speak with arrogance, because nobody is possessed of omniscience. To be modest, to be conscious of fallibility, to shrink from even the supposition that one's own views are necessarily right, is a duty obviously obligatory upon every person who can form views at all. It is nothing more than a common-sense conviction which should pervade every man with the smallest observation. But it is enormously emphasised by the distinctive truths that Theosophy displays. For here we have the distinction between the individuality and the personality, as also the fact that the individuality expands as the personality shrinks.

How then, does Theosophy take in hand the man who

aspires to be a veritable Theosophist? It first enjoins him to look around him, to note the thousand ways in which self-conceit asserts itself, and then to resolve that he will never make himself ridiculous by practising it, never be so feeble as to fall into an error which is common. There can be no excuse for blundering when danger-signals are almost as numerous as men and women. And then it advises that he look within himself. What is the meaning of that quickness to pass judgment on topics which he has not investigated, that irritation if his opinions are controverted by a companion, that wounded sensitiveness when a fault in him is pointed out, that soreness felt when he is not treated with deference, that repugnance to admitting that he may be or has been wrong, that unreadiness to confess that he is weak or ignorant, or careless or dull? The meaning is simply—conceit. But the curative prescription is more thorough than a mere common-sense observation of mankind. As a Theosophist he is made to know that he is defective, and therefore conceited, because his evolution is as yet but partial, that he has not in past lives risen above the small vanities of undeveloped humanity, and that in this incarnation he is showing out the crudities which he would not have if more evolved. He is conceited because he is immature. If immature he should admit the fact and banish the conceit which proves it, but also he should welcome the light thrown on his own status and feel it a boon that his real backwardness has been made clear.

For the trouble is in the personality, that transient and imperfect manifestation which he supposes to be the real "I," but which is exhibiting only the partly-formed, half-trained, little-understood nature that incarnations thus far permit. When a Theosophist discerns this he ceases to be dogmatic, not merely as a matter of pride but as a matter of fact. Irritability, *amour propre*, touchiness, are not simply foibles, they are indications of undevelopment. The individuality rejects them, the growing character will have none of them.

So, then, distrust of self, however paradoxical, is the mark of a ripening self. It means that the personal element is abating, that a widening horizon stretches before the opening eyes, that forces from the Occult are pressing into the soul and making it

throb with finer vibrations, richer perceptions, a loftier impulsion. Ordinary men do well to strive that they may get out of their little ruts and transcend the limits of habit and conventionality and self-centred aims; a Theosophist cannot do otherwise if he has sensed the very conditions of freedom. And as the freedom enlarges and the vision clears, he sees far off that glorious day when the fruit of many an incarnation shall be gathered into his permanent being, when, instinct with vigour and with mind unbound, he shall revel in sun-lit Truth as the eagle in the empyrean, when incarnations themselves shall drop into the past as experiences outgrown, and when he shall be released from the personalities once needful, now for ever abandoned, since the Ego has attained its birthright and is unfettered, emancipated, Divine.

ALEXANDER FULLERTON.

BIBLE LEGENDS OF THE CAUCASUS*

CAMPING out on the Youtza or some neighbouring height on the first of the lower chains of the Caucasus, of those lesser heights that go towering up from the sun-burnt and seemingly limitless steppes of the Don to the great range itself, over which frown the snow-laden peaks of Elbrouz and Kazbek—the eye sweeps over the wide prospect and beholds dry, perfumed valleys and, standing out isolated in their midst, mountains of strange form like monuments raised up by the hand of man. Like azure and amethyst-hued pyramids they stand, these mountains, and so perfect in line are they, that the suspicion of human help in nature's design grows almost into certainty. They seem to stand as outpost sentinels on a road which, after a few weeks' ride—a ride over the plains of Georgia, past the rose-gardens of Irân, across dusty deserts—might lead one to the very feet of Hîmavat. There it lies, this magic road, winding behind the black but-

* The details of the last two legends are taken from A. Krause's article in the *Nordische Rundschau*, June, 1885.

tresses of the Caucasus; the road which actually and physically would lead the dauntless seeker to the very place where dwell certain Masters of Wisdom.

Around on all sides and in the prairies below the tall golden and pink bells of the wild lily may be seen in bloom. These were the lilies wreathed round the cross that St. Nina bore when first she came hither from the Arabian deserts to preach the new teaching, to be the herald of the new Light, the youngest Light from the East.

It was the kingdom of Georgia that was for centuries the flower of all this land in courage, grace and fortitude. Two names have special prominence amongst its records: one, of evil charm yet of high political renown—the name of Queen Tamara, the beautiful "witch"; the other, that of the girl-apostle, the martyred St. Nina.

There is a legend telling us of St. Nina's first coming, of her sudden appearance at the side of the "idol" Armaz, the degraded image of Ormuz; telling us also of that Light which she was sent to reveal. And as she stood there, at the altar sacred to Ormuz, she, the "equal of apostles" as the Greek Church named her, as she stood there, scorning the bloody sacrifice and driving back unworthy priests from the pure spot, in the name of her Master Christ, she *must* have known of the old Light. *She must have known*, this slender girl! And when the sword was lifted above her dark head it remained erect; her cheek did not blanch, her eyes shone with a love that was not of earth. The head fell, staining with rivulets of blood the white dress of the preacher; and then, so the legend reports, the martyr's body rose up and the hands moved and raised the severed head, while the multitude around were struck dumb with awe unspeakable. And the "new" faith now spread like wild-fire over Georgian valleys and the mountains of Armenia.

The Biblical legends of the Caucasus are in their way unique. On the one hand the Jews dwelling there maintain that at the time Christ was on earth they had the closest relations with Palestine. On the other hand, we find, in these regions, two of the authentically proved oldest Christian nations—the Georgian and the Armenian. For fifteen hundred years these two peoples

lived in unbroken religious warfare with Pagan and Mohammedan aggressors. At a sign from the Shah they were beheaded in thousands, heads by the thousand rolled into the waters of the Koura. Of the great Georgian kingdom only a handful of heroic men remained, and their heroism has now departed, leaving the people lazy and soft.

In Armenia again—in Armenian songs nothing but dirges resound. The Armenians have become dispersed from one end of the world to the other. Some return to their country, but only once a year. They come from the Black Sea, from the Indies, from Persia, from Tunis, and they meet at the gates of Etchmiadzin, the Patriarch's convent at the foot of Mt. Mazis, the supposed Ararat. In the province of Erivan legends of Noah and the ark, of Abraham and the sacrifice of his son, still live on. The legend of Noah is Christian, the legend of Abraham originated with the Mussulmans.

Of Noah the legend tells us how this patriarch of men, drifting on the face of the waters at the time of the Flood and despairing of land, at last caught sight of the sapphire summit of the great Ararat and in his joy cried out: "Erewume" (meaning "Visible" in Armenian). In this way Eriwume came to be the name given to the first settlement of Noah's people situated round about the two Ararats, the Great and the Small. Centuries modified the name into Erivan, the chief city of this district when the colony of Arkury was founded by the patriarch. The town which Noah himself inhabited was the modern Nahitchewan, the Natuana of Ptolemæus (second century A.D.).

In Nahitchewan, so the legend says and the people believe, lie the remains of Noah, and of his sister. Even to this day the traveller is able to descend into the half-subterranean chapel, resembling a cave more than anything else. The ceiling is supported by a rough column of stone under which they say are buried the remains of the patriarch. The walls are white and bare of all ornament. The whole of the round chamber is inscribed with the names of pilgrims and these inscriptions are in every language of the East, for Noah is *holy* for the Mussulman also. The chapel was restored in the eighth century by the Persians at the time of their conquests in the country.

The grave belonging to Noah's sister is but a loose pile of stones on a hill near the town-gates. Noah's wife, Nojemgara, rests in the Persian city Maranda, on the road between Tabris and Dshulfa-Mair, the name, indeed, meaning "The mother is there."

The legend of Abraham's sacrifice is related thus by the Tartars of the province. On the road that passes between the village of Argadshi, nestling at the foot of Ararat, and the ruined city of Orgow, there is an immense stone out of which a grotto has been hewn. By the side of this stone is another, smaller, and covered with buffalo horns. This is the spot, they say, where in old, old times lived a servant of God called Abraham (Îbrahim). He was so poor that on the day of the great feast of the sacrifice (Kurbán-Bairám) he could offer no ram. So, in order to fulfil the law at all costs, he brought to the stone his own son. And lo! as he was about to strike, there ran down from the height of Ararat a fine wild buffalo that fell down, a willing sacrifice, before the altar.

Hence, after a successful hunt, the faithful living in the neighbourhood of the mountains have ever since offered horns of the wild buffalo on that very stone. Vows are made there and thanks offered up for boons granted. The interior of the grotto is hung in profusion with Mohammedan *ex-votos*.

The yellowish tints of the soil and the violet hues of the mountains at sunset may well give the impression of old Biblical pictures—of pictures that haunt our childhood's memory. And on the plains that stretch away towards the rocks overshadowing Etchmiadzin, on the steppes at the foot of the Caucasus, there still bloom wild lilies with their faint dry perfume, their pure colours. The golden and pink rays of their delicate leaves bear as profound a testimony to the law of eternal beauty, light and love as the voice of the teacher and the blood of the martyr; and they bear as profound a testimony to-day as they did in that legendary epoch when they are said to have wound themselves round and round the cross of St. Nina.

A RUSSIAN.

"THE TREE OF BEAUTY"

"That," said the playwright, "is a beautiful story. I suppose everyone who reads it will think so; but I am not sure that more than one in a million will guess a tithe of what it means. Frankly, I know I don't. I daresay even the writer himself didn't know all that it suggests."

The book was *The Light Invisible* and the story was "Consolatrix Afflictorum."

"Do you agree with me?" said the playwright after a pause, in which the only sound heard was the wind, and the drum of the waves on the rocks. Since he received no answer he looked at his companion, a man whom he believed he knew very well; when he looked at him he knew his own folly, and was silent.

Presently the man said:

"Do you like stories? Shall I tell you one?"

"Is it true?"

"Naturally. How could it be otherwise? Do you think I can create out of nothingness? The story in itself must be true, if I could understand it. But I shall have to grope after it, and translate it for you; and I shall do it badly, no doubt. Still—shall I tell it?"

"Do," said the playwright. Whereupon the man began as follows.

* * * *

Years ago, perhaps a couple of centuries or so, there was a village in the north of England, which remains little altered to this day. It has never been touched by that change in the method of viewing truth which some call the Reformation, and others name after a different fashion. This was partly because it is an isolated moorland village; partly because it was, and is, owned by a family whose representative at that time was not only a very rich and influential man, but also of the type with

whom other men, and even Church and State, do not very readily interfere. He was grave and discreet, sober of speech and very devout, and he ruled his village with a most benevolent despotism. He was especially filled with devotion for the Virgin Mother, "the blossoming Tree, the Mother of Christ," in whose honour he had built a small but most beautiful chapel in his grounds; here the rites celebrated were of the highest perfection of reverent elaboration, and here the devout builder retired daily for prayer and meditation.

One day as he came from prayer his servants brought him a vagabond gipsy lad who had been selling songs in the village or offering them in exchange for food. This outcast was very little past his boyhood; his garments were worn, and faded with sun and rain, his feet were bare, and in his cap was fastened a bough stolen from a blossoming fruit tree.

At that time the once persecuted had become the persecutors; coarse, bitter, and profane songs were written, and sold to be sung in taverns and at country fairs, which mocked at things which were by many people justly held sacred. Among this stroller's songs were two which spoke profanely of Her whom the king of the little moorland village reverenced. When therefore he read them he became very angry; he bade that the songs—one and all—should be destroyed; he told his servants that the gipsy should be whipped, set in the stocks, and finally pelted from the place after being ducked in the pond which was on the village green. Then the lad begged for mercy; he pleaded that he could not read, that he knew no difference between faith and faith, but only the crafts of the wood, and the lore of his people. He bought and sold in ignorance, partly because he must eat, but chiefly because he wished to buy a string of red beads for his sweetheart, which he had promised her, because she desired to hang them round her throat.

But the devout man, being wounded by the insults to his faith, for the verses were both coarse and flippant, would not listen. The lad was punished; his songs were destroyed; and at the time of sunset he fled, followed by the hoots of the villagers, bruised, bleeding, breathless, and half drowned.

Now a year later his judge was riding, at nightfall, through

a strange district of the south whither he had come on business. He met a sober man in the dress of a preacher, and rode with him because the hour was late, and the roads dangerous because of highwaymen. After a while they began to talk of grave matters touching their faith, and the salvation of their souls. Thus it happened that very soon they quarrelled, and wellnigh came to reviling each other, in speech as well as in thought, the one for a blasphemous idolater, the other for a vile heretical outcast from the Faith. At last they found that, in the heat of argument, they had missed the way, and were on a swampy bridle path in the depths of a misty oak wood.

Then they called a truce, and reflected what they should do; as they considered thus they heard one coming through the wood who whistled. Soon he drew near; it was a young man, little more than a boy; as he came nearer he began to hoot like an owl, and the owls in the wood called back to him. When he was quite near and saw the faces of the riders he seemed as though he would fly; then he pulled his cap from his head, and came towards them, pleading that he was doing no ill. The ruler of the northern village saw he was the lad whom he had caused to be punished. He saw, moreover, that the gipsy knew him; therefore he told him very sternly that if, in revenge for a well-merited punishment, he played them evil tricks and directed them wrongly he should most bitterly repent it. But when the gipsy raised his eyes to his and asked simply:

"Why should I lie to you, sir, about the way?" he felt ashamed and was silent. Then the preacher asked if there was any house at hand where they might purchase food and lodging. The gipsy answered:

"Good gentlemen, there is a farm a mile hence where this morning the farmer set his dog at me, thinking I would rob his hen-roost; when the dog did not bite me he kicked him. But he will gladly receive two worthy gentlemen with purses. Shall I guide you?"

"Guide us," said the preacher, "and we will pay you."

So the boy went before them whistling. He was a wonderful whistler, and he seemed to have bat's eyes that could see in the dark.

Presently the man who had so severely condemned him called to him.

"Come here," he said, "and walk at my horse's head."

The boy came obediently; at first he was afraid and loth to speak, but he seemed to be shy rather than sullen, and after a while he talked fearlessly and simply of such things as he knew; of the lore of his race, and of the customs of the peoples of the wood, sometimes called dumb brutes by those who cannot speak their tongue. His simplicity and gentleness, and his forgetfulness of the harshness of his former judge, won upon the man. He felt remorse, and asked him what he had done when his songs were all destroyed, "for I might," said he, "have left those to you in which I found no offence." The gipsy answered simply that he went hungry for three days; also his sweetheart followed another because he could not give her the beads he had promised to her. There were tears in his eyes as he spoke and yet he laughed.

They went on for a while in silence; at last the lad stopped, and said:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry. The wood is very strange to-night, and I have missed my way. I meant to lead you right. Do not think evil of me. I know now that you who are not of our race quarrel among yourselves. But in this you agree: To curse us who are not of any faith, and to believe evil of us because we live under the sky and have other ways and thoughts than yours. But—but I am very tired of being cursed."

"You shall not be cursed by me," said the man by whose side he had walked. "Nor will I believe you wilfully led us wrong."

Then the gipsy took courage; he listened a little while, and cried:

"I hear the crackle of a camp fire. Perhaps some of my people are hereabouts. If so, do not fear us; we will welcome you if you trust us, and give you what we have to share."

The others heard nothing, but the lad led them towards the sound his ears caught, and soon they saw he was right. They came to an open space in the wood; there was a circle of huge

grey stones, a temple of the Gods of a vanished Faith; within the circle was turf, where rabbits leaped and ate; in the centre a pool twenty feet deep, crystal clear, and green as pale chrysolite; had it been day each tiny weed that grew in the depth, each little stone that lay there, would have shone clear. In the centre of the pool was an islet, and on the isle a little ruined chapel dedicated to the Mother of God; in the chapel was a gipsy fire streaming upwards towards the great starlit sky, and causing wondrous shadows to leap and chase on the ruined walls. A thin slab of rock rose from the depths of the pool to the surface of the water, so that there was a narrow perilous pathway from the shore to the isle. In the chapel by the fire there sat on the broken pavement a young barefooted woman, clad in a peasant dress of blue frieze, a cloak about her shoulders, her hair falling veilwise around her, and a young child sleeping in her arms. The boy called to her in Romany; she rose and came to the shore of the isle, her child in her arms, and answered him in the same tongue. She was a beautiful brown-haired young woman; her solemn eyes were grey, and as clear as the pool by which she stood.

"Bid her speak in a tongue we can understand," said the preacher.

The boy did so; asking whether she could direct them.

"I could, little brother," she answered in a sweet voice. "But you and these gentlemen might not understand me well. Better to shelter by these stones to-night, or cross the water to my fire; to-morrow you may seek your own way."

"Have you any food, mother," said the lad, "food fit to offer such worshipful gentlemen."

"Scarcely is it fit, brother," said the gipsy woman. "I have here bread, and a little wine, and one cup only in which to serve it."

"If I had known you camped here, sister," said the boy, "and if you have no man to see that all is well with you and the child, I could have set snares in the fern, and you would have supped better."

"I know it," she answered. "Had I asked it of you, you would have set snares for these little children. Nay, then,

brother! you would have shared all you trapped till you went supperless yourself. Therefore you shall eat of my bread, and drink the wine I have to give. Cross the water to me."

"But these good gentlemen, mother?" asked the boy.

"They may take you by the hand," she said, "and cross the water to me."

"I do not think they can tread a path so narrow as this rock. It is slippery. Sister, I will cross and bring to them what you have of food and drink; and fire that we may build a fire by the stones."

"You may take them fire," she answered, "but for food and drink they must cross to me. They cannot walk with your feet; they must use their own. They must cross barefoot, or they will fall into the pool."

After a while the man who ruled his little northern village determined to cross; he was hungry, and preferred the scantiest fare to fasting; besides he saw the cross on the ruined altar, and he desired to enter the chapel and pray. The preacher demurred at the depth of the cold still water; the chapel was a former place of Popish worship, the cross on the altar offended him; and he was not yet very hungry, besides he had a little food still in his wallet. He tethered the horses and sat down to eat, while his two companions crept, hand in hand, inch by inch over the narrow rock path that was just visible above the shifting shimmer of the pool's surface.

Entering the chapel they sat side by side on the broken pavement. The woman, sitting beside the fire, broke her cakes of bread; she gave them each a portion, and ate some herself; she drank from the cup and handed it to them.

"Till the sun rises," she said, "I shall rest here, I and my child. Rest you here, also, and sleep or watch as you will. Through the night my fire will burn; at dawn I shall let it die. It will have lighted and warmed us till the sun shall rise."

The preacher, having prayed, wrapped himself in his cloak, and sat at the foot of a great stone, watching the horses as they cropped the turf, lest they should stray and be lost; he mused profitably and seriously on his labours and doctrine. He heard the cropping of the horses, the murmur of the wind, and the

trickle of a stream, fed by the deep still pool. He heard the woman singing softly to her child, in crooning snatches, in seeming unmindfulness of what she sang :

"He that is down need fear no fall," she crooned. "He that is low no pride——"

She whispered wordless music as she rocked to and fro ; then her song changed :

"O Tree of Beauty—Tree of Might," she sang, clear, faint, and high, in a monotonous chant, such as the chapel must have echoed to in the days when priests served before its ruined altar, and men and women knelt at the little shrine above which was the statue of a Mother and her Child, "O Tree of Beauty—Tree of Beauty—Tree of Might——"

The gipsy boy lay near the fire rejoicing in the warmth, looking sometimes up to the star-lit sky, across which many a meteor flamed and died, sometimes at the shadows that leaped on the walls, sometimes into the woman's face.

"What do you sing, sister ?" he said. "It is not a song of our people."

"It is a song of all peoples, brother," she answered. "But they sing it in many tongues, and to many tunes."

The lad looked at her wonderingly ; then he began to watch the stars again, and the little thin clouds that flew across the dark sky. At last he went to sleep with his head resting on his arm ; sometimes he laughed and whispered as he slept, and thrice he sobbed. The woman bent down and cast over him a fold of her cloak, as he lay and dreamed under the stars.

As for the third traveller, he, mindful of the sacredness of the place, stood not alone barefooted (for to cross the rock it had been needful to lay aside all covering of his feet) but also bare headed ; he turned his face to the East, and, perceiving the little side altar with the statue of the Mother, he approached and knelt before it, making the sign of the cross. There he knelt till dawn, for he was one used to prayer and vigil. The woman sat motionless, guarding the leaping flames ; bread in her hands, the wine cup at her feet, her cloak enfolding the sleeping outcast, the swaddled babe on her knees. Now of her thoughts, which were measureless, there is no record I can read ; nor can I tell of the

gipsy boy's dreams. But it is said the other two wanderers saw the place in very different fashion, and this is what they saw. The preacher beheld the dark circle of the enclosing oak trees, stirred by the wind; he saw the great grey stones reared by the dead pagans; he saw the turf, the horses, and the wild rabbits; he saw the pool shining in the firelight, the ruined chapel, the leaping flame, and the woman sitting beside it with her child on her knee, and the sleeping lad lying at her feet. And his eyes rested on her till he forgot the strife of creeds; he watched till she seemed to him the image or forthshowing of the motherhood of the world; and when next he preached he spoke no harsh doctrine, nor railed at idolatrous worship of a creature rather than of the Creator, as he was wont to do, but he spoke of the Love of God shown forth in human love, and above all in the great love of a mother for her little children; for this pure love, said he, is an example to us of the love that gives rather than takes, it is a symbol of the Divine Love, that, motherlike, feeds, sustains, and preserves all creatures.

Now the other traveller passed into profound musing, till his outer senses were locked as though in sleep; and he saw the place in which he was, after the following manner and semblance: He saw the girdle of trees as the wall of a great temple, therein were three courts, and at the centre a shrine. In the first court was the image of a woman bearing a child in her arms; about her were lights burning and the smell of incense, and the song of human praise; priests in rich vestments celebrated solemn rites; and worshippers, both male and female, old and young, bowed down before this mother and her child. In the second court there was dimness as of a starlit night; there was no incense save the smell of earth and flowers, no song but the song of birds, and of streams, and the boom of waves like the tones of an organ; no lights but strange fires that gleamed and flickered through the night, no worshippers save dim forms of the gracious "hidden peoples," the gods of wood and orchard, plain and tilth.

In the third court was a turmoil of cold flame; those who served and worshipped there (if servitors and worshippers there were) were many-hued, transparent, flame-like; here was no human being—neither was there male nor female, but in that

turmoil of fires were strange forms moving in time to music, and wonderful shapes that changed and gleamed and moved in marvellous sort with a motion and rhythm that had therein nothing earthly whereof tongue can rightly speak or pen set down; but throughout the turmoil of this wondrous dance there was an order and a purpose, for they moved in time to a great song that seemed like silence.

But in the Shrine there was nothing visible; only from it a voice was heard crying:

"She who is worshipped in this temple is Mother of all Faiths, past, present, and to come. She is worshipped as the Divine Mother of the Worlds, as the Power of Wisdom, as the Celestial Rose, as star-strewn space, as Mary the Virgin, Mother of God; as the deep waters of the sea, also; and some there be who think of Her as woman. She is the Form Divine, Memory and Time; She is angel and man, woman and child, beast and bird, sky and cloud and flower, song of bird, dew, sunshine and rain, wind and water, snow and frost, tree and stream, priests' chant and sacred writ, learning, and rites, both holy and unholy; She is the Sacred Form of God, in Whom are all things visible and invisible. They who toil in Her service worship and adore Her, and of Her the Holy Child is born in every human heart. She, the sacred cup, and the holy bread; She, the lily of flame set in the waters of space; She, the waters whence it springs; She, the hearts of men, and their souls and bodies; She, the Holy Cave, the consecrated Manger wherein the Babe is cradled; She is the Mother of the Sacred Humanity whereby we enter the mystery of the God-head. She, then, is Nature and Beauty, the Power of God, the Builder of all Forms, the Mother of all Tales. Those sing of Her and praise Her who love to worship God as Divine Form rather than as hidden all-sustaining Life. For He, though He be One, is likewise manifold; and those who adore Him as the many, praise Him as the sacred Form, eternal in the heavens when all earthly forms have passed like spray driven by the wind; Mary the Ever-Virgin, the Root of all the worlds, one with the Life that sustains them, eternally inseparate from It. She is the Temple of God, the glorified body of the saint, the celestial garden of the souls made one; She

is the Sacred Wood of the Cross, the Tree of Might and Beauty—"

* * * *

The man who told this tale ceased to speak. He was silent till the playwright touched his arm; he started:

"Is that the end?" said the playwright.

"It is the end," said the man, dreamily. "There is nothing more to tell."

MICHAEL WOOD.

A CELESTIAL HOLIDAY

VARIED and curious are the methods by which people now-a-days take their holidays. Motors, caravans, flying machines, etc., etc., are brought into requisition. Some even talk of travelling to Mars, or the Moon, by way of change. But my comrade and I went further than this (the distance, however, is a question for theologians to decide)—we went to Heaven. Heaven?—in the sky, or air, or where? (Another question for theologians.) You must understand we are not disembodied spirits, but very substantial material personalities, with spirits certainly light enough to be disembodied—the sort of spirits that make one walk on air.

A good many things go to the making of a real holiday. You see you can take alongside you almost anything—in the shape of spirits I mean; imps of the fiery eyes, and brimstone smell; or the harpy of unrest and blistering discontent; or Io's gadfly of torturing sting; or you may take a host from the courts above, who bring with them the heavens of heaven, and the joy of life. You take them with you, you understand, and *what you take, you find.* Outward circumstances are something, but, by Jupiter, only a fragment; it is the man himself who creates his own conditions—happiness or misery.

We were bound for Arcadia, my comrade and I; or rather we came by it unexpectedly. We sailed over the waters, the

smooth blue waters, like the soft grey gulls that floated by our sides, and whispered love stories of sea and crag, romances of cave and shore, and tragedies of happy lives cut short by the cruel murder of guns. The grey gulls are creatures of few words; the soft flutter of downy beauty, the graceful, lightning curves speak a mute language, full of meaning and poetry to those who listen.

Then we lighted upon the shore, and made straight for the moors and the dells, and sped for miles, and miles, and miles; and when we were tired and hungry we sought the nest of another of our kind, and snoozeled down together under the cover of twigs and thatch. And in the morning the sun shone, and we awoke and pecked our crumbs, and flew away to the hills, the great jagged, rugged hills, and filled our lungs with air, and our hearts with joy, and our throats with song. We found sapphires, and rubies, and pearls on the moors, and in the glens, and by the sea; they led us, like Ariadne's golden clue, to our heart's desire, and the portals of Heaven stood open to us.

By the way, lest I should mislead practical magazine readers, I might say, you can't exactly take tourist tickets to that far-famed place of pleasure; however, you can take them to Arran, the wild, beautiful pearl of the Clyde. But the line which leads up to the golden gates you must find for yourself; the how is one of the mysteries which we are not allowed to divulge. There is a sort of ethereal, fairy railway line which circles the island, and, if, like us, you are lucky enough to stumble upon it, then you will need no guide to point out the glories of paradise. This line led us on to all sorts of unmountable peaks, unmountable except by this line, over deep ravines, safely by steep precipices; and we touched the radiant sky, and the rainbow, and the sunbeams, and the purple mists.

During that holiday we ate potatoes, and herrings, and scones, and drank tea or frothy milk; but we had the burnished sky, the crimson and gold clouds, the white-crested waves, the great visions of land and sea, the forests, and glens, and mountains, and moors. We had the glories of day, and the calm ecstasies of night around us. We sat in hut-kitchens, by peat fires, rested our feet on mud floors, and slept on chaff beds; but

we had Nature for our mutual friend, she revealed deep mysteries, opened great windows of beauty, and fanned our cheeks with perfumed breath.

We dined on melon and chocolate in draughty barns, and had meek-eyed cows and black grimalkins as nightly visitors, but oh the smell of heather, the music of the burns, the glow of sunlight. Those days were heaven indeed, we forgot earth and its toil and fret; the charm of heaven entered our souls and lent us wings, and we flew over bogs, and slippery paths and boulders, and lighted on soft cushiony sward, and velvet sand, and silken waves. Fond Mother Earth put strong arms round us, stroked our cheeks until they were brown and rosied with her caressing. We were sea nymphs, and danced with Oceanides, while the friendly sea wrapped our limbs in salt spray, and bequeathed to us strength and vigour.

We heard the conch trumpet of Poseidon's son as he emerged from his golden palace at the sea's bottom. We saw the flash of his trident as he rode past on restless sea-horses, snorting and foaming beneath the green waters. And the mountains had their divinities; Oreades skipped like goats from crag to crag; they need no wine, for streams of nectar flow down Olympus, and saturate the air they breathe. And the strong, sweet air curled round us, and kissed and teased and played with us tenderly, defiantly, as in possession, like any ardent lover. Oh the bliss of life in the "fresh"; the perfect rapture when Gæa makes love to her children; no mortal can surpass her, in no half measures she woos her beloved. Love her, give yourself to her embrace, and you are in paradise at once, among deep treasures, stores of wealth uncounted and uncountable.

We peered into the mighty caves, hoary with age, shaggy with rugged years, homes of the sons of the sea, where once the ocean had bellowed and roared, hollows where princes had slept and dined—now deserted and green.

We made friends with the denizens of paradise, great shaggy sheep-dogs whose golden eyes spoke loving fidelity and heroic courage, soft angelic things, faithful unto and past death; we felt their breath, and their warm true hearts. And their charges came shyly to us in woolly surprise, and feigned business in our

neighbourhood; the moors and mountains were their castles and strongholds, and we joined in admiration of their ancestral domains. The jacinth and purple softnesses of the moors formed our couch as we leisurely looked into the secret chambers of the active little emmet—a colony of excited, tiny miniatures, carrying their precious eggs and piling them up in order and safety; there we could see the work of middlemen carried out to perfection, spoiled by no sweating system, all workers full of happy, unselfish business, singing their faint, melodious songs to quick steps and quicker brains. And the flossy, fluffy, purring cats welcomed us to their downy corners, and entrusted us with blind treasures, and we talked Catese, and they answered in truly sympathetic tones.

And the chiff-chaffs showed us their nests, and the twigs from whence their birdlings had taken their early plunge into nothingness and space; and the bright-eyed young ones chirped how they could now peck aphides and grubs and caterpillars for themselves, and how they sunned in the golden rays, and splashed in the sparkling streams, oh the joy and freedom of feathered life —and we too were birds of freedom.

And we rested on the branches of great trees, and listened to the stories of Dryades; they remembered the ages of long ago, and could point to the generations of man; a king of earth had worn a dark brow and heavy heart, and moaned unutterable words under the oaken twigs, bright-eyed maidens had hummed love-songs, and brave men chanted of gallantry and strife. And majestic palms waved graceful plumes to us and sang of orient luxury and softness, of tropic heat, and broad seas; and silver drops rolled down as they told of months of longing for far-off homes and familiar faces, of prostrate days, and fearsome nights. But now the days were brighter, their stems were firm in the northern soil, they were happy and content with children round them, while the spirit of far-off music crooned to them.

And in the emerald lanes we met men and women, creatures of gentle thoughts and simple words, and brave hearts lighted by love. Couples who had loved all along through the sunshine and the shadow, who had been to the grave together, but now walked heaven's ways hand in hand; white haired, pure handed

creatures, and they gave of their substance, and we sheltered under their roof.

The mountains, and the seas, and the lakes, and the dwellings of the hosts, have no name in paradise; they are beauty, and joy, and everlasting glory, and light of lights. So I can't direct the tourist by any bye-path to the Opal Mount, or the Sea of Sapphires, or the Villa of Shining Lights. Each traveller selects his own name for the spot, and the names change, as the sea, and the sky, and the beauty, and the mood change—fade into dimmer light, or glow into more radiant colour.

This was Heaven, the Land of Paradise, of the Shining Gates, and the Golden City. And we looked into each other's faces and saw the light reflected there. Do you wonder that when we came back to the streets and the cities life held new glories. We remembered that one said, "There shall be a new heaven and a new earth"—we knew it to be true, for we had been there, and *seen it*.

A good many people long to go where we went, so they say; they go half-way, and stop short, and don't get there. They never find the Golden City, because they don't take with them the key of the wicket.

ZEE.

THE Heavenly Reason strives not, but it is sure to conquer. It speaks not, but it is sure to respond. It summons not, but it comes of itself. It works patiently, but is sure in its designs.

Heaven's net is vast, so vast. It is wide meshed, but it loses nothing.—TAO-TEH-KING.

A COMPARISON OF EGYPTIAN, MOSAIC, AND GNOSTIC COSMOGONY AND CHRISTOLOGY

Showing that these same Ideas underlie the Christian

(concluded from p. 420)

We now come to deal with our third proposition.

Taking up again the papyrus of Nesi Amsu where we left off we read: "I have wrought my will wholly in this earth. I have spread abroad and filled it, I have strengthened it with my hand; I uttered my own Name as a word of power and straightway I evolved myself. I performed all evolutions there by means of that Divine Soul, which I fashioned there, and which had remained inoperative in the Watery Abyss."

The idea here is that the Creative Spirit was inactive in the Watery Abyss of Primeval Matter. This Creative Spirit, or Divine Soul, became active as the "Word of Power"; it was the original act of generation which started evolution. This Divine Soul, or, as it is called elsewhere, the "Creative Soul of the Celestial Abyss," is the activity of the mind of God. It is the active Volition of the Father, moulding the Primeval Matter into the world, causing the latent God-Germ to evolve itself from that Matter. The same idea is mentioned in the Brugsch collection:

"What His heart conceived came to pass straightway, and when He had spoken His Word came to pass and it shall endure for ever."

Thus for the Egyptian we can summarise: From a self-existing, perfect God, came forth the Paut, or Primordial Matter, containing the Germ of life. In this Abyss slumbered the Creative Power. It became active as the Word of Creation, and from Matter evolved all things.

Turning to "Moses" we read:

"Darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said . . ."

We can then summarise: From God came Heaven-Earth over which brooded the Spirit of God which became active as the Creative Word.

Turning to Gnosticism once more and to *The Great Announcement* (*F.F.F.*, p. 173):

"Of these (Æons), one appears from above, which is the Great Power, the Universal Mind, ordering all things, male"—the Creative Spirit.

And again from an early Ophite system (*F.F.F.*, p. 194):

"There are three Principles in the universe; (i.) The Good, or All-wise Deity; (ii.) The Father, or Spirit, or Creative Power, called Elohim; (iii.) The World-Soul, symbolised by a woman above the middle and a serpent below called Eden. . . . From the animal part of the Mother-Soul are generated animals, and from the human part men. The upper part of Eden is called the 'most beautiful earth'; that is to say, Eden is matter, and the body of man is formed of the finest."

Here again is the appearance, though in inverse order, of the Creative Principle.

Now, according to some Gnostics, this creative action is called the "Fruit of the Plerōma," the Plerōma being the Noumenal World, or Divine Mind, which is yet again the same idea.

According to one scheme the Plerōma was an eightfold mode of motion, its "Common Fruit," the ninth and synthesis of the others, was the "Serpentine Force." This Serpentine Force acting *in*, rather than *on*, the Primordial Root-Matter, produced the Light-World of primitive Atoms. These Atoms were supposed to be globes, or spheres.

It is a curious fact that the only motion productive of a sphere is the serpentine, or spiral, motion, and that further a spiral motion is the result of eight other motions. These eight are the following: outwards and inwards—within a point; right and left—a line, one dimension; front and back, a surface—two dimensions; up and down—solid, three dimensions. They are

really four pairs of motion, four actions and reactions, and the Plerōma was said to consist of four Syzygies, or "Duads of Æons."

But with regard to the first pair; the outward and inward breathing force acts within the point, or more properly within a sphere "whose centre is everywhere and whose periphery nowhere." It is a universal motion from a universal point to a universal periphery and back. We can form no conception of what that motion really is.

Now, imagine an atom or molecule placed within this sea of motion. As the outward and inward motions balance one another the molecule would remain stationary. This gives you the idea of position. Now, give to that molecule an impulse in one direction, say rightwards; it would travel to the right on the sea of energy until the impulse was exhausted; it would then return on the backward current, the inbreathing, so to speak; this would give you the second pair of motions, and the idea of a straight line, one dimension.

Next, give a second impulse, equal to the first and simultaneous with it, in another direction at right angles with the first, say frontwards. The result of this combination would be that the molecule would travel outwards in a flat spiral till the impulse was exhausted and then return also in a spiral course. This gives the idea of surface, and of two dimensions. This is the third pair of motions.

Now to the already existing motions add a third impulse upwards. The result of this would be that as the molecule describes its spiral it would no longer be on a plane surface but more in an ascending manner. This implies also that the space bounded by the ascending spiral would be spherical.

Therefore for the sphere, or atom, to appear, eight movements are needed, four positive and four negative; it is the result of these eight, their synthesis, which is the spiral motion, the World-Builder, who is the "Common Fruit of the Plerōma of Æons."

But these eight movements come into being simultaneously, not one after the other, as I have been obliged to describe them. Pictorially, from the Darkness of the State beyond thought shines forth the "Eternal Egg," the "Resplendent Germ," the

"Light-World." It is the result of the primordial Root of Spirit and Matter on the one hand, and the result of the eight motions on the other, that cause to come into existence the original atoms of light, whirling vortices of spiral force. For when we think, then we are obliged to regard these atoms as spheres, but in reality they are still ideas, with no more of solidity than light itself.

Now, imagine, for the sake of argument, that these original atoms *are* spheres, of equal dimensions; and picture to yourself that space is filled with these. Each sphere would touch twelve others only. For this reason, perhaps, the Gnostics said that the Ogdoad was the first "mode" of the Plerōma and the Dodecad was the second. It may also be for this reason that there are twelve Gates, and twelve Foundations to the Holy City, the type of matter. I do not suppose for a moment that there are not other interpretations of the Æon-theory of the Gnostics, but this seems to be one of them.

Of this nothing appears in the New Testament or in the Church teachings. The Holy Ghost, as the creative, moulding, life-giving Spirit, is taught, but the serpentine action, by which He brings the worlds into being, is left unmentioned.

Before passing on to the christological part of the subject, I will just mention that the seven Spirits round the Throne have their prototypes in Egypt and are mentioned in Gnostic writings.

That these ideas may be quite clear before going farther, it may be well to summarise. The ideas at the back of Egyptian, Mosaic and Gnostic Cosmogony were:

(i.) A Universal Source of Life, Love and Wisdom, eternal in past and future, incomprehensible to man. At Whose will, and from, and in Whose being, came forth:

(ii.) The Universal Root of Consciousness and Form—Matter containing the Germ of Life; in which lay dormant:

(iii.) The Creative Will of God. This Will became active simultaneously in eight modes of motion, producing their synthesis the Spiral Breath; or in other words the Great Breath acting in four-dimensional space, appeared as the Spiral Force which moulded the Root-matter into the Primal Atoms or Light-World.

And now to turn to the subject of christology. In dealing with the descent of the Logos, or Christ Spirit, it will be necessary somewhat to reverse the order we have hitherto adopted, and examine the Mosaic account first, as this gives very clearly the successive stages of matter, from the rarest to the densest. We will then examine the Gnostic passages which make allusion to the same process, and finally trace the descent of the Logos in the Egyptian and Christian accounts.

The idea in the first chapter of *Genesis* is that from the action of the Spirit of God upon the Waters was produced the "Light"; then the "Firmament"; then the "Seas"; then the "Dry Land."

The Gnostic tradition is the same in other language. From the interaction of the Plerōma, or Fruit of the Plerōma, and Universality, came the "Light-World"; then "Sophia"; then "Psychê"; then "Hylê."

The teaching at the base of these two systems is identical. It is that from the interaction of the Spiral Force on the dual Root come the Primal Atoms which constitute the highest grade of Matter, aptly symbolised by "Light." This is the "Beautiful Land" of the Ophite System given by Hippolytus.

It is the "Principium Individuitatis," that out of which is formed the subtlest vesture of the Logos, the basis of the "Form" which corresponds to individuality. This Light-matter is the first Form in the universe, the "Eternal Egg to which life is given among the Gods."

From this comes the "Firmament"; this in all probability is Sophia in one of her aspects—the World-Soul. In it appear the centres of future star-systems. It is the "Last Limit," the "Ring Pass-not." In it again appear in succession the nuclei of suns, planets, and satellites.

Denser than this again is the psychic matter, symbolised by "seas" or "water"; and below that the hylic matter, the "dry land"—"earth": not only what we know as earth but all physical matter known or unknown to our senses.

In the descent of the Logos, which is the process regarded from the spirit side, we shall find the same four stages marked, and often by the same symbols.

Before, however, starting on an examination of Egyptian and

Christian ideas, it will be necessary for me to attempt to show somewhat the relation between the Saviour and the Word, Osiris and the Germ, Jesus and the Christ; and why they are in these two systems (Christian and Egyptian) identified.

The simplest explanation seems to be that the Saviour acted out in His life, what the Logos (of which He was the incarnation) was, or rather *is*, acting in Nature and in manifestation. In fact that the chief stages in the life of the Saviour typify or symbolise the Life-process of the Word.

If this be the case we should expect to find that the Osiris- and the Jesus-stories resembled one another. And this is precisely what occurs. They are so much alike that the resemblance is one of identity. Not that one was copied from the other, but that both Osiris and Jesus lived on earth a picture-life, emblematical of the life-story of that eternal Principle of which they were incarnations. Before comparing the life of Jesus with that of Osiris, it will perhaps be better to attempt a brief outline of the activity of the Word; for if we have a frame-work it will be easier to fit in the pieces of the puzzle.

In order to symbol the involution of the Word it will be necessary to return for a short time to the origins. Within the Parent-Source, that was beyond being, existed the Logos. Now this Logos, as we have seen, is dual in nature; He is Root-Consciousness and Root-Form. He is Matter, if you will, but Matter without form, therefore an idea only. There are, and can be, no dimensions to an idea, but for form to exist dimensions are necessary.

The coming into being of dimensions seems to be what the Gnostics meant by the creation of the Plerōma. The Great Breath becomes active within the Dual-Root in four pairs of motion simultaneously, which together form the ninth, or Spiral Force. This Force acting on the Root produces the Light-World. Within these Ideal Atoms slumbers the Christ-Germ; the Logos has descended the first stage, a stage still beyond thought, the Æon-World, the Region of Eternities. The matter of this Region is that which constitutes the "spiritual body eternal in the heavens" of St. Paul. The Light-World can further be pictured as a huge Egg floating in the azure of the Depth beyond Being.

The next stage is the appearance within this Egg of the Firmament. This matter can best be symbolised by Fire, partaking of the nature of Light yet less brilliant. With regard to the appearance of this Firmament or Kenōma, Mead has some interesting notes (*F.F.F.*, p. 325). "The mode of being of the Plerōma is now the Dodecad. It is a curious fact that if we were to imagine space filled with spheres, all of equal diameter and in mutual contact, we should find that each sphere was surrounded with exactly twelve other spheres; moreover, if we should imagine the spheres to be elastic, and that pressure can be brought to bear on one of such systems of twelve, on every side at once, the central or thirteenth sphere would assume a dodecagonal form—in fact, a rhombic dodecahedron."

We must also remember "that the Pythagoreans and Platonists and Indian Philosophers asserted that the dodecahedron was the symbol of the material universe," and "that we are assured by those who have trained clairvoyant vision to-day that the field of the activity of the atom is contained by a rhombic dodecahedron."

Again (*F.F.F.*, p. 328): "The various phases [of the Plerōma] have been brought about by the light globes acting on the 'darker ones.' But a new change takes place, there is an interaction of 'dark globes' and the result is no longer a perfect sphere innate with motion, but an amorphous mass, in one sense *out of* the Plerōma, as being *lower* than it, or not of its nature." This is the "Abortion."

And again (*F.F.F.*, p. 330): "This [cosmic] substance is so fine and rare and subtle, that it transcends all substance that we know of; indeed the mother-substance of kosmos is of so marvellous a nature that the Gnostics called it Wisdom herself."

From these quotations it would appear that the "spheres" of the Light-World contract, so to speak, in groups of thirteen, "squeezing" the innermost into a rhombic dodecahedron. We have seen elsewhere that the "dark" or negative spheres symbolised the reactions of the four pairs of motion; these reactions of motion are *towards the centre*, or in other words, *contractions*.

Hitherto the spheres of the Light-World have remained motionless with regard to each other (though each one is

immanent with motion with regard to itself) ; *now*, by the inter-action of *contracting* influences, the negative or return motions of each syzygy, the *in*-breathings, so to speak, twelve of these spheres draw together round the thirteenth, which thus becomes compressed or densified. Thus the dodecahedron is the type of the matter of the next grade, the world-substance or Sophia.

But as these spheres are not spheres in reality, but "points," so these "compressed" spheres do not stand separated by any appreciable distances from one another, but form, so to speak, a mass of primitive substance. This mass is the "Abortion"; the denser atoms are motionless with regard to one another.

The next step seems to be the setting up in this substance of a Vortex, or Spiral Coil of Motion. To quote again from Mead (*F.F.F.*, p. 331) :

"The ætheric spaces . . . are void and formless. From the fulness of potential energy, the Plerōma, there comes forth a stream of power, the spiral vortex—the Magna Vorago, or Vast Whirlpool of Orpheus. It is the fiery, creative power. . . . He enters into the formlessness, and becomes the thing which it lacked, the spiral life-force or primordial atom ; He also fashions it without. The mother-substance becomes a sphere, irradiate with life, a whirling mass of star-dust."

And again (*F.F.F.*, p. 329) : "The idea seems to have been that the 'Abortion,' or chaos, was destitute of the life-swirl or vortex. The vortex is the finger of fire, as it were, or light-spark, shot forth by the light æons, in their positive phases."

It would appear that the Vortex sets up in this world-substance a centre of spiral force which collects matter around it, and thus is produced the "fire-mist," which grows denser till the psychic stage is reached, and again denser till the hylic stage, the "scientific" nebula.

Again to quote from *Fragments* (p. 347) : "The four 'passions' [fear, grief, doubt and supplication] are separated from Sophia, and she remains as the substance of the highest of the lower planes. Fear and grief become the substances of the psychic and the hylic (or physical) planes respectively. Doubt is regarded as a downward tendency ; . . . while supplication . . . is regarded as a path upward to the heaven-world."

Thus Sophia is the second Vesture of the Logos; Psychê the third; and Hylê the fourth and last. These are the four "Elements" of Alchemy:—Air, Fire, Water, and Earth.* This idea also underlies the following passages. Firstly from Egyptian writings:

"The Heavens rest upon His head, and the Earth supporteth His feet; Heaven hideth His spirit, the Earth hideth His form, and the Underworld shutteth up the mystery of Him within it. His body is like the air, Heaven resteth upon His head, and the new inundation (of the Nile) containeth His form."

Secondly, from *Fragments* (p. 496):

"When the child is first born, the 'light-power,' 'soul,' 'counterfeit spirit,' and 'body,' are all very feeble in it."

Here the four vestures of the incarnating, individualised Logos-Germ are mentioned, corresponding exactly to the four grades of matter mentioned above. The "light-power" is, of course, the vesture of individuality; the "soul" is the mind; the "counterfeit spirit" appears to be the desire nature.

Thirdly, in *Genesis*, these stages are called "Light," "Firmament," "Seas," and "Dry Land."

Let us now fix our attention for a moment on the fire-mist from which a single planet is to come. In the matter of the firmament a spiral centre has been set up; around this nucleus the matter of the fire-mist collects, growing gradually denser till the psychic, and then the hylic, stage is reached. We have now a "scientific" nebula. Denser and denser grows the matter,

* This process is beautifully and graphically described by Walt Whitman in the "Song of Myself" (lines 1,145 ff.):

(*Verbum loquitur.*)

I am an acme of things accomplished, and I an encloser of things to be. . . .
Afar down I see the huge first Nothing—I know I was even there;
I waited unseen and always and slept through the lethargic mist,
And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.

* * * * * *

Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have help'd me.
Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen;
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings;
They sent influences to look after me, what was to hold me.
Before I was born out of my mother, generations guided me;
My embryo has never been torpid—nothing could overlay it.
For it the nebula cohered into an orb,
The long, slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths, and deposited it with care.
All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me;
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

through gaseous, liquid, to solid substance, till we see the rocky crust of the earth, without sign of vegetation or sentient life.

But remember that within those rocks sleeps the Logos-Germ, and evolution is the awakening of that Germ into conscious, individual existence. I may here quote one of the new-found "Sayings of Jesus." Part of Logion 6 reads: "Jesus saith: Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood and there am I."

Genesis i. traces this evolution; from earth come plants, animals and finally men. From the life-side this process is the development within the Germ, of sensation, thought and finally individuality. The Universal Germ recognises itself as an entity. Thus man is made indeed in the image of God. Human evolution is the further development of the latent powers within the Germ, until that Germ shall recognise itself as a Son of God, and then finally become one with the Parent Source.

Such is then an outline of the life-story of the Word of God. Let us now see how this descent and ascent were symbolised by the life of Osiris.

Osiris was born of Seb and Noot; Set (the personification of evil) being jealous of Osiris, caused Him to be enclosed in a sepulchral chest of beautiful design; this he fastened down and threw into the Nile, which washed it ashore at Byblos, where it lodged in a tamarisk bush, which grew up round it into a tree. But the spirit of Osiris still lived on in the Underworld, and appeared again to His son Horus. Finally Osiris meets His Father (in the form of Rā) in Tattu, the Abode of Stability; or in other words becomes one with Him.

Let us now compare the chief events of the life of Osiris with those of the life of Jesus:

Osiris	*Jesus*
(1) Osiris is one with Khepera. ("I am Osiris the Germ in Primordial Matter.")	(1) Jesus is "of one substance with the Father" (N.B.—The Logos is one with God.)
(2) Form is given to Osiris by Seb and Noot.	(2) Form is given to Jesus by the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary.

N.B.—Spiral Force and Root Matter respectively.

(3) Osiris is enclosed in a chest.	(3) Jesus is bound.
N.B.—Enters the Limitary Space.	
(4) Osiris is thrown into the Nile.	(4) Jesus is led before Pilate.
N.B.—Enters Psychic Matter (symbolised by "Water").	
(5) Osiris is lodged in a tamarisk.	(5) Jesus dies on the cross.
N.B.—Physical Matter (symbolised by "Earth.")	
(6) Osiris survives as King of the Underworld.	(6) Jesus survives as Prince of Eternity.
(7) Osiris appears to His son Horus.	(7) Jesus appears to His disciples.
(8) Osiris becomes one with Rā, His heavenly Father.	(8) Jesus ascends to the right hand of God.

We see how clearly these "myths" symbolise the descent and ascent of the Logos. The stories are very similar; the idea is the same in both.

But I would like to indicate some further points of the symbolism. Form is given to the Logos by the interaction of the Spiral Force and Root Matter. This form is the Eternal Egg, the "Principium Individuitatis," and it is Individuality precisely that makes the difference between animals and man; therefore the result of the interaction of both Seb and Noot, and of the Holy Ghost and Virgin, is a Man ("and was made man"). Further the Spiral Force is represented by Seb in the Egyptian story, and the Holy Ghost in the Christian, and both Seb and the Holy Ghost are symbolised by *birds;* Seb is the "Goose" and the Holy Ghost is the "Dove." In each story the next stage is one of *binding* or *imprisoning*, for the Logos next enters the Great Firmament, which is the Limitary Space, the Ring "Pass-not."

The next stage is the descent into psychic matter. It is clearly typified in the Osiris-myth by the "Nile," the same idea as the "seas" in Genesis. Corresponding to this stage in the

Christian story we find "Pontius Pilate." At first this appears to be a break in the chain of correspondence. But I think this only apparent. If every act or stage of the life of Jesus be symbolical of the life of the Word, then this arraignment before Pilate must be symbolical also. Pontius Pilate *ought* by analogy to represent the "Sea" of psychic matter. Does he? Yes, I think he does. According to Leadbeater (*Christian Creed*, p. 45) the original MSS. of the Creeds read ΠΟΝΤΟΣ ΠΙΛΗΤΟΣ, *not* ΠΟΝΤΙΟΣ ΠΙΛΑΤΟΣ, which would mean "Dense Sea," not "Pontius Pilate." This he gives on the evidence of psychic investigation, which to those who have not developed psychic vision themselves is no evidence at all. But be that as it may, the resemblance is very curious and I do not believe for a moment that it is accidental. I believe that the whole life-story of Jesus was *pre-arranged* with the *express purpose* of showing man in a manner he would not forget (though he *might* misunderstand) what the activity of the Word was.

The following stage in the Bible story is the crucifixion on the cross of physical matter, and corresponds to the lodging in the tamarisk bush. (It is curious to note that the word translated "cross" is ΣΤΑΥΡΟΣ, which can also mean "pole" or "stake," and that the tamarisk tree, in which the body of Osiris was confined, was cut down by the king of that country and made into a pillar for his palace).

The next stage is the resurrection, or survival, of the Logos: He slowly reascends the scale of matter, evolution follows involution. It was not the material body of Osiris that survived, but His "Sahu" or spiritual body that appeared to Horus, His son; nor was it the body that had been left on the cross that survived, but the spirit of Jesus which clothed itself in an "illusion form" and appeared to the disciples. Whatever view was held by the Mediæval Church, and in spite of the view taken by most Churchmen to-day, it was this spiritual survival that was believed in the time of St. Paul. No one supposes that it was the physical body of Jesus that appeared to Saul on the road to Damascus, yet the Apostle makes no distinction between this appearance and all the others, to the disciples and the rest. In fact, the whole tenour of this chapter is against the idea of a physical

survival of the body of Jesus. This view is also held by many in the Church to-day. For instance Archdeacon Wilberforce says (*Sermons preached in Westminster Abbey*, p. 135):

"The actual resurrection of the Christ was not from Joseph of Arimathea's sepulchre, but from the body which He left hanging on the cross."

Again: "There can be little doubt that the popular notion of resurrection as some long-deferred reconstruction of decayed corpses, rather than the emancipation of the real individual from flesh-surroundings . . . has seriously weakened the belief of thoughtful people in the whole teaching of the resurrection."

And again: "St. Paul was almost wrathfully intolerant of this materialistic conception. 'Thou fool,' he said, 'thou sowest not that body which shall be.'"

And yet another very striking passage: "The Christ was recognisable. Obviously it was expedient that He should veil His true appearance under an accommodation suited to the condition of His disciples, hence the appearance of wounds to assist them in the recognition."

Here then is the body of illusion. The next and last stage is the ascension of the Logos, when, individuality attained, He becomes consciously one with the Parent Source whence He came forth. This is the At-one-ment, the final Consummation of All Things.

This so brief and all too imperfect a sketch still shows us that the inner idea lying behind the Christian teachingis the same as that lying behind Egypt's religion and the tradition of the Jews; and if this idea be true, then indeed it would be surprising not to find it at the basis of every other religion, since God has never left the world without His truth. By the light of the inner truth Christianity is transformed from a collection of nonsensical formulæ and dogmas into a very beautiful and grandiose presentation of the eternal "Gnosis of things that are," from a dead history to a living reality. By the light of the inner thought the great teachings of Christianity are seen to be the same as those of the other World-Faiths, a garb for the eternal Wisdom-Religion, the divine Theosophy of the ages, and we may well say with St. Augustine, who was above all things "catholic": "That which is called

the Christian religion existed among the ancients, and never did not exist from the beginning of the human race until Christ came in the flesh, at which time the true religion which already existed began to be called Christianity."

And the greatest teaching of that religion, that which makes it "Christianity," the religion of the Christ, is that within the heart of each one of us, nay, more, within the whole creation, lies the slumbering Word of God, the Germ of divine Sonship, the guarantee of success, the essence of brotherhood, the Œdipus to the riddle of every Sphinx.

He is there, eternally alive, He doth but slumber; in some He is more awake than in others, in some He seems so fast asleep as to make us wonder and ask "Is He there?" Yes, He is there in each and all, and if we will but hear His voice and not harden our hearts, He will awaken fully within us, and we shall each one of us be able to say with truth and realisation: "I and my Father are one."

Without Him there is no faith, no hope, no love, no glory to God in the highest, no peace on earth; and life for millions is but a ghastly mockery.

With Him all is life and light; the darkness of doubt and unbelief vanish in the light of faith; not blind faith, but the faith that comes of knowledge, knowledge that we are in Him and He in us, that in Him we live and move and have our being.

Therefore, without any narrow-mindedness, Christian and Theosophist can say with all their hearts: "Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father."

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON.

HE who seeks Learnedness will daily increase. He who seeks Reason will daily diminish. He will diminish and continue to diminish until he arrives at non-assertion. With non-assertion there is nothing that he cannot achieve.—TAO-TEH-KING.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A Synopsis of Hindu Faith and Morals

An Advanced Text-Book of Hindu Religion and Ethics. Issued by the Board of Trustees of the Central Hindu College, Benares, 1903. (Price Re. 1/12.)

It is a great undertaking to be the pioneer in bringing order into the chaos of Hindu religion, for it is no less than this which the *Text-Book* before us has attempted to do. Not that in using the term "chaos" we intend any disrespect to the religion of Aryan India, for perhaps there may have been more virtue in the condition of "chaos," that is to say in the lack of any general schematisation of the complex of religious beliefs which constitute modern Hinduism, than the Western mind, which rejoices in cut and dried formularies, may be inclined to believe. Be this as it may be, there was no text-book, no longer or shorter catechism, no general summary suitable to instruct the mind of child or youth in the fundamental tenets of their ancestral faith. This was the difficulty which confronted the Board of Trustees of the Central Hindu College, and with the characteristic energy of their chairwoman they at once set to work to supply themselves with the necessary instruments of instruction in the form of text-books. The principle which has guided them is stated as follows in the Foreword:

"The object of the Central Hindu College being to combine Hindu religious and ethical training with the Western education suited to the needs of the time, it is necessary that this religious and ethical training shall be of a wide, liberal and unsectarian character, while at the same time it shall be definitely and distinctively Hindu. It must be inclusive enough to unite the most divergent forms of Hindu thought, but exclusive enough to leave outside it forms of thought which are non-Hindu."

The book before us is thus intended as a guide for believing and practising Hindus, and can only be criticised with profit within the

pale of the Faith. It is thus of great interest to learn that this book and the junior primers are being adopted freely in many schools; this argues the warmest approval of the way in which the general tenets of the Sanâtana Dharma have been set forth by the Board of Trustees, and when we say the Board of Trustees we mean in this case preponderatingly our indefatigable colleague Mrs. Besant, whose hand and handiwork are visible in every page of the 400; especially is this the case in the "Ethical Teachings," with the general trend of which our readers have been made very familiar since the publication of *The Science of the Emotions*.

The whole book is written with the prepossession that the Aryan Hindus in the days of their prime were a peculiar people set apart for a very definite and very exalted purpose. It was the best of nations, the final schoolmaster of the most evolved. Thus we read (p. 237):

"In the ancient days the Jivâtmâ was prepared for entrance into each caste through a long preliminary stage outside India; then he was born into India and passed into each caste to receive its definite lessons; then was born away from India to practise these lessons; usually returning to India, to the highest of them, in the final stages of his evolution."

Something of the same nature is stated by some of our colleagues to have taken place in prehistoric Peru in the days of Atlantis; we have always ourselves been unregenerate enough to consider that patriarchal stage of culture to have been a very dull one, and have had a strong sympathy with the prototype of H. P. B., who is fabled to have preferred fighting the tribes on the border to the monotony of that ordered and respectable school-life. Is then H. P. B. making amends for her archaic recalcitrancy, or is she deranging the psychic epitaphs, or is she speaking true words, when in her controversy with Subba Row about the "seven principles" she writes (*A Collection of the Esoteric Writings of T. Subba Row;* Bombay, 1895; p. 35):

"The Vedas, Brahmanism, and along with these, Sanskrit, were importations into what we now regard as India. They were never indigenous to its soil. There was a time when the ancient nations of the West included under the generic name of India many of the countries of Asia now classified under other names. There was an Upper, a Lower, and a Western India, even during the comparatively late period of Alexander; and Persia (Iran) is called Western India in some ancient classics. The countries now named Tibet, Mon-

golia, and Great Tartary, were considered by them as forming part of India. When we say, therefore, that India has civilised the world and was the *Alma Mater* of the civilisations, arts and sciences of all other nations (Babylonia, and perhaps even Egypt, included) we mean archaic, prehistoric India, India of the time when the great Gobi was a sea, and the lost 'Atlantis' formed part of an unbroken continent which began at the Himalayas and ran down over Southern India, Ceylon, Java, and far away Tasmania."

Those were days of cyclopæan statements in the Theosophical Society, which make even those of us who read them when they first came out and are very familiar with them, still sit back and gasp. What we little folk of to-day who want to link up our scattered revelations and bring them into contact with verifiable history, would like to know is where to look for a common factor between such immensities and the degeneracies of the actual physical record which remains to us.

All of which of course flows from psychic experience of the memory of past births, and reminds us of what is by far the most illuminating doctrine of the "how" of human affairs which the restless mind has so far conceived. Now it is to be remarked that fundamental as is this idea of reincarnation in all our theoretic constructions, it has received comparatively very scanty direct treatment in Theosophical literature. Hence when we read (p. 92): "The student will find this great truth established irrefutably and conclusively by pure argument in Vâtsyâyana's Bhâṣhya on the *Nyâya Sûtras* of Gautama"—we are prepared to fling up our cap in the air, for just such an irrefutable and conclusive argument is badly needed in the West, and therefore we earnestly beseech some learned colleague at Benares or elsewhere who possesses the commentary of Vâtsyâyana, incontinently to translate it and earn our sincerest thanks.

If we might venture to make any criticism it is that the wording of the translations of some of the very numerous and most useful quotations (of which the Sanskrit text is wisely appended) might be occasionally improved; for instance, the English of the Shloka on p. 114 is exceedingly obscure. The transliteration of some of the Sanskrit letters also, *e.g.*, the *n*'s, is not always regular.

G. R. S. M.

An Introduction to Metaphysics

An Outline of Metaphysics. By John S. Mackenzie, M.A. Glasg., Litt.D. Camb., Prof., in the Univ. Coll. South Wales. (London: Macmillan & Co.; 1902.)

In his Preface, Prof. Mackenzie apologises for publishing so small a book dealing with so vast a subject; but every student of philosophy, no less than every person among the rapidly growing number of those who are awakening to a real interest in the subject, will owe him a great debt of gratitude for so doing. For this little book of 150 pp. is just exactly what we have all so long and so pressingly needed to introduce those who are becoming interested to a correct appreciation and perspective of the subject; while the admirable list of works appended to the text provides such further guidance as may be needed.

The method adopted is that of leading the student step by step into close contact with the fundamental problems of philosophy, and by means of the genetic treatment adopted Prof. Mackenzie does this most lucidly and successfully, accomplishing that greatest of all feats of a teacher: making his students find the problems and realise their place and significance as it were for themselves. The first fifty pages constituting Book I. are devoted to a general introduction, Chapter I. of which is entitled "The Problem of Metaphysics," and is concerned first with the Definition of Metaphysics and its relation to the special sciences, a correct and very important starting-point, since both historically and naturally it is in one sense the special sciences which have led up to the problems of metaphysics, as well as had an important influence upon the solutions propounded for them. We are thus led to regard Metaphysics as a science which seeks to take a comprehensive view of experience, with the purpose of understanding it as a systematic whole, and in this light the often disputed nature of the relation of Metaphysics to the special sciences becomes readily intelligible. But what is the exact sense of the word "Experience" as here used? Practically it means "the Universe as such" in the widest sense in which that phrase can be used. But why say "Experience" and not "the Universe as such"? First, because we need to include feelings, hopes, wishes, illusions and the like, all the so-called subjective side in short, under our definition, and while the word "Experience" plainly suggests their inclusion, the phrase the "Universe" does not so clearly do so. Again the term

Universe may sometimes be understood to include much that lies or may lie beyond all possibility of knowledge—*e.g.*, Kantian "things in themselves"—and it is not the province of Metaphysics to explore any such region of unknowable things. And lastly, if we simply set out with an attempt to understand the Universe, we seem to be without a firm foothold, or at least to be embarking on an infinite sea without compass or rudder, while the term "Experience" suggests at once our point of departure—the consciousness of some individual mind—and so provides us with something of the nature of a guiding principle.

But this remark at once calls up the questions: *Whose* conscious experience? and: *What aspect* of conscious experience? To the first we must answer that it must be the conscious experience of the person who is studying the subject; at any rate that must be the starting-point, whatever may ultimately be reached. As to the second, it is easy to see that experience has very different levels, and very different degrees of significance for us. Thus the consciousness of pain, for instance, or even any form of sensation, has a largely individual and subjective degree and significance, but it possesses *as such* relatively little meaning with reference to the Universe as a whole, though it cannot be overlooked or omitted in any complete attempt to understand Experience. Thus we come finally to recognise three main levels of conscious experience—sense experience, perceptual experience, and conceptual experience. Again, at all these levels, we can distinguish between the more purely receptive sides, the more affective sides, and the more active sides in our experience. But the analysis of these and of their relations and interactions in the growth of the individual conscious life belongs properly to the province of psychology as a special science; still some consideration of the general aspects of experience helps to bring out the nature of the problem we are engaged upon, and accordingly the next chapter is devoted to their consideration.

In considering the general nature of Experience, the first point of utmost importance for us to note is that Experience is at once universal and individual. It is *one* world which we all know, and of which we are all parts; but equally the Experience I have of it is emphatically mine, *i.e.*, there is something in it which I can never communicate to another. This brings us to the fundamental antithesis between self and not-self, the elements of duality in Experience which is probably not absent from any level of Experience, and appears under various forms, such as Subject and Object, Mind and

Matter, etc., which are the names of many of the problems which Metaphysics has to deal with. Thus we now see the problem of Metaphysics beginning to take more definite shape in the form of such questions as: In what sense is our Experience a unity, and in what sense is it a manifold? In what sense is it subjective, and in what sense is it objective? In what sense is it individual, and in what sense is it universal?

The answers to such questions are to be found in the theories of Metaphysics to which Chapter III. is devoted. Dualism, Monism, Materialism, Agnosticism, Idealism, Transcendentalism, and the Critical Attitude, are all in turn characterised and outlined in relation to them with admirable brevity, exactitude and lucidity, with the result of bringing home to the student the imperative need for a preliminary discussion of methods, which finds place in Chapter IV. Here again the characterisation of the various methods that have historically been employed on these problems is both terse, clear and to the point. The Early Dialectic of the Greeks, the Dogmatic Method, the Psychological Method, the Critical Method, that of the Later Dialectic, and finally the Genetic Method, all receive brief but sufficient attention, so that already at the close of Book I. the careful reader should have grasped what Metaphysics is, what it aims at, what are the leading theories that have been propounded, and what are the methods available for tackling them, and he is thus provided with the needful foundation for coming to closer quarters with the actual problems in Book II.

In this Book II. Prof. Mackenzie traces in outline the Genesis of Experience, dealing first with the general nature of conscious growth, its special problems and the metaphysical interpretation of conscious process. Having thus cleared the ground generally, we come to the special problems involved in Sensation, in Perception and in Thought, together with their metaphysical significance. The method employed is the genetic, which enables the author to give singular lucidity and terseness to his exposition, while making plain and intelligible the real nature of the problems involved, and so laying out the foundations for the concluding chapter of this book, in which the results of this genetic survey are gathered up, the Problem of Metaphysics restated with added fullness and clarity, and we are introduced to the various types of Ideal Construction to which Philosophy has give birth.

It is to a criticism of these Ideal Constructions that Prof. Mackenzie

devotes his third Book, dealing in turn with the Perceptual, Scientific, Ethical, Æsthetic, Religious and Speculative Constructions which the human mind has evolved in the effort to unify and understand Experience as a whole. In each case the limitations inherent in each constructive type are very clearly brought out, while on the other hand a sound defence is made of Speculative Construction, which is further emphasised in the concluding Chapter, where it is urged that the final outcome of our study and survey cannot fairly be regarded as a purely negative, still less as a sceptical one. And that contention I hold to be amply justified by the facts and I regard the present reawakening of philosophical interest and constructive impulse as profoundly significant and important, so that I welcome most cordially this most readable and fascinating Introduction to a subject of such vital interest to us all and venture to hope that it will find many grateful and appreciative readers and students in our ranks.

B. K.

A Scheme of Planes

The Living Wheel. By T. J. Uniacke. (London: Philip Welby; 1903. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

We suppose we must call this clever story a spiritualistic tale, for it is planned upon the usual lines of twin-souls, spiritual children, and the like. But if so, we must draw the conclusion that it is with Spiritualism, as a sect, just as it is at present with the ordinary Christian sects about us,—that the intelligent and educated layman is in truth considerably above the level of those who undertake to guide him by voice and in print, and who "by this craft have their living."

As a story, it is perhaps open to the objection which is hinted in an old rule for writers and speakers,—that (in revising your work) you should always make sure that you have not omitted exactly the one thing which you set out to say. When the hero and heroine, having been duly separated by the machinations of their friends, at last come together in later life, the reason why they are not allowed to marry is not made more clear to the reader than it was to the hero; and if there *were* some great purpose to be served by it, it is curious that the only result is that they live in quiet enjoyment of their separate lives for two years, and then are removed by a convenient thunderstorm, presumably to meet and have more spiritual children on the astral plane!

But instead of criticising, we prefer to extract a summary of human progress which seems to us true, and important for our own study: "A rough but striking classification of the world into five departments. Of these each was alternatively positive and negative. Each was at first absolutely satisfying to its members, and then by degrees lost this quality. The growing dissatisfaction, and consequent discontent, gave the necessary push for landing those who belonged to one plane on to the next and higher plane." These departments are shortly: First, *Positive;* the Having stage, in which happiness is found (for a time) in possessions. Second, *Negative;* where we seek peace in renunciation. Third, *Positive*, "which includes so many amongst us at the present day. We may call it the 'Philanthropic stage.'" In this we no longer desire to possess for ourselves, nor to throw away, but to use for others—"and for a time this also is eminently satisfactory. . . . . But a day comes, *possibly not now and here*, when even this stage is found to be unsatisfying. A philanthropist begins to *think* as well as work, and then the inevitable push of discontent begins. . . . Philanthropy, after all, is like Mrs. Partington's broom. It may give Mrs. Partington pleasurable exercise, but it does not mop up the Atlantic of miserable, sinful, human life; and the thoughtful men and women begin to see this in time, and then comes the push and they are landed on Plane IV. This is again *Negative*, . . . a land peopled by lost illusions and hopeless aspirations and disappointed hopes. It seems such a step *downwards* from the cheery philosophy of the contented philanthropist. 'Do the best you can,' says the latter, 'and leave results, which are not your affair, alone.' . . . . . But he also will go a step forwards some day," and find himself also in the darkness, at last to reach "that fair country of No. V., again a positive sphere, the sphere of Being rather than Doing . . . to realise that true life consists in perfect Harmony, rather than in imperfect Action. Few, very few, are living in this sphere as yet."

Have our Theosophical readers the courage "to see themselves as others see them,"—the gift which is so precious, but which costs us so dear a price? Well, then, the heroine could not subscribe absolutely "to Christian Science, with its salient truth and its tyrannical slang and absurdity; nor to Theosophy, with its inherent wisdom and its irritating priestcraft"! When you have recovered your breath, stop and think. Our President-Founder summed the matter up a few months back as its "idolatry"; I am not quite sure but that our

author's is a better and more expressive word still. It is well to know how things strike a thoroughly unprejudiced outsider; and well, also, to learn the lesson Theosophy must not look *so*,—on peril of its life!

The book is well printed and got up; but oh, Mr. Philip Welby, how *could* your proof-readers pass, and you publish—in this twentieth century—"*the Llama of Thibet*"?

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

A MANUAL OF POSITIVISM

The Philosophy of Auguste Comte. By L. Lévy-Bruhl. Authorised Translation. (London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.; 1903. Price 14*s*.)

PROFESSOR LÉVY-BRUHL'S book is a clear and concise account of the Positive Philosophy, such an account as could be read in a fortnight by any student with a fair amount of leisure. It deals with the philosophy only, not with Comte's later writings, nor with any part of his religious scheme; but Professor Lévy-Bruhl regards these writings as forming, in conjunction with the philosophy, one complete whole; he does not, like Littré and Mill, consider that there is a contradiction between the social system and the philosophic. In Comte's view "discussions about institutions are pure folly, until the spiritual reconstruction of society is effected or much advanced." He therefore gives to the world, first his philosophic theories, and afterwards the practical conclusions which seemed to him to follow from those theories; but Professor Lévy-Bruhl in this book deals with the theories only, which he considers as the more fruitful part of Comte's writings. He is not a Comtist, but a student of philosophy interested in Comte; his book is perhaps less comprehensive than the condensed exposition of Comte's writings published by Harriet Martineau about fifty years ago, but it is a sympathetic and thoughtful study. There is a preface by Frederick Harrison, who says that "no one abroad or at home, certainly neither Mill, nor Lewes, nor Spencer, nor Caird, has so truly grasped and assimilated Comte's ideas as M. Lévy-Bruhl has done."

The Positive Philosophy was an attempt to reconstruct opinion and society in the midst of the chaos and confusion which immediately followed the destructive forces which were at work in France in the last half of the eighteenth century, and however inadequate it may appear to us to be to satisfy the needs and aspirations of our

own times, it must always remain of great interest to the student of history and philosophy. It has had an influence upon contemporary thought out of all proportion to the number of its adherents, and has inspired with high ideals a number of earnest and thoughtful men. To the Theosophist its main interest lies in the fact that it is a singularly determined effort, however unsuccessful, in the direction of the unification of knowledge. As Professor Lévy-Bruhl says, Comte thinks that method is essential to science, and that logical coherence is the surest sign of truth. This was, in fact, the cause of his rupture in 1824 with Saint-Simon, whose pupil he had considered himself for some years, but whose method, though brilliant, was disconnected and incoherent. Comte's scheme is no less than to organise knowledge in regard to man, society, and the world. He realises with great clearness the futility of isolated items of experience. All science, he says, consists in the co-ordination of facts, and if the several observations remained isolated, there would be no science. The method of science is therefore to substitute, more and more, deduction for experience, and it thus draws near to that unity which is imperatively claimed by our understanding, and which is for it the criterion of truth.

The Positive Philosophy claims to unite in itself the two methods, subjective and objective. Comte points out that what ordinary intellects chiefly lack is less the power of accurate observation, than the aptitude for generalising abstract relations, and of establishing a perfect logical coherence among our various notions. The foundation of true education is, as Professor Lévy-Bruhl puts it, "the habit of conceiving all phenomena, from the most simple to the most complex, as equally governed by invariable laws." The necessity for hypotheses in science of this kind is obvious, and Professor Lévy-Bruhl says that "strictly speaking, no scientific observation is even possible without a previous theory, that is to say, without a presupposed law, whose verification is in question. According to Comte, science would never be constituted without the hypotheses or the theories suggested by the very activity of the mind. Collections of facts only become observations, if, in collecting them, the mind tries to put upon them some interpretation, however vague or precise, real or chimerical. Experience gains its whole meaning through the subject; no observation is ever made which does not include an interpretation by the mind as well as a perception by the senses. Knowledge is relative, attained by some particular subject, and the relativity of science serves to maintain an equal balance between the need of unity which comes

from the understanding, and the inexhaustible diversity of the world of reality, which this understanding studies. In Comte's view, religion and science can be reconciled, faith is not opposed to knowledge, but is exercised in regard to that which one may learn to know.

All students of philosophy are familiar with Comte's "law of the three states," the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive. Every aspect of knowledge passes, he says, successively through these three stages. The theological stage is when every event is explained as taking place by the will of the gods, it is sometimes called the anthropomorphic; the metaphysical is intermediate between the theological and the positive; it substitutes nature or some "abstraction" for the will of the gods; the positive is the scientific. In Comte's view, the third stage is destined entirely to supersede the other two.

This method of regarding human evolution, singularly barren as it may appear at first sight to the idealist, possesses nevertheless for him a considerable amount of interest. Accustomed as many of us are to regard metaphysics as the basis of philosophy, and the will of the gods as the means by which evolution is carried on, we experience at first some astonishment in studying a system in which these elements are regarded as destined gradually to disappear from human thought. We remember, amongst other points, that a recent eminent writer on philosophy (Professor Ladd) has roundly declared himself an anthropomorphist, and has thus firmly taken up a position which Comte appears to consider impossible in modern times. But the interesting point is that in spite of his law of the three states, Comte, as partly shewn above, is in search of unity of method and unity of thought. He has grasped the idea that the universe is a cosmos and not a chaos, and his contempt for what he calls theology and metaphysics—he does not use these words quite in the usual sense—is due to the fact that he has not perceived in their method any unifying tendency. He knows that by means of the scientific method men learn that there is an order of things, and he does not see that this can be learned in any other way. The unseen world seems to be conceived by him as (if existing at all) disorderly, unmeaning and without law; the possibility of a hierarchy amongst the gods is outside the range of his ideas; a metaphysical explanation is to him another name for one which is ineffective; and he regards the idea of invariable law as completely opposed to a "theological" or "metaphysical" interpretation of facts.

S. C.

S. Anselm

S. Anselm. Proslogium; Monologium; An Appendix—In behalf of the Fool by Gaunilon; and Cur Deus Homo. Translated from the Latin by Sidney Norton Deane, B.A. (The Open Court Publishing Co. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; 1903. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* paper; 5*s.* cloth.)

Of books upon S. Anselm we have abundance, our best English work for ordinary readers being still the well-known one by the late Dean Church; but for students who desire to make acquaintance with S. Anselm himself, it was a very good idea to translate into good English the more important of his works from the scholastic Latin, which, though very easy when you are used to it, is inconvenient for those who are merely Classical scholars. The interest of these books is that they practically settled and fixed the argument for the existence of God and the doctrine of the Atonement in their present shape; and I cannot but think that those who read even scraps of them will rise from their perusal with an enhanced respect for the Scholastic Theology, of which they are favourable examples. Whether we value them, as Catholic and Protestant alike do, as clearly defining the actual truths of their doctrines; or (with more modern thinkers) regret their crystallising and materialising what had better have been left in the freedom of speculation which reigned (even in the Catholic Church) before S. Anselm's time; in either case the reader will recognise a clearness of thought and luminousness of expression which is not the gift of all philosophers, even of our own time. The fancy pleases me that Gaunilon, the monk who criticised S. Anselm's position under the title "In behalf of the Fool," must surely have been a forerunner or pre-incarnation of my own; and I am glad to think that, on the whole, he had the best of the controversy. Who *was* right or wrong matters not much to us now; but controversy could not have been carried on more courteously or fairly than between these two. German professors of the twentieth century use much stronger language; apparently taking in earnest Goethe's jesting remark in Faust, that "A German is always lying when he is polite." Mr. Deane has added much to the value of his book by the collection of criticisms by more modern philosophers which he has prefixed to his translation. The work is one which no serious student of doctrine should fail to study.

A. A. W.

Magazines and Pamphlets

Theosophist, December. This number has nothing from Col. Olcott. It opens with one of Mr. Leadbeater's lectures on "Clairvoyance" and the conclusion of Sir William Crookes' lecture at Berlin. T. Ramachandra Rau in a valuable article on Avatâras presses upon us the need to remember that there are higher beings in nature than our Planetary Logos, and higher planes than the Mahâparanirvâṇic. Mr. Samuel Stuart opens a discussion on "The Ego and its Life-cycle"; Sris Chandra Bose gives some extracts from Patañjali's Mahâbhâṣhya which seem to show that in his day the proud exclusiveness of the Brahmin was far less developed than it is in ours; G. B. Babcock puts together much interesting matter under the title "Is the Agnostic Position Logical?" and F. Thurston gives a very encouraging view of the approximation of the later and better informed Spiritualists to our own position.

Prasnottara, for December, announces a forthcoming enlargement, and gives a programme promising many valuable and interesting papers for the present year. Miss Edger's "Notes on the Gâthâs," and Mrs. Besant's lectures on Myers' *Human Personality* are continued.

Central Hindu College Magazine, December, also announces an enlargement, and gives the cheering news that its circulation has risen to over 7,000 a month, and is expected to reach 10,000 before long. A lady has given funds for the erection of a temple to the Goddess of Learning, and the Editor expresses the hope that some one will give the much-needed Library. Mrs. Besant writes on "Widow-Remarriage," pointing out the difficulty which arises from the conception of a true marriage, in which the man and woman should take each other, as in the Japanese saying, "for two lives and for three" but notes that this does not apply to the case where a form of words has been spoken over two children of five or six years old, or less. The error in India, as in Europe, arises from the careless and unfounded assumption that every pair over whom the rite has been duly spoken must therefore, in the true sense, be "married." It is so legally; but "those whom God has joined," and to whom a second marriage would indeed be the most shameful of sins, are but a small proportion of those on the Registrar's list. It is indeed a triumph for our workers when they can quote from the *London Missionary Society Chronicle* the words of a Missionary that (judging from what he has seen on a visit to the Central Hindu College): "India is far

from being wearied of its own religious system or longing for fuller light. On the contrary, it vaunts its faith in the sight of all comers, and is ready to give an enthusiastic reception to any European scholar or worker who will tell it that India is the fountain of the world's true light, and that the world will yet come to fill there its empty vessels." When a Protestant missionary like Mr. Armitage can say this with only the remark that "this should deepen our sympathy with them and augment our patience," we see how far even missionaries (of the new school) have moved from the time, so few years ago, when they "took false witness against H. P. B. to put her to death," and so nearly succeeded. The Answers to Enquirers have much interest.

Theosophic Gleaner, December, has a quaint little morality on the serious results of kissing the girl you love, from Narrain Rai Varma; more of Miss Allison's "Vegetarianism"; a paper on "The Methods of producing Desirable Children"; and Mr. Leadbeater's "Clairvoyance."

In *The Dawn*, for November, is an exceedingly interesting study by "A Jew" of his nation's characteristics. All our sympathies go with him as he says in his conclusion: "*Waiting without working* is a form of opium-eating;—it has been the disease of the Jew for eighteen centuries to intoxicate himself weakly with visions of coming glory. But *working and waiting* is a noble stimulation that is already producing a renaissance of Jewish life and letters."

Indian Review, November. We must find room for a few lines from Hira Lal Chatterji's "The Failure of the Brahmo-Samaj," for the sake of his pleasing picture of the New Hindu. He says: "The practice of having a plurality of conjugal relations has become rare, and the rigour of caste has been mitigated not because the (B.S.) reformers went on denouncing these ideals, but because there have been intellectual expansion and development all round. Moreover, education has penetrated every respectable Hindu home, and has taken men and women out of the narrow spirals of passion and prejudice into a broader, wholesomer air. To the humanising effects of culture we also owe purer forms of religious worship, abandonment of many debasing and barbarous rites, adoption of lovelier ways of life, our quicker sympathies and more liberal attitude." We will hope that this statement of the case is only premature—not mistaken; and pray the Gods to *make* it true!

East and West, for December, though a good and readable number, has not anything on our special subjects needing remark.

The Vâhan, January. The "Enquirer" continues the discussion on putting an injured animal out of pain by a very sensible reply under the lately less familiar initials A. M. G.; G. R. S. M. is laudably patient in answering the continually repeated enquiry whether Buddha did not deny the existence of a soul; two good answers are given as to the "life" of a mineral; and in the last answer we are assured that it *is* possible for a dead friend to manifest to a survivor, under favourable circumstances.

Lotus Journal, for January, promises an enlargement, and appeals for a sufficient number of subscribers to make it entirely self-supporting—an appeal to which we heartily hope our readers will respond. The work of catering for the children is one of great importance, and in the *Lotus Journal* is well done—at all events for the elder children. We are not *quite* sure that this number is not a little over the heads of the "Links of the Chain" who played games of Catch, Musical Chairs, etc., at Mrs. Faulding's tea party; but perhaps an old bachelor has no right to an opinion.

Bulletin Théosophique, January, suffers, like our own *Vâhan*, for want of questions and reports, and appeals to the Presidents of Branches for material.

Revue Théosophique, December. "Hera" gives a valuable and timely article on the first duty of a Theosophist: "to seek the truth, and when we have found it, to teach it to others." And this is to be done "in the shape most suitable to each hearer. We are not the missionaries of a cult, nor the propagators of a dogma, nor the champions of a philosophical system. Our business is only somewhat to lighten the burden of humanity, to diminish its ignorance; and, in short, to leave the world a little better than we found it." Translations from Mrs. Besant and Mrs. Bell, and the continuation of Dr. Pascal's "Law of Destiny," which promises to make a book of much value when finished and collected, form the remainder of the number.

Theosophia, for December, is a number of special interest, having an important study by Samuel van West of "The Words of Jesus," with special reference to the new fragments of the Logia, which suggest so new a view of the actual teaching of Jesus; whilst M. E. Deutschbein-Logeman points out the many advances towards Theosophy in the works of Lessing.

Théosophie reproduces some of Balzac's wonderful teaching in *Seraphita*, and has some answers to questions by the indefatigable Dr. Pascal, from the *Bulletin Théosophique*.

We have also to acknowledge *Sophia; Teosofisk Tidskrift ; The Theosophic Messenger ; South African Theosophist*, in which Miss Pope gives sign of her arrival by some interesting "Notes on the Life of Pythagoras," and we have also a well-timed reprint of Mr. Fawcett's "Is Southern Buddhism Materialistic?" giving the details of a successful attempt to "draw" Sumangala on the subject ; *Theosophy in Australasia*, whose "Outlook" is as lively as ever ; *The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, with many interesting—and short—papers on important subjects ; and the Santiago *Sophia*, also an exceedingly creditable selection of new and old.

Of other publications we must name in the first place *Mind*, Charles Brodie Patterson's magazine, which has opened its pages to an anonymous Theosophist. In its Editorial we find "With this number we begin the publication of a dissertation on 'Theosophy—What it is and What it is Not?' It will probably run about four months in *Mind*, and will then be brought out in pamphlet form. It is not too much to say that this is one of the most able and authoritative expositions of this very interesting subject that has appeared in any magazine for years." Let us hope the work will be worthy of this truly American introduction. Also *Modern Astrology*, with a new chapter of Mrs. Leo's "Theosophy" ; *La Nuova Parola ; Neue Metaphysische Rundschau ; Theosophischer Wegweiser ; Light ; Humanitarian ; Wise Man ; Conservator ; Brotherhood ; Magazine of Mysteries ;* and *Lo Nuevo*.

We regret to announce that Dr. Jerome A. Anderson, of San Francisco, one of the oldest and best known members of our Society in the United States, passed away last Christmas Day. Our colleague was a most active worker for whatever cause he espoused, kept ever open house for his co-workers, and was remarkable for his unselfish life and generous sympathy. But beyond all this he was a man of strong moral courage, for though in the Judge secession he followed our misguided friend and subsequently became one of the strongest supporters of the regrettable state of affairs which followed poor Judge's death, when he discovered his mistake Dr. Anderson frankly declared that he had been misled, and returned to the Society to resume his labours with his old colleagues. It is such public acts as these which ennoble a man, and Jerome A. Anderson's memory will perhaps be regarded with deeper respect by most of us than if he had never left his place in the ranks. Many can keep their places, but few have the courage to return when they have once stepped out.

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